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SEPTEMBER
1934

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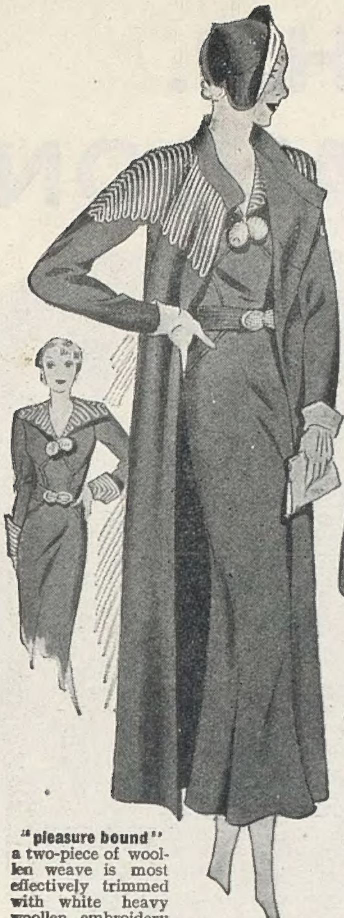

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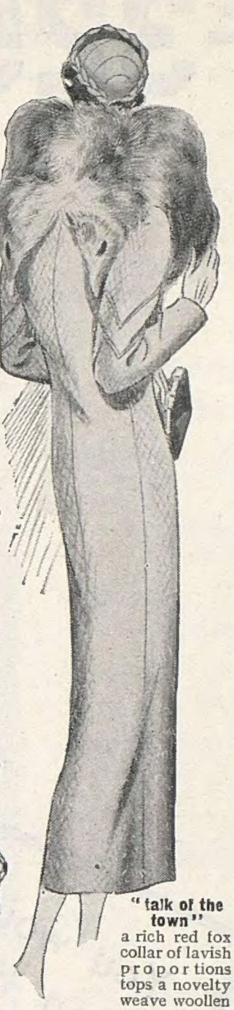

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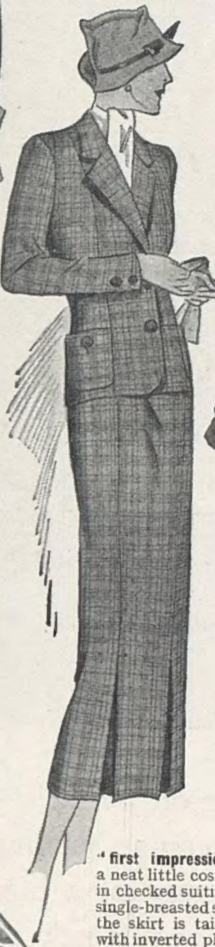

"first impressions"
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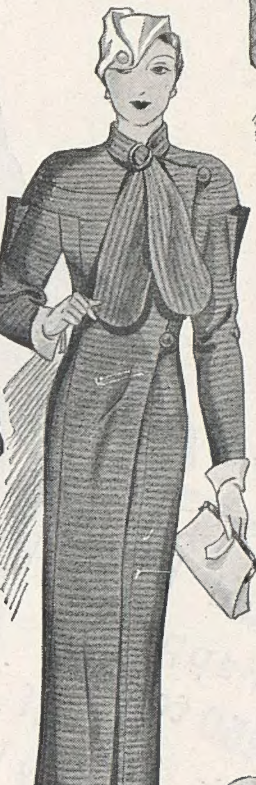

"follow along"
a yoked top and "winged" sleeves are high-lighted features of this novelty weave woollen coat. lined throughout.
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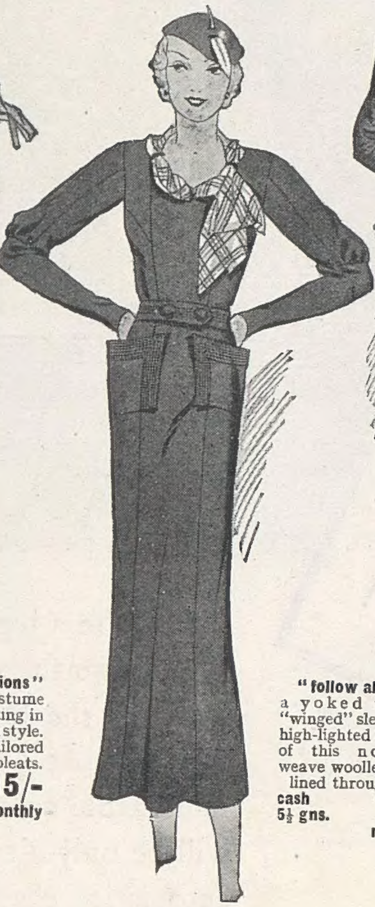

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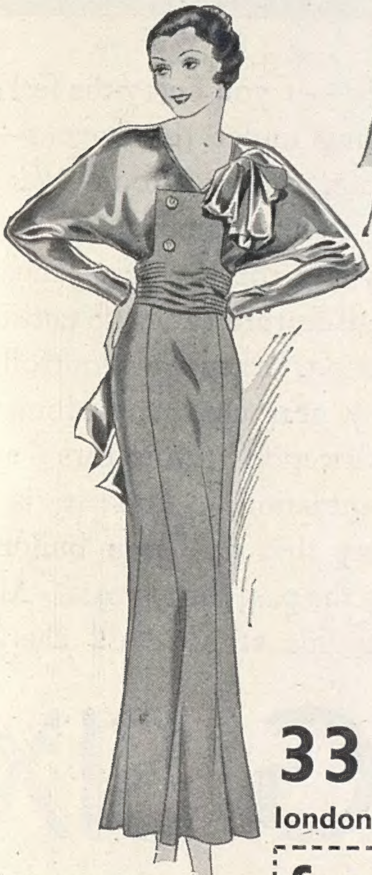

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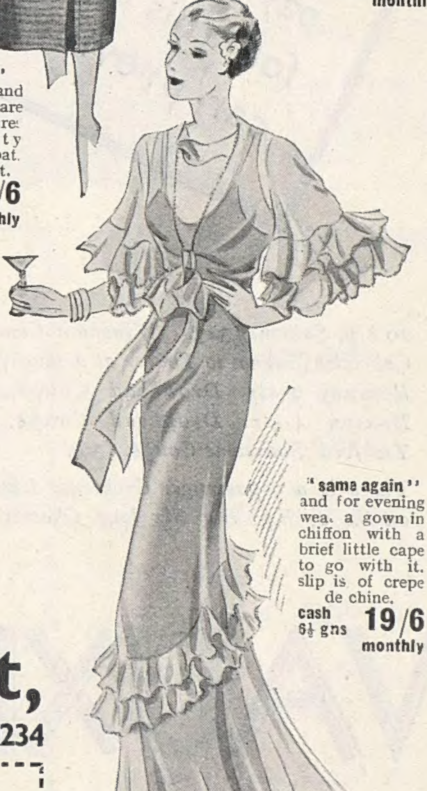

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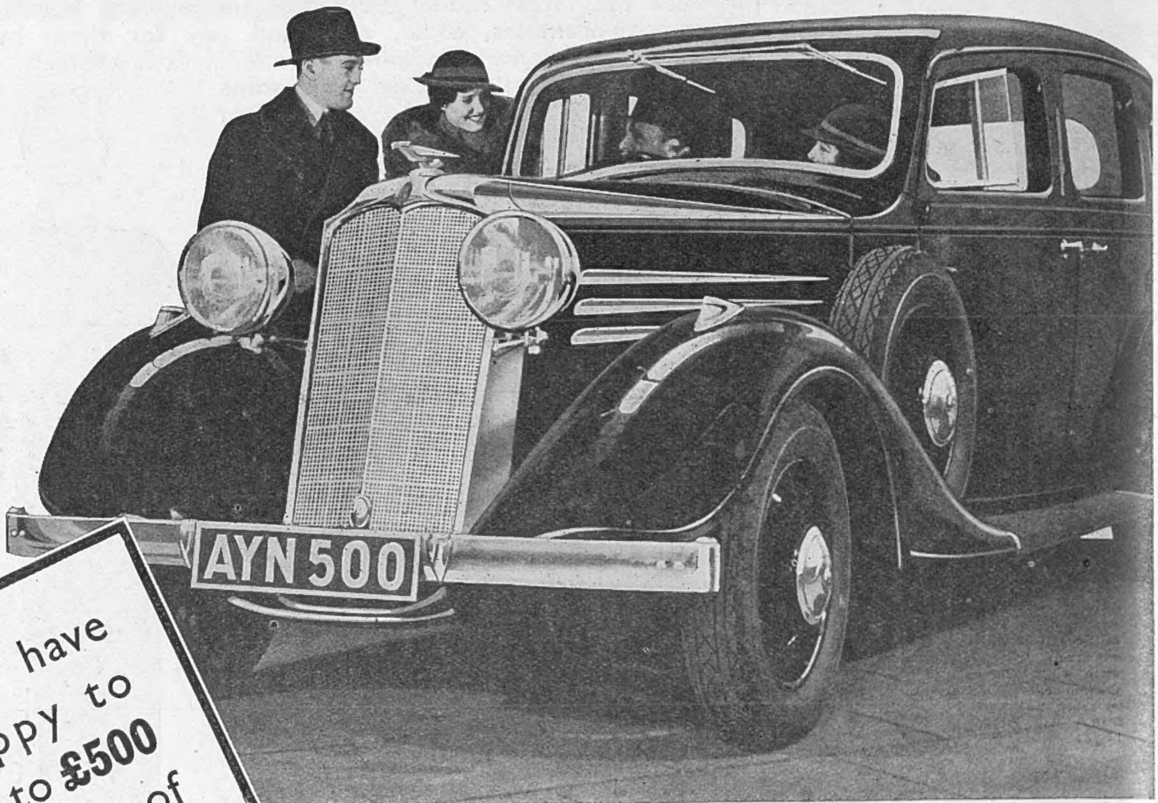

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Vol. 9, No. 3. SEPTEMBER, 1934

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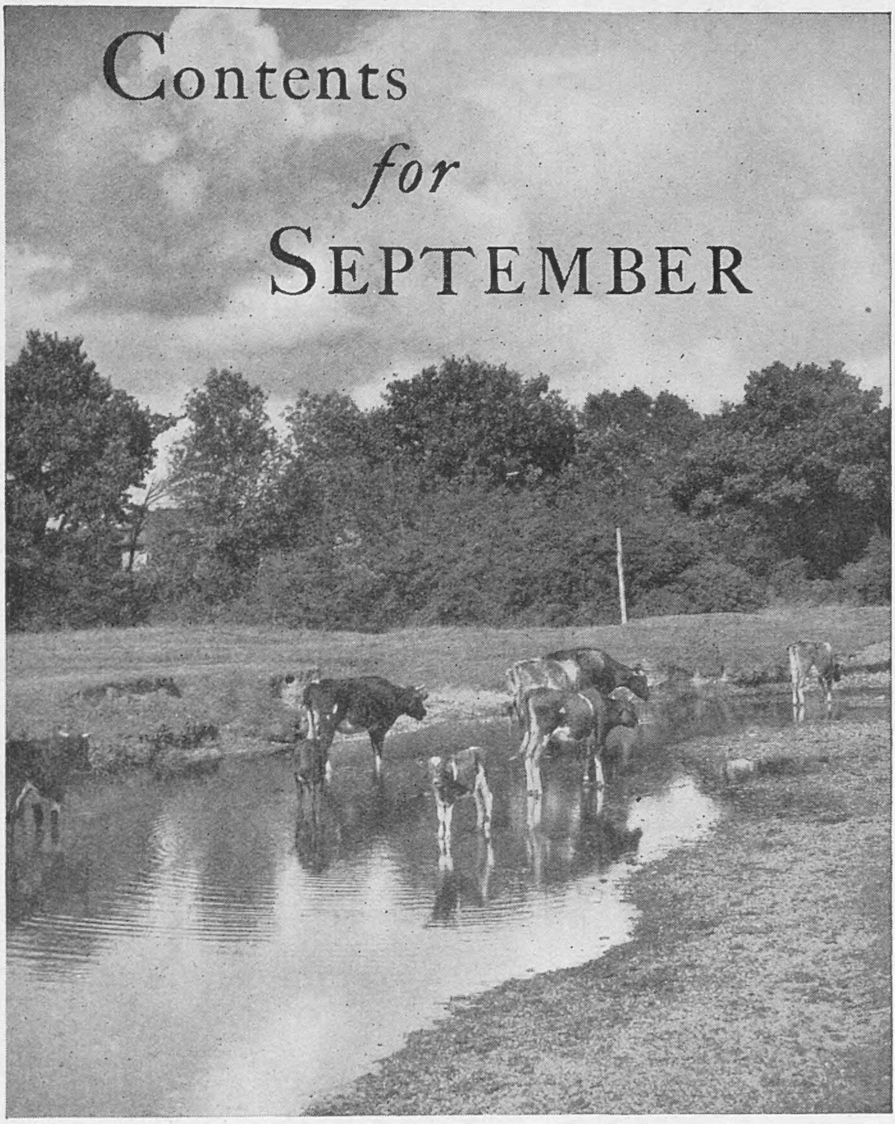

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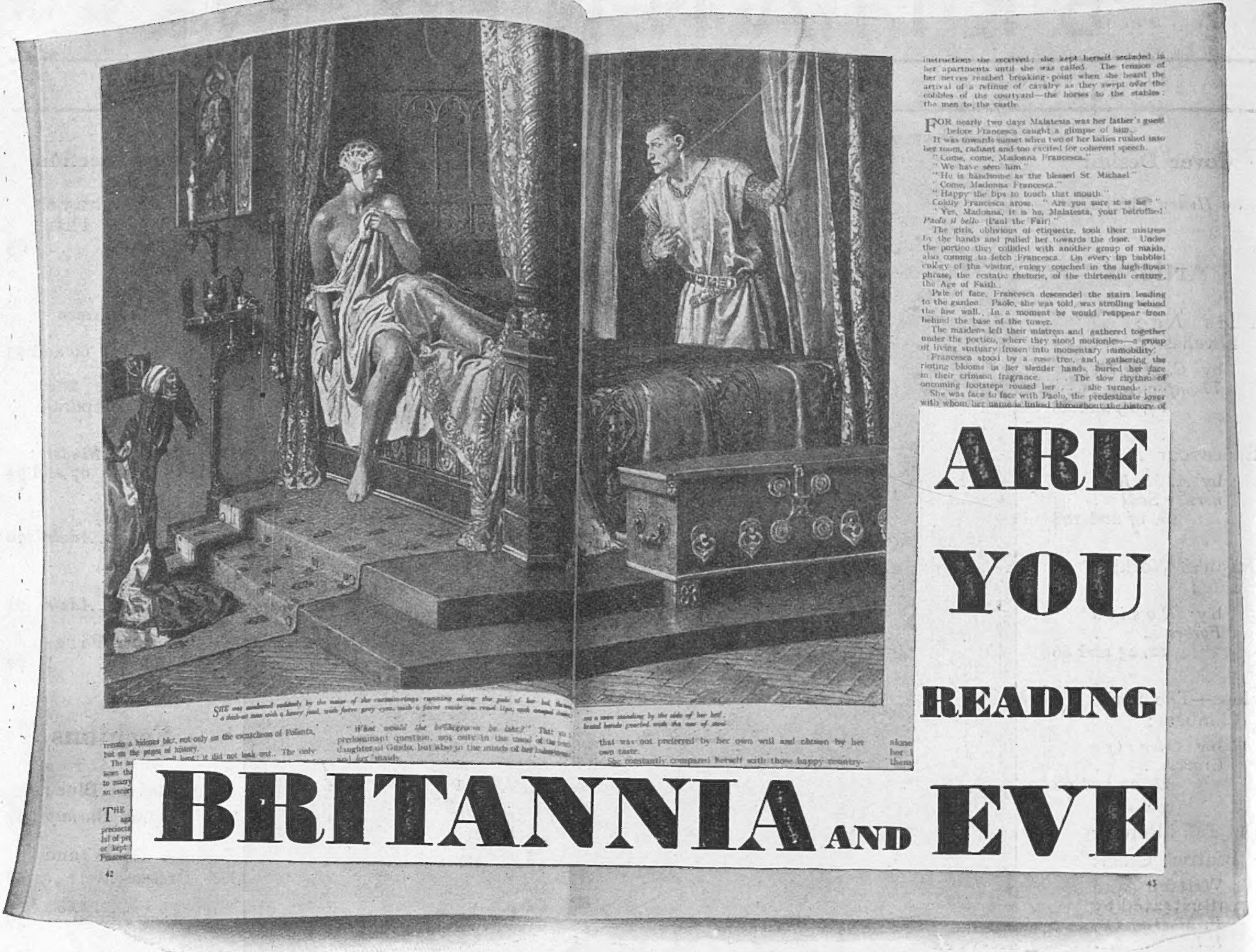
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 122. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.



instructions she received; she kept herself secluded in her apartments until she was called. The tension of her nerves reached breaking-point when she heard the arrival of a retinue of cavalry as they swept over the cobbles of the courtyard—the horses to the stables, the men to the castle.

FOR nearly two days Malatesta was her father's guest before Francesca caught a glimpse of him.

It was towards sunset when two of her ladies rushed into her room, radiant and too excited for coherent speech.

"Come, come, Madonna Francesca."

"We have seen him."

"He is handsome as the blessed St. Michael."

"Come, Madonna Francesca."

"Happy the lips to touch that mouth."

Coldly Francesca arose. "Are you sure it is he?"

"Yes, Madonna, it is he, Malatesta, your betrothed. *Paolo il bello* (Paul the Fair)."

The girls, oblivious of etiquette, took their mistress by the hands and pulled her towards the door. Under the portico they collided with another group of maids, also coming to fetch Francesca. On every lip bubbled eulogy of the visitor, eulogy couched in the high-flown phrase, the ecstatic rhetoric, of the thirteenth century, the Age of Faith.

Pale of face, Francesca descended the stairs leading to the garden. Paolo, she was told, was strolling behind the low wall. In a moment he would reappear from behind the base of the tower.

The maidens left their mistress and gathered together under the portico, where they stood motionless—a group of living statuary frozen into momentary immobility.

Francesca stood by a rose tree, and, gathering the rioting blooms in her slender hands, buried her face in their crimson fragrance. . . . The slow rhythm of oncoming footsteps roused her . . . she turned. . . .

She was face to face with Paolo, the predestinate lover with whom her name is linked throughout the history of

42

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for the FIRST time?

WE believe you will find there is something different about it . . . buoyant, bright. We set out to make it so; to supply thinking men and women with feature articles which really feature something, with vivid stories instead of simpers, to be interesting, keen, eager . . . to produce Home and Fashion Sections which bear definite relation to one's own home and not to fantastic Castles in Spain.

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FLAVELS *of* LEAMINGTON KABINEAT GAS COOKER

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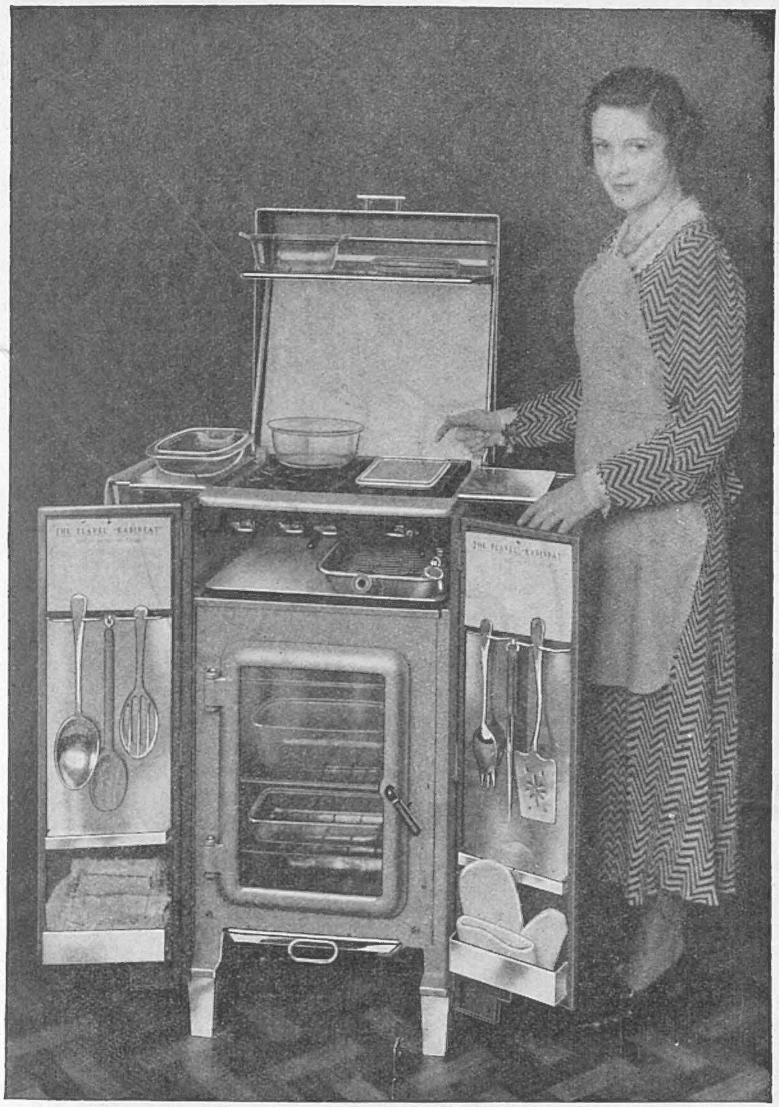
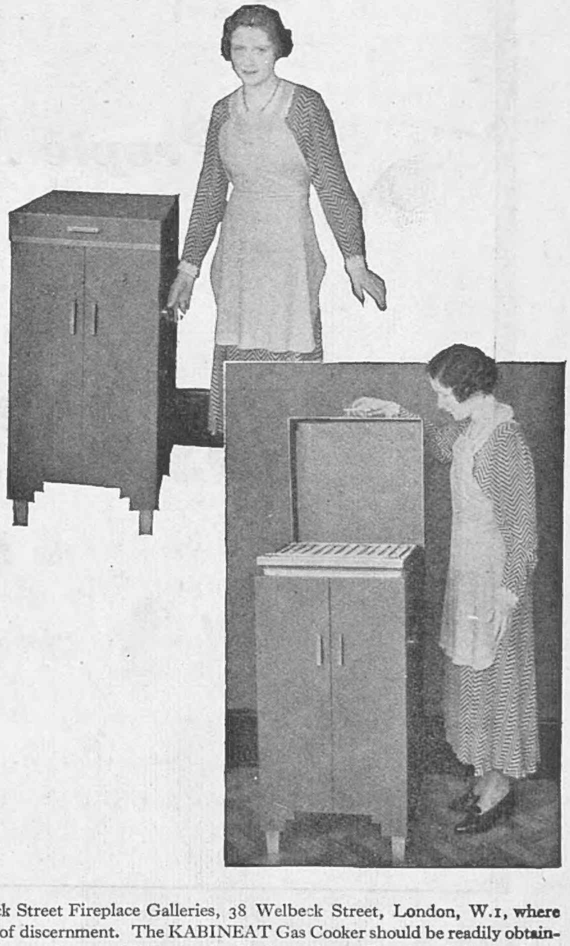


NEATER COOKING

Showing, top left, the cooker fully opened, revealing the wonderful equipment and the manner in which this is carried, the beautiful mottled porcelain finish of the cooker itself, the two hotplate extension pieces and the plate rack. Below is a photograph of the cooker closed and one in which the lid is raised showing how neatly everything is stored



The KABINEAT is designed along utility lines and for that reason will be welcomed where kitchen space is limited and in flats where the cooking appliance must often share the living accommodation. Two sizes are made—for small and large families. Each includes oven heat control, equipment as in the photograph, and prices are from £12 7 6 to £22 in one of the six colours selected from the British Colour Council's Standard Chart for Household Appliances

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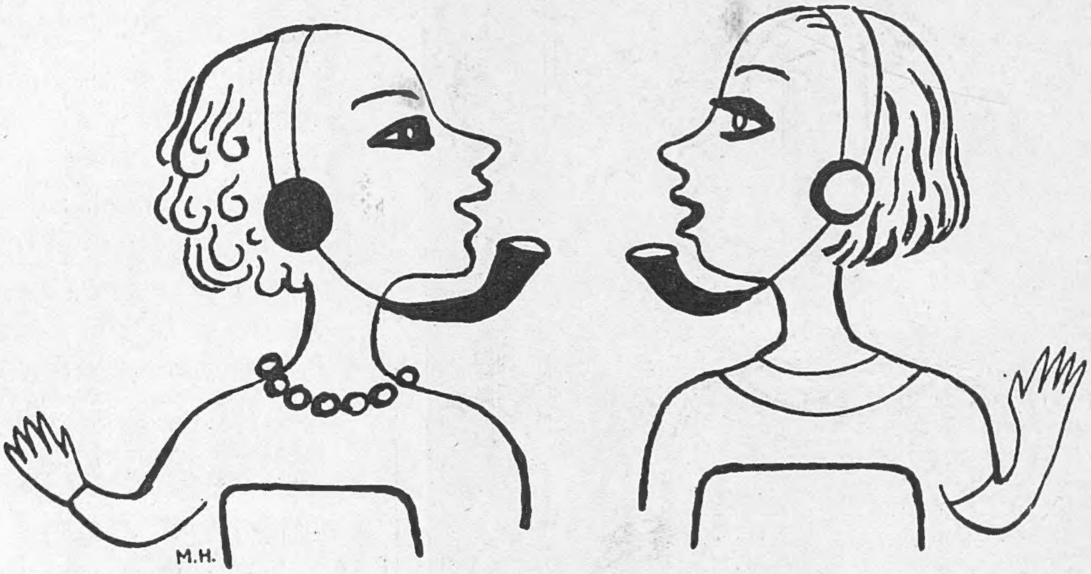
"P.M.G." *said the telephone girl—*

meaning



"People Mustn't Grumble"

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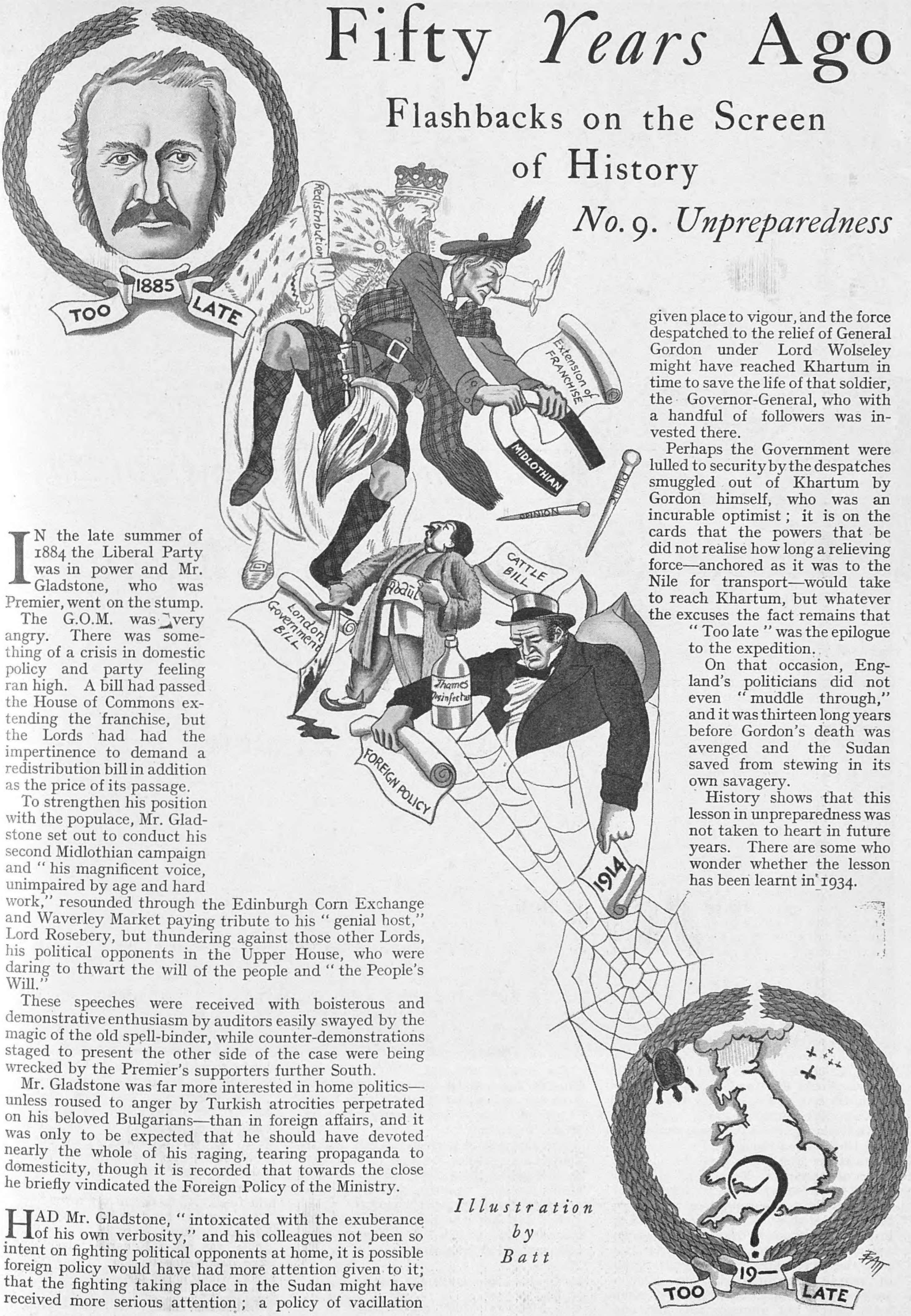
ETHYL

Fifty *Years* Ago

Flashbacks on the Screen of History

No. 9. Unpreparedness



IN the late summer of 1884 the Liberal Party was in power and Mr. Gladstone, who was Premier, went on the stump.

The G.O.M. was very angry. There was something of a crisis in domestic policy and party feeling ran high. A bill had passed the House of Commons extending the franchise, but the Lords had had the impertinence to demand a redistribution bill in addition as the price of its passage.

To strengthen his position with the populace, Mr. Gladstone set out to conduct his second Midlothian campaign and "his magnificent voice, unimpaired by age and hard work," resounded through the Edinburgh Corn Exchange and Waverley Market paying tribute to his "genial host," Lord Rosebery, but thundering against those other Lords, his political opponents in the Upper House, who were daring to thwart the will of the people and "the People's Will."

These speeches were received with boisterous and demonstrative enthusiasm by auditors easily swayed by the magic of the old spell-binder, while counter-demonstrations staged to present the other side of the case were being wrecked by the Premier's supporters further South.

Mr. Gladstone was far more interested in home politics—unless roused to anger by Turkish atrocities perpetrated on his beloved Bulgarians—than in foreign affairs, and it was only to be expected that he should have devoted nearly the whole of his raging, tearing propaganda to domesticity, though it is recorded that towards the close he briefly vindicated the Foreign Policy of the Ministry.

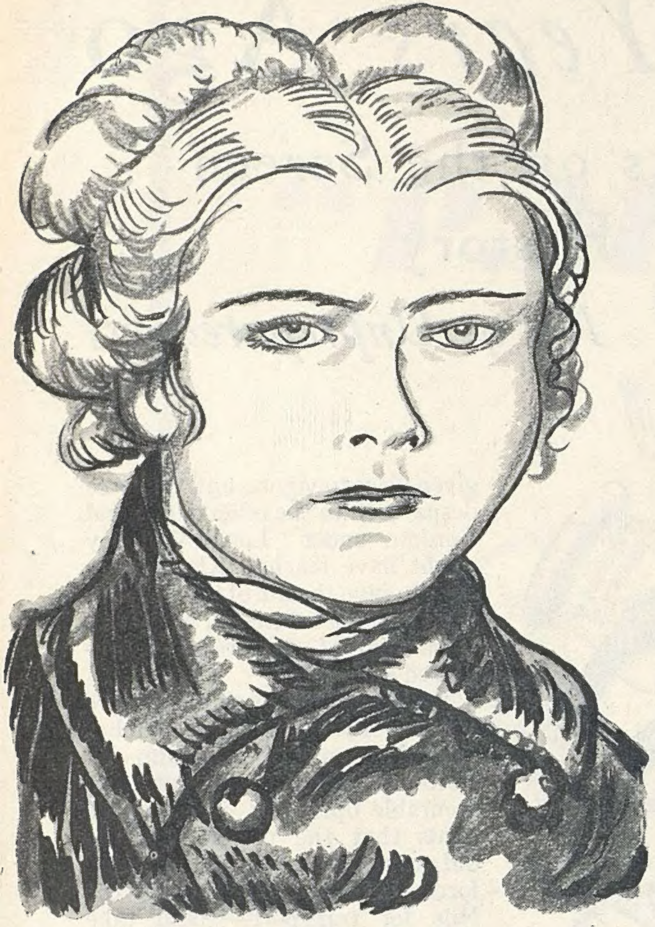
HAD Mr. Gladstone, "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," and his colleagues not been so intent on fighting political opponents at home, it is possible foreign policy would have had more attention given to it; that the fighting taking place in the Sudan might have received more serious attention; a policy of vacillation given place to vigour, and the force despatched to the relief of General Gordon under Lord Wolseley might have reached Khartum in time to save the life of that soldier, the Governor-General, who with a handful of followers was invested there.

Perhaps the Government were lulled to security by the despatches smuggled out of Khartum by Gordon himself, who was an incurable optimist; it is on the cards that the powers that be did not realise how long a relieving force—anchored as it was to the Nile for transport—would take to reach Khartum, but whatever the excuses the fact remains that "Too late" was the epilogue to the expedition.

On that occasion, England's politicians did not even "muddle through," and it was thirteen long years before Gordon's death was avenged and the Sudan saved from stewing in its own savagery.

History shows that this lesson in unpreparedness was not taken to heart in future years. There are some who wonder whether the lesson has been learnt in 1934.

Illustration
by
Batt



HILDA PETROVNA

Murder in Moscow

A Story of Vengeance and Feminine Intuition

By Walter Duranty

I READ a magazine article not long ago where some man said there had never been a woman detective, either in fiction or real life, because women lack logic or powers of deductive analysis, or words to that effect. Most generalities are silly, and generalities about women are sillier still, but of course this man had never heard of Hilda Petrovna, who works for the Moor in Moscow—for that matter, he had probably never heard of the Moor itself.

Moor is the Moscow detective service, the criminal detective service concerned with crimes against individuals, while the much better-known Gaypayoo deals exclusively with crimes against the State. There are many crimes against the State in Russia, so the Gaypayoo is heard of a great deal, with all these sensational trials of engineers for sabotage of State property and what not which are reported in the foreign press. But there are also crimes against individuals that are not reported at all, even in the Soviet press, because the Soviet press disapproves of reporting such crimes and calls that " low bourgeois sensationalism," so Moor, which deals with said crimes, isn't known abroad like the Gaypayoo.

But those who know about Moor think it is good at detecting crimes, and they think Hilda Petrovna is better than that. And I am one of them.

I met her first when there had been a series of murders in Moscow all of which ended with finding a naked corpse in a sack, neatly trussed up like a chicken ready to be roasted. They found them in cellars and under bridges, and hidden amongst lumber for new buildings, all over the city. They found about thirty of them in six months, and some of them were unknown and untraced and some were traced but unimportant, and one at least was a high official in the Commissariat of Agriculture, but all were equally naked in their sacks and tied up with string like chickens, arms to knees.

Then one day it was announced that a certain cab-driver named Komarof had been arrested by Moor and I went round to Moor's headquarters to get the story.

I had a note from the Foreign Office to one of the big Moor executives, because a foreign reporter has to have some sort of guarantee when he visits any Soviet Department, but the man to whom my note was addressed was out and his secretary told me " You'd better see Comrade Gilder, who has charge of this affair, in Room 203."

I went to Room 203 and knocked, and there was a young woman with very bright eyes, blue like cornflowers under the braids of wheat-coloured hair above her forehead, wearing a black leather tunic and short black skirt and high black boots. I thought " This Gilder's a lucky guy to have a secretary like that," and asked her, very politely, whether I could see tovarish Gilder.

She laughed and said, " Do you speak English? because if so, you may know that Russians pronounce H as G, and I am ' tovarish Gilda '—that is, my name is Hilda Petrovna."

She said this in perfect English, which made things easier, because I could get by in Russian those days, but was rather minus on the nuances one sometimes needs in the newspaper business.

So I told her who I was and what I'd come for, and added, " But how do you talk such good English ? "

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

" Oh," she said, " my people were Swedish and I was born in Riga—that is, my great-grandfather was a Swede, though after him they took Russian citizenship, but they married Swedes or German Balts ; I had one Russian grandmother, and all the rest were foreign blood, and I had an English governess when I was a little girl."

" But you're a Communist," I said, and she answered, coldly, " Of course I am, since I was seventeen."

I drew a bow at a venture. " Did you ever hear of the ' Riga Museum ' ? " I asked.

Hilda Petrovna went as white as the paper on the desk before her and her right hand gripped the arm of her chair till her nails and knuckles were bloodless. She licked her lips twice before she could speak, then whispered, " What do *you* know of that ? "

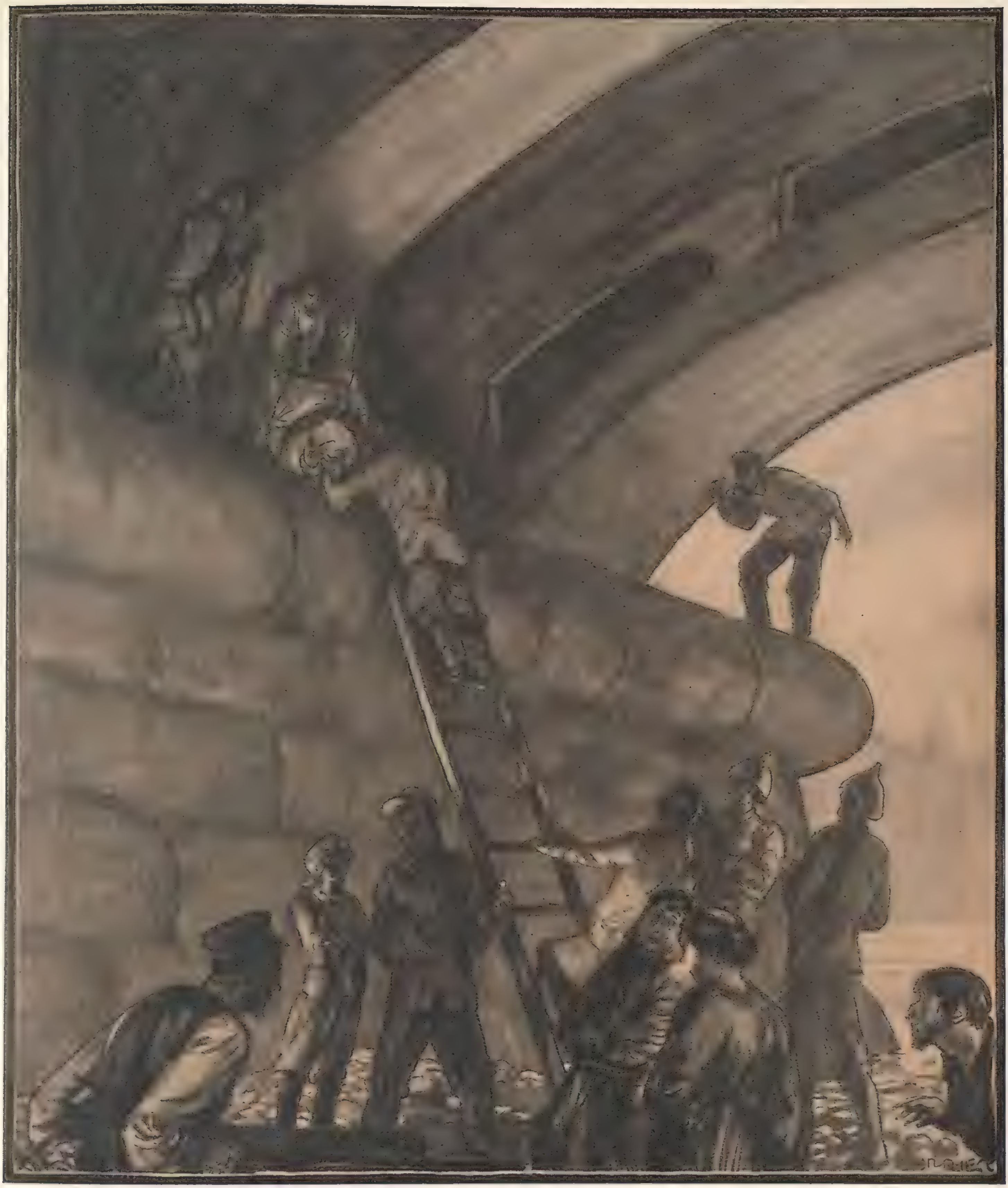
It was only a whisper, but I never heard words so savagely spoken, and her eyes were hostile as bayonets.

" I have a friend," I said, " a Lettish revolutionary ; he told me. They squashed his fingers in door-hinges, slowly, to make him talk, but he wouldn't. He told me about the Riga Museum."

" God damn you and your friends ! " the girl cried furiously. " Why do you remind me, damn you ? My brother Knut, he wouldn't speak either, but they broke him ; he was broken to pieces when they sent him to Siberia, where I followed him and found him and bought him free . . . to die in my arms."

She put her head in her hands on the desk and sobbed.

She was what Edgar Wallace would have called one of the " Big Five " of Moor, which is the Soviet Scotland Yard. I knew that, but she was a girl too, and I'd hurt her, badly, without meaning to,



THEY found them in cellars and under bridges, and hidden amongst lumber for new buildings, all over the city

so I didn't stop to think. I just patted her on the back and said, "I'm terribly sorry; I didn't mean to hurt you; you see, I know what pain is myself. I had six months of it once after a train-wreck before they cut my leg off."

She looked up at me sharply and doubtfully, then her face softened. "I wanted to kill you," she said, "but now I don't. It's all right now . . and why did you come to see me?"

About Komarof I told her, and she explained how the Moor had tracked him. They'd examined the sacks in which his victims were left and found that some of them had contained oats, and in one there was a baby's diaper.

"That gave me an idea," said Hilda Petrovna, "and I put it with another idea, that these crimes must be committed by someone who had a vehicle at his disposal, because anyone carrying sacks about Moscow would be noticed sooner or later. Next I got a map of the city and saw that the points where the bodies were found all seemed to radiate from a common centre. Then I sent out a call to that section to look for a cart or cab driver who had his own horse and stable, who perhaps had been a butcher, because the bodies were trussed up like that, and who had one or more small children. They sent in four names and we searched them all and found nothing. Komarof was the last, and this is the first big job I've had here, and I wanted to show them. I mean that the whole point of work like mine is elimination, sifting and sifting away the inessentials, like washing dirt until only the gold is left. We had eliminated the others and Komarof was left. So the next day I went around with a paper from the Sanitary Inspection Office and talked to his neighbours. And one old woman said Komarof's wife was her second cousin, and one day she found her all upset, and she said that her husband had been angry with one of the children and had hanged him, a little boy about ten, in the stable, and then went out with his cab, and she had followed quietly because she thought he was going to beat the child and was in time to cut him down, but hadn't dared to say anything about it. That was enough for me—mass murderers are all sadic lunatics—and I came back with a patrol and sounded every foot of that stable and found a trap door, and there hidden under some hay in a cellar was the last of Komarof's victims, neatly trussed up in his sack."

It was a good story and I cabled it to *The Times*, but Hilda Petrovna wouldn't let me use her name or mention her at all, which rather took the edge off it. Against that we'd gotten friendly, which is a rare and difficult thing for a foreign reporter and a Communist official. I mean that after breaking down like that she either had to hate me or be friends, and I said as much when I was going

"Then you really forgive me," I said, "you don't hate me?"

She gave me her hand and looked at me straight and square. "I hate weakness," she said, "and you have seen my weakness, but I think you understand, and you are my friend."

There are few things that anyone ever said to me which pleased me more.

I DIDN'T see Hilda Petrovna again for several months, but I asked about her discreetly here and there, and it seemed she stood pretty high with the Party chiefs. Her brother had been exiled to Siberia in 1906, and she had gone out there alone, six years later, when she was only seventeen, and rescued him from a prison camp. "And what she paid for it you don't need to ask," one man told me; "but he died, and she joined up with the Bolshevik Underground Railroad system, to free our exiles and bring them back."

"She commanded a battalion in the civil war," said another, "which took no officer prisoners. When a woman is hard and cruel . . and this one was terrible. A good shot too . . won the Fifth Army revolver prize one year . . but hard as nails . . quite merciless. Did some jobs for the Cheka, I've heard, and did them right . . Djerjinski himself gave her the Order of Lenin, then they transferred her to Moor. . . ."

He shivered and repeated, "When a woman is hard . . . a good and loyal comrade . . . but . . . I tell you, Hilda Petrovna would kill her own brother and go dry-eyed."

Yet I had seen her weeping for her brother.

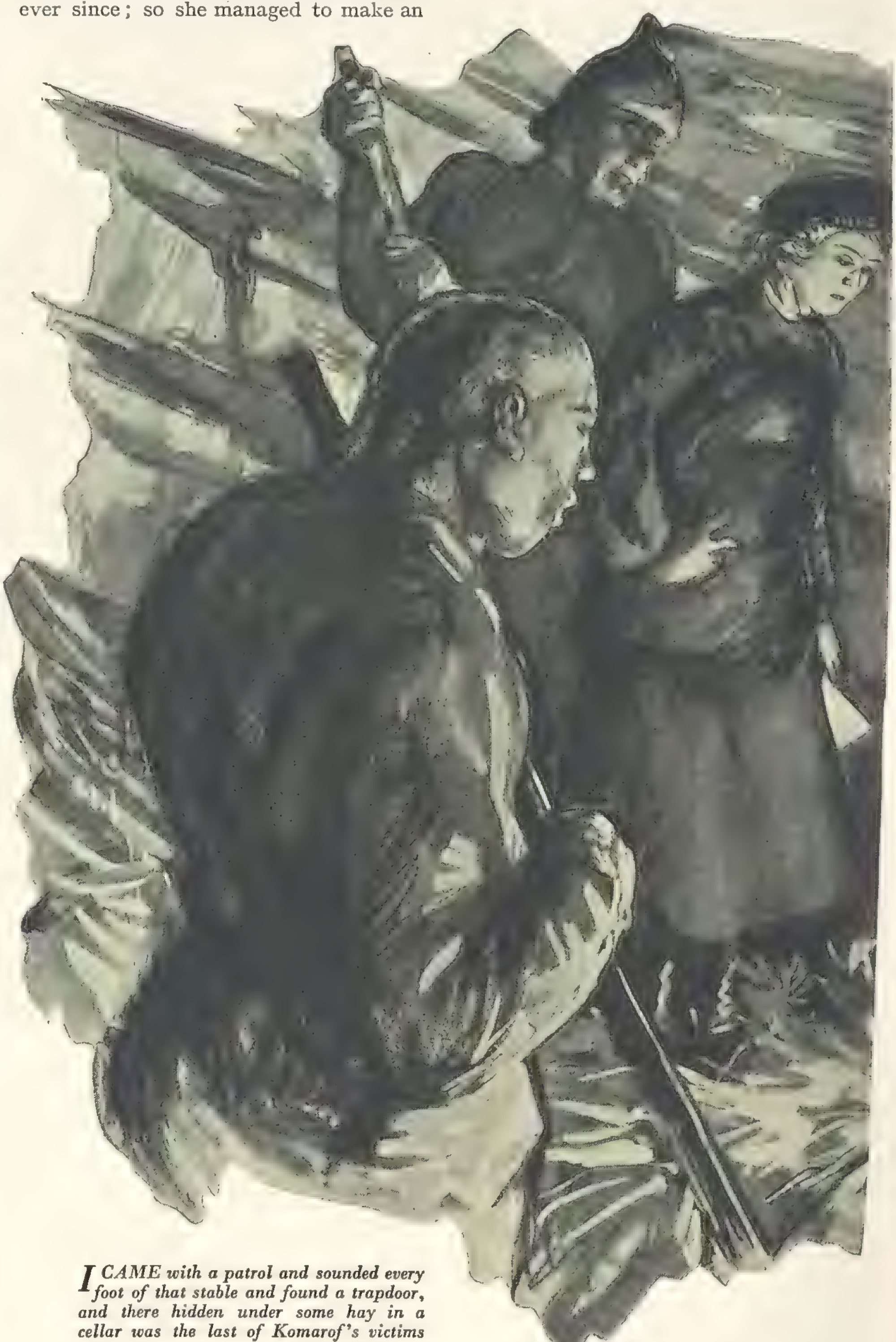
THEN one day I met a young Russian who had a job in the cartographical department of the Commissariat of War, although he wasn't a Party member and his father had been a general in the Tsar's army, but he had thrown in his lot with the Revolution at the time of the Polish war because he said he was a Russian first, and the Poles were enemies of Russia, and anyway he drew better maps than the rest of the Red Army put together.

He looked very glum, and after a while he told me that his fiancée had been arrested by the Gaypayoo for killing a man named Shultz, who had been one of Bela Kun's henchmen in the Hungarian revolution in '19, and had escaped with Bela Kun to Russia and gone down with him to the Crimea after Wrangel was beaten two years later, when Bela Kun "liquidated" what was left of the White movement in those parts. And mighty rough he was by all accounts; they said that when he got back to Moscow Lenin summoned him and said, "How dare you kill *MY* people!" and sent him off to the sticks somewhere; but this Shultz stayed in Moscow and got a job with the Comintern.

My friend's fiancée happened to hear that Shultz might know something about her father, who had been a colonel in Wrangel's army, but hadn't escaped with the rest to Constantinople and was missing ever since; so she managed to make an appointment with Shultz and went to see him one evening about nine. An hour later Shultz was found lying over his desk with a dagger deep in his heart and its hilt sticking out just under and behind his left shoulder; and two days afterwards the Gaypayoo arrested the girl in Leningrad, and brought her back to Moscow, to Lubianka, and that was all my friend knew about it, but it seemed her case was hopeless, because Shultz was an important man in the Comintern and the Gaypayoo said his killing was political, which meant a death sentence for certain.

"Do you think she did it?" I asked. "I mean, after all, suppose this Shultz had had her father shot, and said so, and . . ."

"Of course not," said the boy, "she was far too scared of him; why it took her a week to get up the nerve to make



I CAME with a patrol and sounded every foot of that stable and found a trapdoor, and there hidden under some hay in a cellar was the last of Komarof's victims the date. Besides she's not that sort, she's far too scared."

I didn't know about that; you can't always tell with girls . . . or men either for that matter . . . but it was a good story, and I wanted to get more of it. Of course there was nothing doing with the Gaypayoo; a foreign reporter simply can't get at them, let alone persuade them to talk.

So I went to see Hilda Petrovna.

I'd hardly begun my tale when she said she knew all about it, and the girl, of course, was guilty—the Gaypayoo had a clear case.

"Shultz was stabbed in the back," she said, "while he was sitting at his desk, near an open window, at right angles to it. His left side was towards the window and there was no room for anyone to stand between it and him; therefore the crime must have been committed by a left-handed person, standing beside him on his right or behind him. This girl, Lenskaya, was left-handed. Secondly, there were no fingermarks on the dagger, and she had worn gloves, long black kid gloves, and you know as well as I do that no one, not even 'former' people, wear gloves in Moscow in the summer. Thirdly, she ran away to Leningrad the same night by the late train. . . ."

"Yes," I said, "but . . . ."

"And finally"—Hilda Petrovna took no notice of my interruption—"finally, Shultz had shot her father, the colonel; that's to say he had signed the warrant for his execution, which was carried out. The Gaypayoo believe that she had learnt this and determined upon revenge. Of course he admitted it, then she stabbed him.

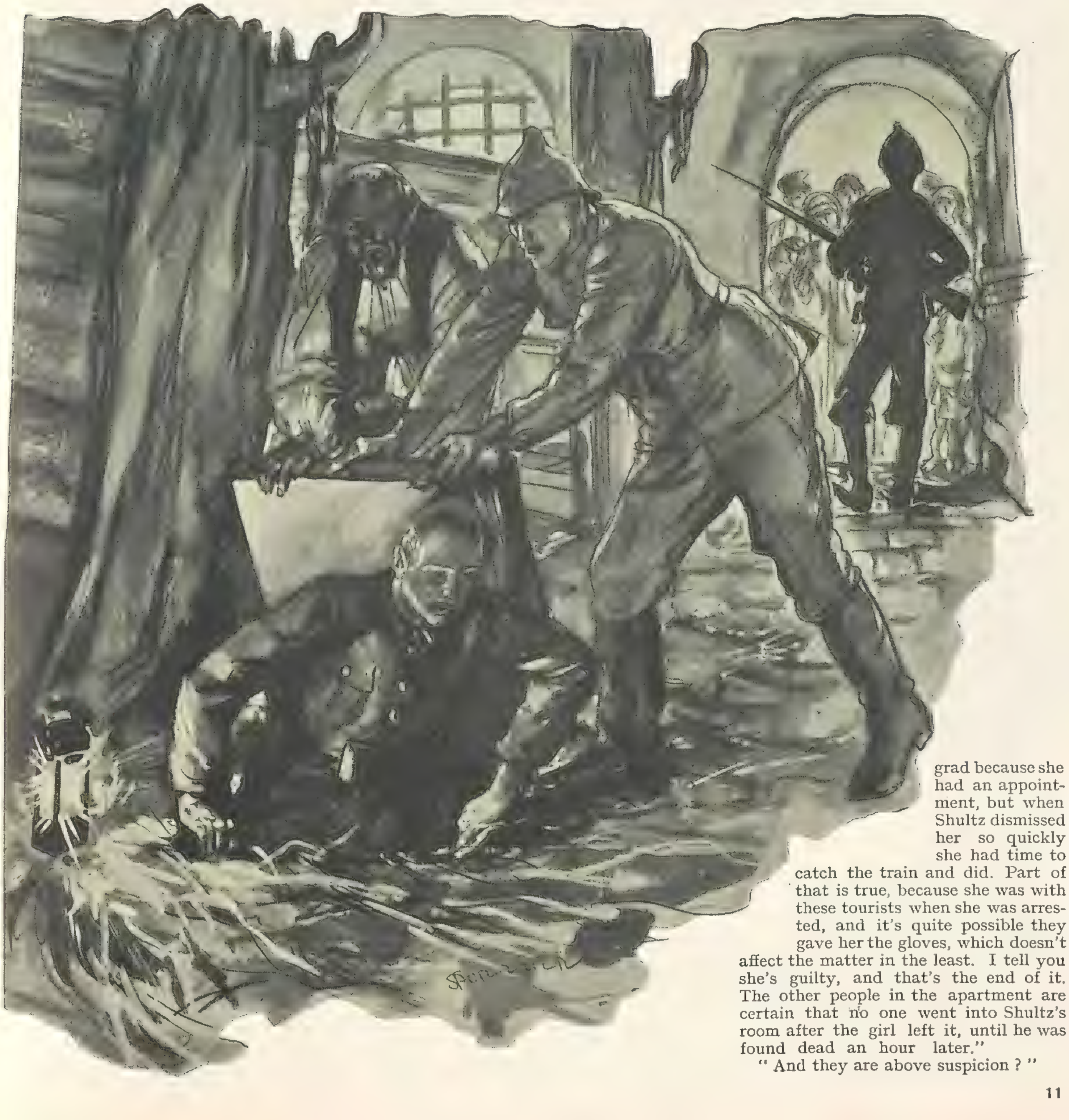
"So there's no doubt about it, a cold-blooded deliberate assassination, which will bring the former Countess Lenskaya to the same end as her noble father, and all I can tell you is that the less you have to do with people like that the better, if you wish to stay and work here."

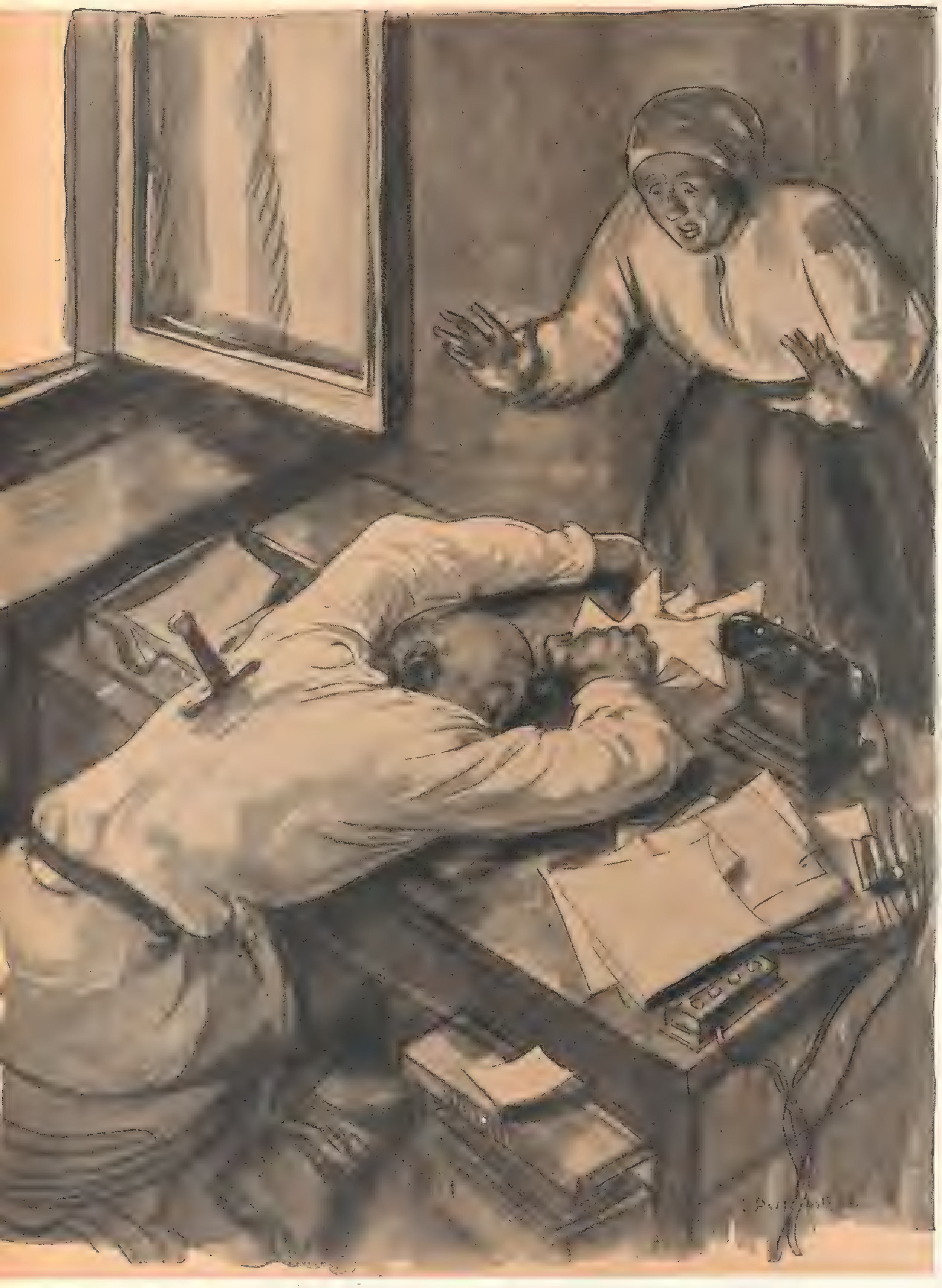
Her voice was low, but very bitter; Bolshevik fanaticism is none the less real because it is cold and contained.

"I never met the girl," I stammered, "and I only know her fiancé slightly . . . but did she confess or deny, or attempt to explain?"

"She denied everything; said she was only in the room five minutes, that the moment she told Shultz she had come for news of her father and who he was, he cut her short, said he had nothing to say and to get to hell out of there. She said she never knew he had signed her father's death-warrant; hadn't known for sure that her father was dead. She wore gloves because she had been acting as interpreter for some American tourists who were leaving that night for Leningrad and asked her to go with them and had a ticket for her. One of the women had given her the gloves when she had dinner with them, and she put them on afterwards because she hadn't got a handbag. She told them she couldn't go to Leningrad because she had an appointment, but when Shultz dismissed her so quickly she had time to catch the train and did. Part of that is true, because she was with these tourists when she was arrested, and it's quite possible they gave her the gloves, which doesn't affect the matter in the least. I tell you she's guilty, and that's the end of it. The other people in the apartment are certain that no one went into Shultz's room after the girl left it, until he was found dead an hour later."

"And they are above suspicion?"





SHULTZ was found lying over his desk with a dagger deep in his heart and its hilt sticking out just under and behind his left shoulder blade

" Absolutely . . a member of the old Bolshevik league, and his wife . . . both over seventy, and feeble . . . there's nothing in that direction. No . . . the only thing I'm the least bit doubtful about, if any doubt is possible, is a question of psychology, feminine psychology. I'm a woman myself, you see, and when women work themselves up to commit political murders, for the sake of a Cause or for revenge, they have sacrificed their lives beforehand; they don't usually attempt to escape even, but if they do attempt it and are caught they don't deny their act, but glory in it." She frowned and added reflectively: " There was Charlotte Corday, and the woman who shot Lenin, and scores of others in our revolutionary history . . . I must admit that is a curious feature, but the Gaypayoo is certain, and the Gaypayoo is seldom wrong."

" Did you see her yourself ? " I asked.

Hilda Petrovna didn't answer for a moment. " No," she said slowly, " but I will, to-morrow. Galkin, who examined Lenskaya is a friend of mine . . . and he was surprised by that too; he mentioned it himself, but he explained it by saying she had nerved herself to the act, then collapsed when it was done . . . that must be the right answer . . . yet I don't know . . . he's a man, and . . . Yes, I *will* see her . . just to make sure."

THE next evening I got a 'phone call from Hilda Petrovna telling me to come to her office. Her eyes were bright and there was more colour than usual in her cheeks.

" I saw your friend Lenskaya to-day," she began impetuously, " and I'm prepared to swear . . . that is," she corrected herself, " I don't think the case is so clear as . . . of course Galkin was cocksure, wouldn't listen for a moment . . . men always think they know better . . . but I tell you the girl is a terrified little fool . . . this is no nervous collapse, just plain fright . . . the creature's a rabbit . . . and brainless. She couldn't have planned and executed a crime like that . . . I mean she's not the type . . . I can't be mistaken . . . Galkin may laugh as he pleases, but I know better . . . his case may look all right, but it simply doesn't rhyme . . . not with that little rabbit."

" What are you going to do ? " I said. " Is there anything you can do ? "

" I . . . and there's another queer point I didn't know before. Shultz wasn't found dead in his chair, but lying face downwards over his desk. Galkin said he had jumped up when she stabbed him, then fallen, but a man doesn't jump up with a knife deep in his heart, and it *was* deep . . . he admitted the force of the blow surprised him . . . that proved her desperation, he said, and she'd played a lot of tennis; and the first thing he asked her was ' Are you left-handed ? ' and she told him ' Yes.' I don't know what I can do, but I'll tell you what I've already done. I investigated Shultz's room myself this afternoon.

" As you know," she continued, " every one has his own method in finding things out; it must be the same even in your business. My method is elimination. For instance, if I lose something, I think of everywhere it might be, and look there, place after place, until at last there's only one place left and there I find it. If you eliminate right you must reach your end. Now in this case I begin by eliminating Lenskaya. I know that's arbitrary, but unless I start from there my inquiry has no purpose.

Galkin has taken care of that. Next I eliminate any other visitors after her. I talked with the old man and his wife; there's no doubt possible. The old woman found the body, went in to borrow some matches to light her primus; she said the room was bare, no chance for anyone to hide, only an iron cot and the desk and a chair, not even a cupboard. They had not heard anything, she said; they were sure the girl had done it. Remains the window. There is a balcony two stories above the street, two below the roof. Unfortunately some neighbours three doors down the corridor were sitting on their balcony, level with Shultz's. I talked to them too. They sat there from eight-thirty that night until they heard the old woman yell when she found the body; they heard him talking with a woman, which must have been Lenskaya, about an hour before. It was dark, but there were lamps in the street below, and although they didn't watch Shultz's balcony particularly, no one could have got on to it from below or above, and gone in and out without their noticing. They saw no one, so I eliminate the balcony. Now, what's left? It seemed there was nothing, because across the street there's an open space, then a blank wall, the side of the Savoy Hotel. Only one window, fifty yards away at that; the street is fifteen yards wide with the sidewalks and the open space at least twice as much again. No one could have thrown a knife that distance, so I eliminate that . . . net result, the girl *was* guilty. Unless my final elimination is not perfect."

She rubbed her nose with the palm of her hand and continued, "Anyway, it's the only chance. I assume my first elimination, the second and third are water-tight, therefore it must be the last, or nothing."

"I've got friends at the Savoy," I said eagerly, "and the porter knows me quite well. I could ask. . . ."

"You can and you may," she replied, "but I don't think you'll get much. If Lenskaya is innocent this crime has been shrewdly planned."

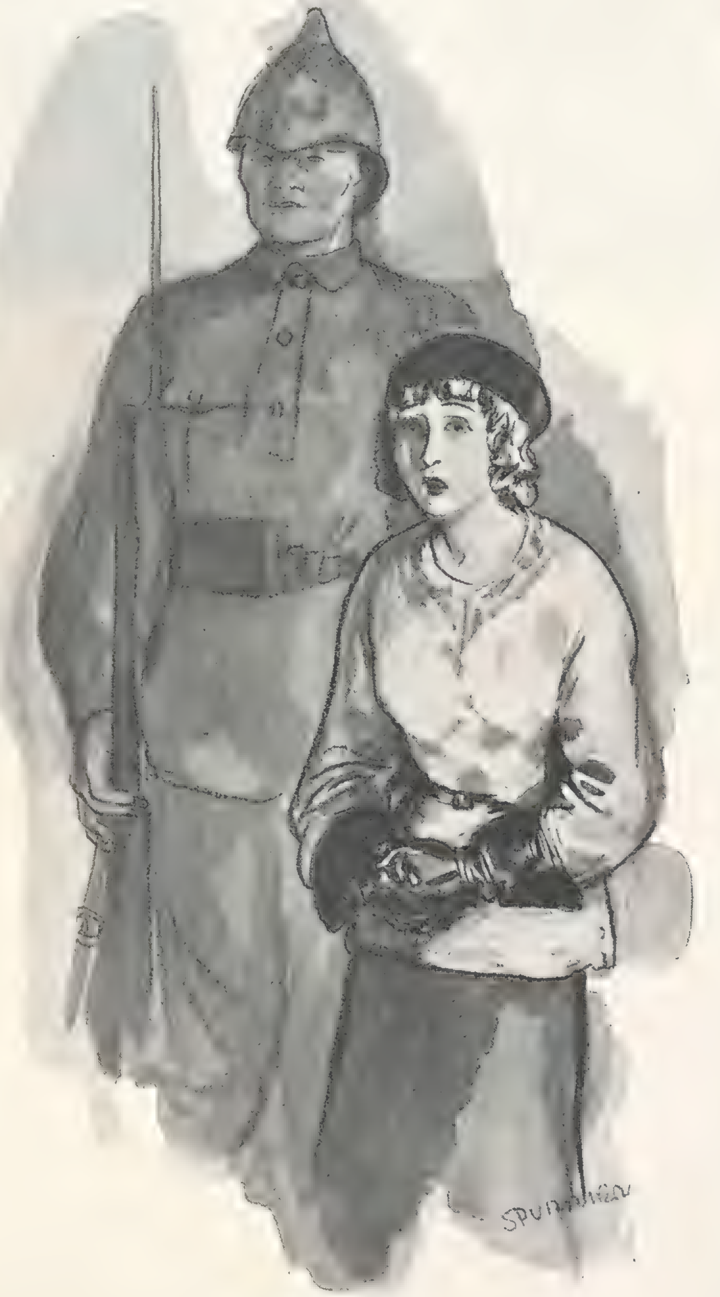
I did ask, and Hilda Petrovna was right. The room in question had been occupied for a week before the murder by an American architect named Charles Stewart. In fact, I had met him myself, and a mighty nice fellow he was, although he didn't think much of Soviet building or their business methods. The porter said he left Moscow for Berlin the night of August tenth, the day Shultz was killed, but one of my friends was sure there'd been some delay about his Polish visa and he'd stayed till the eleventh; it didn't seem to matter either way.

I TOLD Hilda Petrovna about it and said, "We've got to eliminate him; he knew nothing about politics, wasn't even interested, like most American specialists." And she said, "We have, have we? Well, at all events they won't decide the case for a couple of weeks. I secured that much from Galkin, although he thinks I'm a fool for my pains. He said it would give her time to confess, and he was busy, anyway, so the case could wait."

"It's a vicious system," I said. "It's unjust that the same power arrests, examines, tries, and executes. No American would stand it, the Gaypayoo is . . ."

"You're talking nonsense," she snapped. "The Gaypayoo was appointed to protect the Revolution against counter-revolution; it's not a question of your bourgeois 'justice,' but war to the knife."

"And didn't we have a revolution," I asked, "to defend our rights against the British? And the British themselves, they had one, too, and killed their king into the bargain, long before you did, precisely to protect the individual against the despotism of arbitrary courts and Star Chambers. They invented *habeas corpus*, too, for the same purpose, and we've kept it in America."



THIS is no nervous collapse, just plain fright

Hilda Petrovna spoke patiently, in the Bolshevik manner of one dealing with a child. "You don't understand," she said. "The so-called American revolution and Cromwell's revolution were not revolutions at all really, not class revolutions, but simply a transfer of power from one section of the bourgeoisie to another. All bourgeois 'justice' is class justice, money justice, property justice, which is injustice. Only one more trick to bamboozle the workers; you can't argue about it—it's no use."

She was quite right, you can't, not with Bolsheviks; I've tried it and I know; they're impervious to any argument save their own.

"All right," I said, "I won't argue, but when can I, when do you expect? . . ."

"Come back in a week—no, ten days, and don't bother me telephoning in the meantime. If there's anything before I'll let you know."

"Do you think there will be anything?"

"I don't know. I think there should be, but I'm not sure I can find it . . . though I would like to show those . . ."

She broke off sharply. "Get out," she said, smiling, "you damned bourgeois!"

A WEEK later along came my young Russian friend, in great distress. He'd heard, it seemed, that Lenskaya had been summoned to a final examination, which corresponds to a trial, in the Gaypayoo prison of Lubianka, and that the examiner had dismissed her attempt at defence without consideration. No sentence is pronounced in Gaypayoo trials; the prisoner knows nothing definite until the last fatal summons, which might come any moment, he said despairingly.

I told him it was nonsense, that I'd received assurance that her case would be held over for two weeks, but he refused to be comforted. He knew better, he said; she was as good as dead.

THE same evening Hilda Petrovna telephoned me and confirmed the report.

"Galkin did his best," she told me, "but there is a lot of excitement amongst the Comintern representatives here about Shultz's murder. They brought pressure to bear; they are sure that Lenskaya is guilty, and can't understand why she has not been punished. She will be shot within forty-eight hours."

"But have you found nothing?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I have found everything, but they won't believe it; they say my theory is fantastic, and you know what the Gaypayoo is; if they have an accused, and a motive, and a lot of circumstantial evidence, and the accused is a 'former' person, they won't look further. I have no proof yet, but (*Continued on p. 116*)

This Age of Lovelies

THIRTEEN million females between the ages of 16 and 60 use 60 million lipsticks a year

NAIL varnish is looked on as a necessity and not a luxury by the woman of to-day

A BOTTLE of skin tonic will invariably be found among the toilet requisites of Miss 1934

By C. Patrick Thompson

"DID you observe," I asked my poet friend, "that a professor says London women are spending sixty millions a year on beautifying, and that an American economist says that American women have used more face paint, dye, and make-up in the last decade than have been used for house paint in the whole history of the American republic ?"

"I did not," he replied, with bitterness, "but I can believe it. What an age! It is one of my standing regrets that I was not born into Cleopatra's Egypt, or Helen's Greece. Their civilisations have vanished, but the legend of those women's beauty remains. Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Siddons and the beautiful Duchess of Gainsborough will recall an age of great beauties in England even after the canvases which preserve their looks have crumbled or been destroyed in an air raid. Who is there to commemorate this age of ours ?"

I tentatively mentioned a few names.

"Pah!" said he. "Synthetic beauties! You will say next that when archæologists are arguing over the probable site of London, and digging the ruins of Radio City out of the dust overlying what was once the richest city of a civilisation that thought itself eternal, men will not recall anything about us except Greta Garbo."

I told him that probably he had hit the nail right on the head. If Cleopatra could pictorialise for us old Egypt and the Nile, and Phryne take us back to the golden age of Greece, it might well be that the legend of Garbo would survive when all else had gone, and that the mere breath of that name might evoke for future generations the vanished age which she adorned and so profoundly influenced. "An age," I insisted, "of lovely women—not one, but hordes."

"An age of 'lovelies,'" he suggested sarcastically.

"An age," I agreed seriously, "of 'lovelies.'"

Mayfair may have one definition of "lovely," Mrs. Charles Sweeny another, and my poet a third. For the purpose of this essay, however, I define it as meaning "a synthetic beauty."

Some horn-glassed and astigmatic persons may regard synthetic beauties as unæsthetic. But then I have the same feeling about Epstein's models, who strike me as being ultra-natural. Everyone to his taste. For me, synthetic beauties relieve and enliven the grim landscape of this sanguinary age. They are at one with its mechanical and scientific genius. They come out of the same mould as stream-lined cars and those highly finished airplane engines, sleek, smooth and shining, whose power-note has a music as magic in its way as any combination achieved by Wagner or Debussy. They are identified with the vast phenomenon of big business and mass production. In short, I like them; and as for their arch-type, Garbo, she strikes me as more significant by far than Epstein or Einstein, Ramsay or Roosevelt, *Führer* or Ford.

The film factories are, of course, mainly responsible for the world cult of synthetic beauty. There they have to groom, paint, pose and otherwise handle the women they have invested heavily in, until those women can look a little smarter, prettier, better proportioned, more graceful, and generally more seductive, than even beautiful women normally appear in real life. It is an elaborate and expensive process, but worth while. It turned Greta Garbo from a freckled, overweight, and rather awkward Swedish girl into one of those marvellous creatures whose fabulous beauty dates an age and profoundly influences its external appearance. It turned (at a cost estimated by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn at £50,000) an obscure little German actress named Anna Sten from a not-very-well-turned-out good-looker into a raving beauty of matchless elegance, grace and allure.

How were these miracles achieved ? By the processes of the

Above:
BEAUTY culture as a career. Students being instructed in facial massage. (Circle) Keeping the face up to the mark by the aid of a facial pack. (Right) Making a heavy and ugly eyebrow thin and narrow by removing some of the hairs

An *insight* into the *enormous* industry which has *sprung* up *in the* wake *of* Woman's quest *for* Beauty, and which has *enabled* her to *attain* that *allure* which was *once* the privilege only *of* the *rich* and *exalted*

beauty laboratory, where women are scientifically studied with an eye to achieving the best effects. The female goes in raw material, and, after handling by the highly skilled beauty experts, emerges long, elegant, stream-lined, swift, graceful, and highly finished as a fine motor-car or high-speed airplane engine. She becomes, in short, a " lovely," the supreme product of the beauty business, which mobilises all our resources of machines, chemicals, human brains, taste and skill, capital and industrial organisation, with the single aim of beautifying that natural product—a woman.

Psychologists and cynics may interpolate that the beauty business is really nothing more nor less than the sex business. But that is by the way; and I am anyway in no mood to start an investigation into the beauty business in the light of Freudian theories. It is, however, relevant to probe the driving force behind the dazzling creation of an age of " lovelies."

All human needs and desires, legitimate and illegitimate, have been commercialised. The commercial exploitation of woman's yearning for beauty is only relatively new because men were slow to perceive the illimitable and stable market under their noses, because the technical processes had to (*Continued on page* 88)

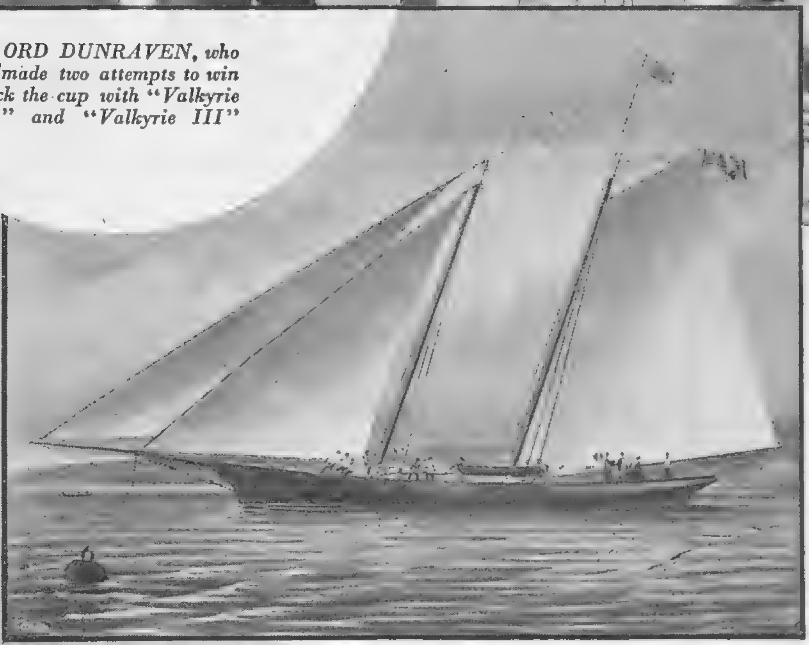
GRETA GARBO was turned from a freckled, overweight, and rather awkward Swedish girl into one of those marvellous creatures whose fabulous beauty dates an age and profoundly influences its external appearance

Endeavour...

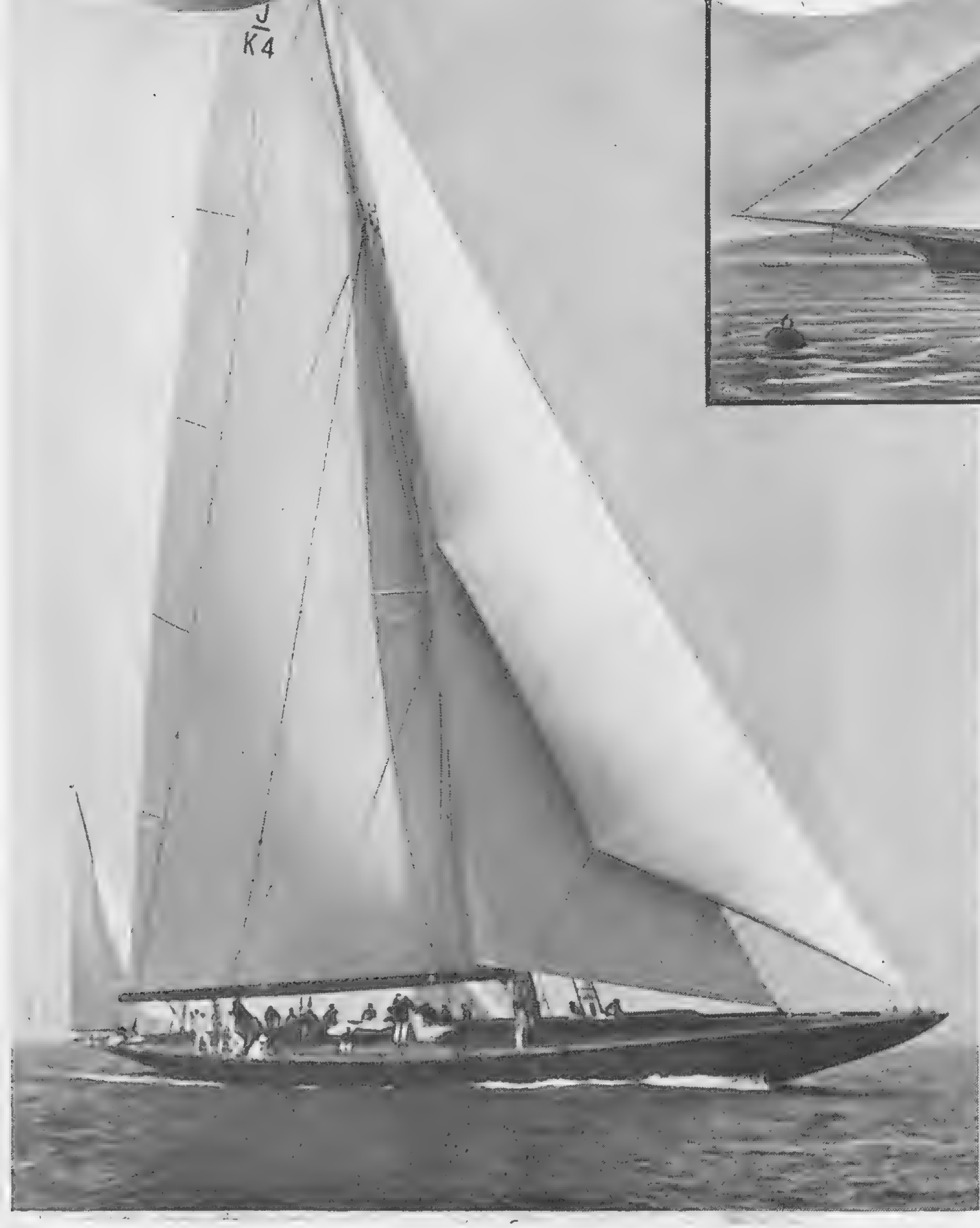
THE silver cup won by "America" in 1851. The most coveted trophy in International yacht racing

Below: MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S "Endeavour," the challenger for the "America's" cup. A beautiful study showing her double sheeted jib. A new type of sail which follows the form of an aeroplane's wing

LORD DUNRAVEN, who made two attempts to win back the cup with "Valkyrie II" and "Valkyrie III"



THE cause of it all. "America," the yacht built on the lines of the Sandy Hook pilot schooners which came across the Atlantic in 1851 and won the R.Y.S. cup



EIGHTY-THREE years ago there set sail from New York a 140 ton schooner which was destined to be the cause of more controversy, more expense and more advancement in the science of yacht design and sailing than any vessel had ever been before or is ever likely to be again. This schooner—the "America"—whose name is famous wherever two or three white men can find water and the materials with which to build a craft—was on her way, at the invitation of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to take part in the regattas which were to be arranged in conjunction with the great World's Fair.

With her long bowsprit, heavily raked masts, and absence of fore-topmast, she differed little from the New York pilot schooners of her day and this is not to be wondered at seeing that her designer and builder—George Steers—had made his name in the building of these fast and seaworthy vessels.

"America" sailed from New York on

Our efforts to regain the "America's" Cup

MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH at the wheel of "Endeavour." Mrs. Sopwith, with watch in hand, will act as timekeeper in the races in America

TRYING out the American defenders. "Rainbow" and "Vanitie" in a trial match from Bristol to Newport, in which "Vanitie" outsailed "Rainbow"

By A. M. Kinnersley Saul

June 21st, 1851, under the command of Captain Brown, a noted Sandy Hook pilot, and in spite of the fact that she carried 13 souls aboard her, including young Steers himself, she arrived at Havre in 20 days without mishap, having made some very fine days' runs on the way.

She was owned by a small syndicate of New York yachtsmen of whom the commodore—John Stevens—was the chief member and manager and after proceeding to England by steamer the commodore joined her at Havre to attend to her refitting and tuning up for the business ahead of her.

The commodore made no secret of the fact that he hoped to win sufficient money in wagers to pay for the yacht and the expense of sailing her across the Atlantic, and he chose France to carry out the refit in order that we should be prevented from "getting a line on her" while she was hauled out of water. As she cost but £4,000 (about *one fortieth* of the cost of "Enterprise" the last defender) the commodore's hopes were not unduly ambitious.

Great excitement prevailed in England when it was known that "America" had arrived in European waters and when it was learnt that she had sailed from Havre for Cowes on July 31st a crack British yacht (the "Laverock") went out to meet her with the intention of enticing the commodore into a trial of speed. This the "Laverock" succeeded in doing and got soundly beaten in a stiff beat to windward from the Nab to Cowes Roads and stories of "America's" speed and weatherliness soon got about.

The result was that Commodore Stevens found his wagers coldly received on all sides, and "America" laid at her anchor in Cowes Roads while her crew grumbled about the unsportsmanlike behaviour of the British. There was even talk of her sailing back to America without a race when the commodore was invited to enter the schooner in a race round the Isle of Wight for a trophy presented annually by the Squadron.

He accepted and when the day arrived, found that fifteen other yachts were lined up for the start of which seven were schooners and eight were cutters. In those days yacht races were started with anchors down—like the Little Ship Club races to-day, so that the smartest crew were invariably first away. Either through nervousness or because "America" overrode her anchor as soon as her sails were hoisted, she was badly left at the start but by the time she passed the Nab Lightship she had sailed through the whole British fleet and had gained a commanding lead.

Queen Victoria—who took a keen interest in yacht racing—went out through the Needles passage to meet the contestants in the Royal Yacht and found "America" about an hour ahead of the first British vessel—a small cutter named the "Aurora"—and going strong, but in the lighter breeze in the Solent the little cutter walked up on her and was only nine minutes astern when "America" crossed the line, and won the cup.

During the intervening years we have made twelve attempts, and Canada two, to regain this cup and only once have we come within measurable distances of success as will be shown later on. Immense sums have been spent on both sides of the Atlantic in challenging and defending it and the contests have kept the science of naval architecture, sailmaking and seamanship to an amazingly high level which could hardly have been brought about by any other means.

THERE have been, inevitably, unfortunate incidents during these eighty-three years, and on one or two occasions bitter feelings have been aroused in both countries. These, however, are happily things of the past, and if not actually forgotten, are only remembered in contrast to the sporting spirit which has governed our challenges and America's defence since Sir Thomas Lipton sent over his first "Shamrock" in 1899.

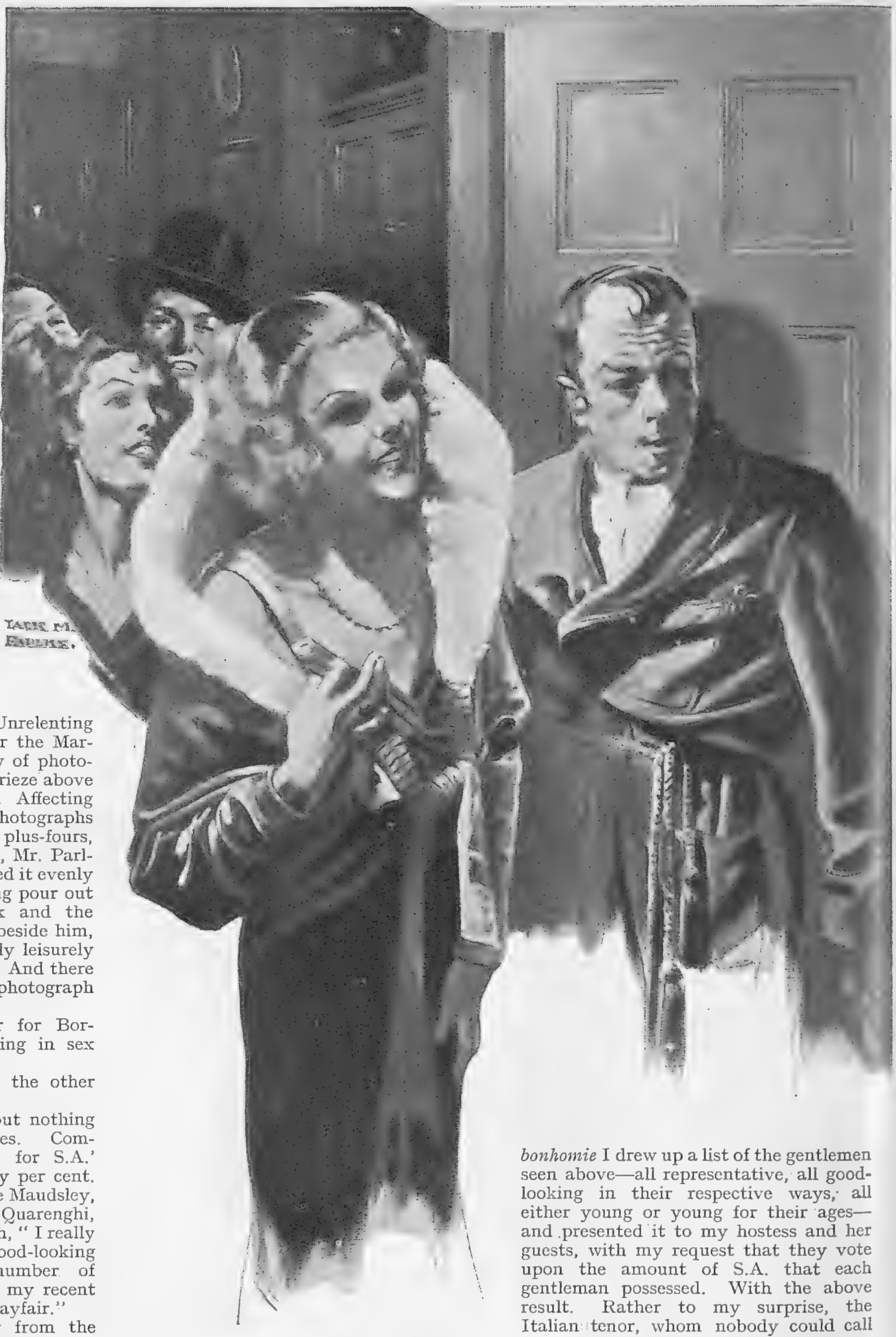
As for "America," the cause of all this pother, she was sold to Lord Templeton in 1853 and raced by him for some years before being entirely rebuilt on the Thames in 1859. She then took part in the American Civil War as a dispatch runner, being scuttled in a Florida river to avoid capture.

On being salved she became a naval training ship at Charleston, from which service she was released in 1874 to meet "Cambria," our first challenger, in defence of the cup she had so gallantly won 19 years before. In this race, although not the first home, she beat "Cambria" by 13m. 48s., thus proving that we had not

(*Continued on page 108*)

Mr. Parlbutt *and the*

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks


JACK M. FAULKS.

IT was a gossip writer who started it.

Byng, who had been with Mr. Parlbutt for many long years, knew very well that his master had a sneaking liking for seeing his name in print, and always saw to it that the paper lay folded so that any paragraph that contained his name—as many did, for Mr. Oswald Enderby Parlbutt was not only a member of Parliament, but a well-known man about town—should greet his employer's eyes as he sat down to his matutinal porridge in the sitting-room of his irreproachable South Audley Street flat.

It was on a Sunday morning that it happened, and the inner page of the *Sunday Splash*—" The Unrelenting Minute," by our gossip writer the Marquis of Lonergan—bore a row of photographs of various men, like a frieze above the closely printed letterpress. Affecting not to notice that one of the photographs was of himself, clad in elegant plus-fours, smiting a golf ball from a tee, Mr. Parlbutt unfolded his napkin, placed it evenly across his knees, watched Byng pour out a cup of coffee, place milk and the Demerara sugar he preferred beside him, and finally, with a deliberately leisurely gesture, picked up the paper. And there it was—directly beneath the photograph of himself.

" The well-known member for Borlassy, Mon., is entirely lacking in sex appeal!"

His horrified gaze took in the other snapshots—five in number.

" Lord Vyner. 'A dear, but nothing else,' according to the ladies. Commander Oliver King—' O.K. for S.A.' Sir Charles Lacey—voted fifty per cent. S.A. by the ladies. Mr. Eddie Maudsley, twenty. Signor Ricardo Quarenghi, eighty per cent.," and beneath, " I really refuse to flatter Italy's good-looking tenor by repeating the number of marks for S.A. given him in my recent enquiry among the Maids of Mayfair."

Byng, watching nervously from the sideboard where he was toying with the chafing dish that contained Mr. Parlbutt's scrambled eggs and bacon, wondered what on earth could be up with his employer. There he sat, red in the face and stiff as a ramrod, glaring at the paper as though he could eat it—for the letterpress that accompanied the snapshots was certainly not calculated to soothe the injured feelings aroused by the captions above.

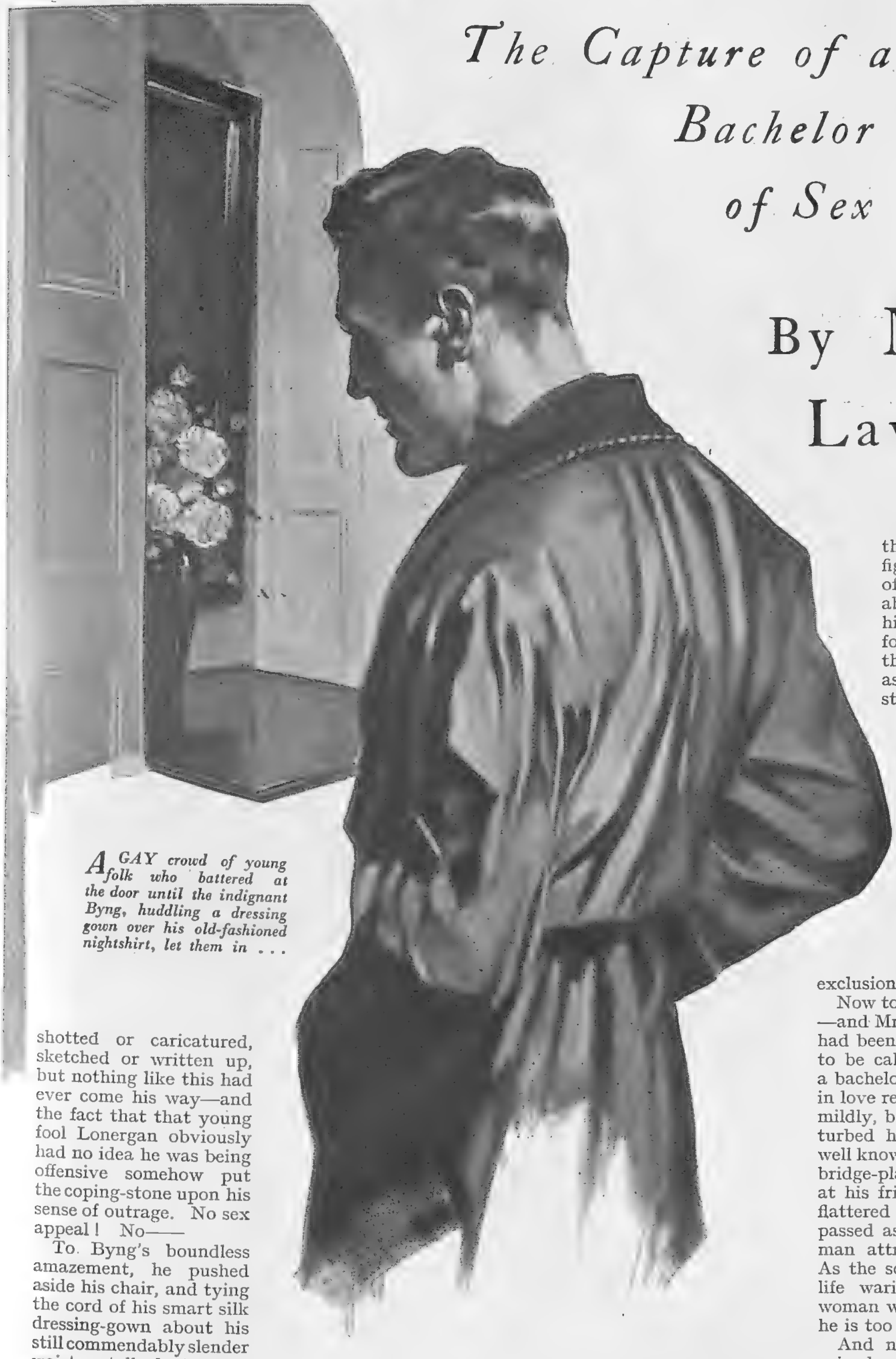
" At luncheon at Lady Snook's the other day the talk turned upon men, their appeal to women and so on, and finally to an interesting discussion on the amount of sex appeal displayed by various well-known men. With my usual *bonhomie* I drew up a list of the gentlemen seen above—all representative, all good-looking in their respective ways, all either young or young for their ages—and presented it to my hostess and her guests, with my request that they vote upon the amount of S.A. that each gentleman possessed. With the above result. Rather to my surprise, the Italian tenor, whom nobody could call young, charming as he is, headed the list—and the comparatively young and certainly pleasant-looking member for Borlassy, Mon., came out at the very bottom!"

With his plate of porridge cooling before him, Mr. Parlbutt sat and glowered at the paper. He was accustomed enough to seeing himself in the papers, snap-

Love Philtre . . .

The Capture of an Eligible Bachelor in Search of Sex Appeal

By Margery Lawrence



A GAY crowd of young folk who battered at the door until the indignant Byng, huddling a dressing gown over his old-fashioned nightshirt, let them in . . .

shotted or caricatured, sketched or written up, but nothing like this had ever come his way—and the fact that that young fool Lonergan obviously had no idea he was being offensive somehow put the coping-stone upon his sense of outrage. No sex appeal! No——

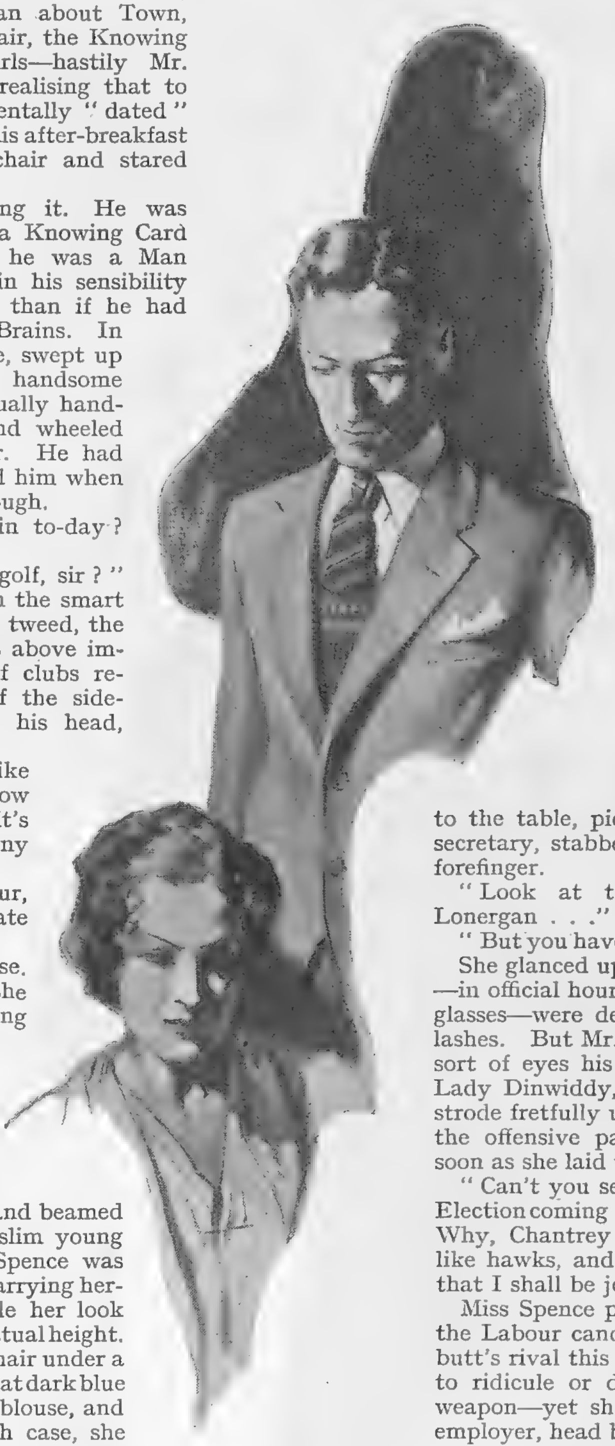
To Byng's boundless amazement, he pushed aside his chair, and tying the cord of his smart silk dressing-gown about his still commendably slender waist, stalked to the mirror that hung over the mantelpiece. He stared at himself intently. Above the collar of the dressing-gown—dull ochre damask patterned with black, this morning, with discreetly black cuffs and collar and a twisted cord girdle that combined both colours—a square, clean-shaven eminently British face confronted him. Good-looking, he had often been called—and if the possession of decently cut features of the John Bull type, of eyes neither blue nor grey, and a thatch of sandy brown hair still plentiful enough despite his forty-eight years, means good looks, then good looks Mr. Parlbutt certainly had.

Mounting upon a footstool so that the central portion of his figure was brought within sight of the mirror, he twirled solemnly about, an anxious frown between his brows, while the dumbfounded Byng, gaping, allowed the eggs and bacon to grow cool as he gaped. But there was no stoop in the shoulders, nothing wrong with the waistline—no protuberance in the region of the waistcoat. On the contrary, a fine figure of a man. . . .

With a discontented frown Mr. Parlbutt stepped down and took up his place once more at the table. But for the first time in his life he ate cold porridge and frigid eggs without realising their condition. Only one thing occupied his mind, to the exclusion of all else. No sex appeal!

Now to each man his own secret vanity—and Mr. Parlbutt's, until this dire day, had been an idea that he was what used to be called "a ladies' man." He was a bachelor, and in truth had never fallen in love really seriously; he liked women, mildly, but they had certainly never disturbed his peace of mind. Well-to-do, well known, a fair dancer and excellent bridge-player, he was in constant demand at his friends' houses, and had for long flattered himself that amongst women he passed as "something of a dog." As a man attractive but slightly dangerous. As the sort of man who passes through life warily, uncaught not because no woman wants him—oh, no—but because he is too clever to be caught.

And now this charming picture was ruined. Shattered into shards and splinters, never to be mended, by this hateful little squirt of a Lonergan, who had barely grown beyond spanking age. It must be admitted that Mr. Parlbutt felt as though, age or not, to give Master Lonergan a thoroughly good spanking would relieve his feelings more than a little—but that would not remove the sting of his confounded scribblings. He sighed and finished his breakfast gloomily, reading and re-reading, despite his efforts not to do so, the offending column and studying the accompanying photographs.



No sex appeal—and why ? In the snapshot he looked as well as the others ; better, in fact, than Lacey, who was a mean little five-foot-six to his six-foot-one. And yet Lacey—according to those half-baked girls at Lady Snook's lunch—had more S.A. than had he. Than he, Parlbutt ! Parlbutt, the Man about Town, the Elusive Bachelor of Mayfair, the Knowing Card, the Devil-with-the-Girls—hastily Mr. Parlbutt pulled himself up, realising that to use such expressions even mentally " dated " him somewhat, and, lighting his after-breakfast cigar, flung himself into a chair and stared broodingly at the fire.

There was no use denying it. He was apparently not only neither a Knowing Card nor a Devil-with-the-Girls ; he was a Man without S.A.—and it stuck in his sensibility more vilely and persistently than if he had been called a Man without Brains. In silence Byng cleared the table, swept up the crumbs, replaced the handsome Georgian silver inside the equally handsome Georgian sideboard, and wheeled the trolley towards the door. He had all but closed the door behind him when his master spoke, moodily enough.

" Is Miss Spence coming in to-day ? I want to speak to her."

" Ain't you going to play golf, sir ? " Byng's mystified gaze took in the smart plus-fours of heather-coloured tweed, the demurely patterned stockings above impeccable brogues, the bag of clubs reposing against the corner of the sideboard. Mr. Parlbutt shook his head, frowning.

" I was. But I don't feel like golf now—oh, I don't know what I'm going to do. But it's nothing to do with you at any rate."

Mr. Parlbutt was feeling sour, and Byng hastened to placate him.

" Certainly, sir. Of course. Yes, Miss Spence *did* say she was coming in to finish making the notes for your speech at the Guildhall on Monday. . . . I believe there she is, sir."

In his eagerness to please, Byng almost fell down the three steps that led down to the front door of the flat, and beamed widely and effusively on the slim young woman who entered. Miss Spence was thirty-one or two, small, but carrying herself with a dignity that made her look several inches taller than her actual height. An oval face framed in brown hair under a neat dark blue hat, wearing a neat dark blue suit and crisply frilled white blouse, and carrying a still neater dispatch case, she might have walked straight out of a screen picture entitled " The Perfect Secretary." She smiled pleasantly but distantly upon Byng as she came in, and only nodded in answer to his urgent whisper.

" The Guvnor's in a rare taking about something, miss. Look out ! "

Mr. Parlbutt was still sitting slumped dejectedly into the depths of his favourite armchair when his secretary entered. Without her hat and jacket she looked neater and more secretarial than ever, and her " Good morning " and accompanying smile might have stood as models for all aspiring secretaries. As she entered her employer looked up, and with a look of relief sat up and took his hands out of his pockets.

" Miss Spence—I *am* glad to see you ! "

The unusual warmth of his tone brought a faint dash of surprised colour to Miss Spence's cheeks, and she paused a moment before replying. One would almost have said that she chose her words carefully before replying—but one often got that impression with Miss Spence when she was with her employer. What she might be like in her own home circle when that neat, cool, self-contained mask was laid aside was an interesting speculation ; but it had never occurred to Mr. Parlbutt to make it. He sat looking hard at her, a troubled frown between his brows ; a very different creature from the rather smugly complacent middle-aged gentleman to whom she was accustomed.

" Miss Spence ! " The tone was patently eager, almost anxious. " Miss Spence. Do tell me—have I any sex appeal ? "

It was fortunate that Miss Spence was about to sit down in any case—for she sat down with a force and suddenness quite unusual for her, and turned a completely astounded face upon her employer. Astounded—but only for a moment. As a hand passing over a slate wipes it clean, so the astonished look faded and was replaced by Miss Spence's habitual expression ; attentive, impersonal, polite.

" Sex appeal ? "

Her tone was reflective, but entirely noncommittal, and for a brief flash Mr. Parlbutt found himself wishing the first expression had stayed where it was. For the first time in his long knowledge of her he felt he wanted to talk to his secretary not as a secretary, but as a woman. He frowned, annoyed.

" Yes, Miss Spence. Sex appeal. Would you or would you *not* say I had any ? "

The corners of Miss Spence's quite attractive mouth quivered faintly, but she mastered the quiver with an effort and replied in a tone as devoid of expression as though Mr. Parlbutt had asked her to pass the mustard or post a letter.

" Sex appeal ? Certainly, Mr. Parlbutt, I should say you had as much as any gentleman I ever met ! "

Mr. Parlbutt gazed at her gloomily. The rejoinder was polite, but somehow unconvincing—but it was impossible to read what lay behind Miss Spence's official mask. Struggling out of his chair, he stalked over to the table, picked up the paper and, holding it out to his secretary, stabbed the offending paragraph with an indignant forefinger.

" Look at that—damned insolence ! If I had young Lonergan . . ."

" But you haven't," said Miss Spence drily.

She glanced up at him as she took the paper. Her blue eyes—in official hours obscured by competent-looking horn-rimmed glasses—were definitely attractive, and fringed by long dark lashes. But Mr. Parlbutt had never troubled to analyse what sort of eyes his secretary possessed—which, as his aunt, old Lady Dinwiddy, frequently said, was a thousand pities. He strode fretfully up and down the room as Miss Spence digested the offensive paragraph, and burst into irritated speech as soon as she laid the paper down.

" Can't you see what harm this is going to do me ? With the Election coming on, and me going to stand for Borlassy again ! Why, Chantrey and his damned agents will pounce on this like hawks, and as likely as not make such a story out of it that I shall be jolted out of my seat through sheer ridicule ! "

Miss Spence pursed her lips. It was true. Dick Chantrey, the Labour candidate, was standing for Borlassy as Mr. Parlbutt's rival this time—and he would certainly stick at nothing to ridicule or discredit his rival. And ridicule is a potent weapon—yet she smiled, despite herself, as she watched her employer, head bent, hands thrust indignantly into his pockets, striding to and fro.

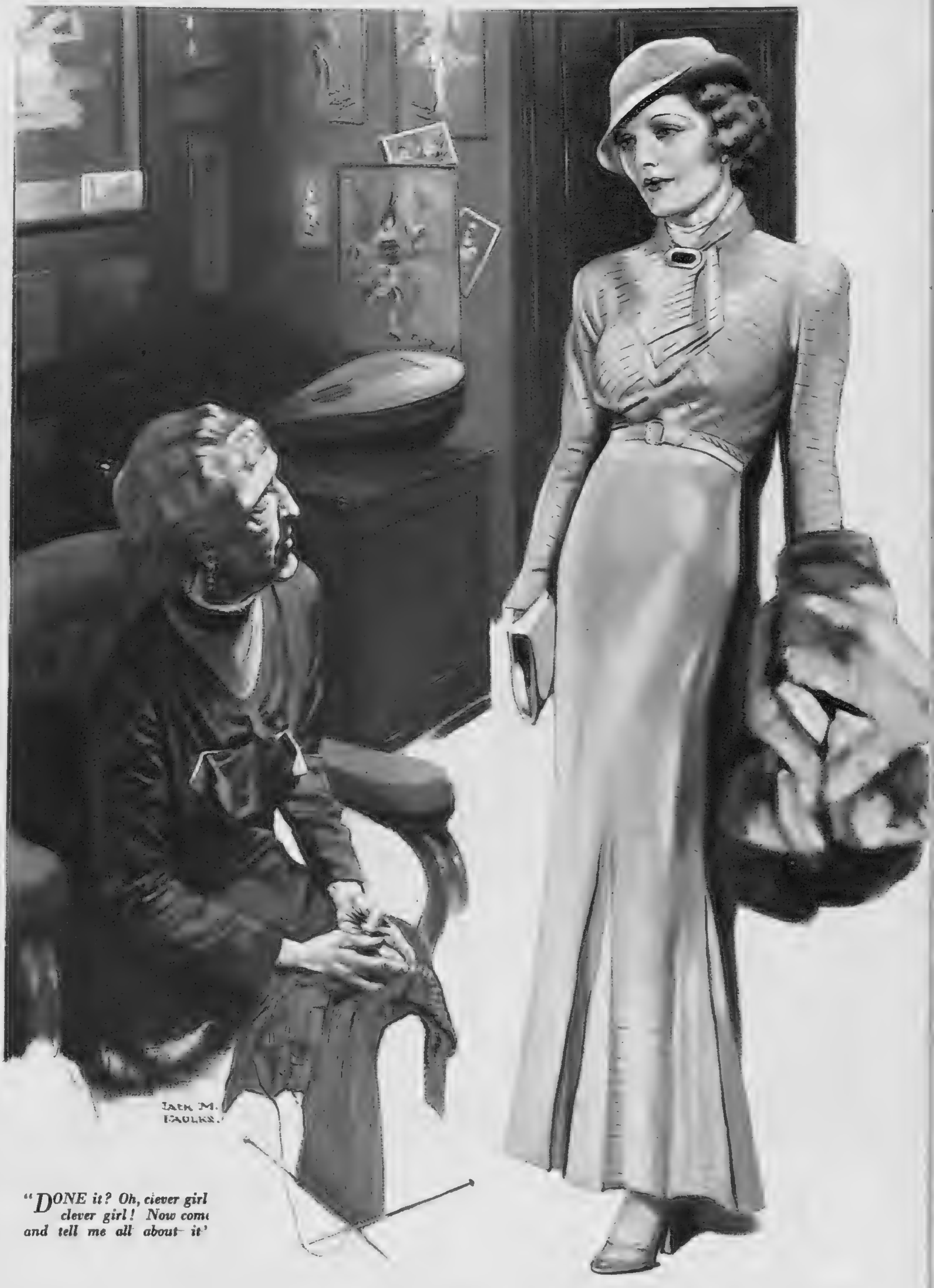
" It isn't true, you know ? " she said. And there was a surprising note of softness in her voice, though, engrossed in his grievance, Mr. Parlbutt never noticed it. " You mayn't have the immediate attraction for women that some of those others have "—she waved a scornful hand in the direction of the newspaper—" but you *have* a very definite attraction of your own. For—some women at any rate."

It was a pity that Mr. Parlbutt did not look up at that moment, for the blue eyes were as soft as the voice. If he had done so he would have been saved a great deal of trouble—but he did not, and so things moved on to their appointed ends.

He grunted, dissatisfied.

" That's no good. This will be used as a joke against me, in the House and out of it. Don't you see that we've got to *do* something about it ? "

" I don't quite see what you *can* do," said Miss Spence drily, " unless you can learn how to develop sex appeal. And I've never seen any text books on the subject."



"*DONE it? Oh, clever girl clever girl! Now come and tell me all about it'*"

Her tone was faintly contemptuous, but Mr. Parlbutt was not listening.

"There must be *some* way of doing it," he said, discontentedly. "If I could only find out *what* to do . . ."

He brooded, and Miss Spence watched him with a curious expression in her eyes; an expression quite baffling to read . . . after a pause she spoke again.

"I will try what can be done if you like. Advertise . . . perhaps there 's somebody who could give you a course of lessons in being charming . . . "

"My God, no!" Mr. Parlbutt was quite pallid with alarm. "It 'ud get out—sure to—and I should be worse off than ever! It 's degrading enough to be publicly announced as lacking in sex-appeal, but a hundred times worse to be caught trying to learn how to develop it!"

"Then," said Miss Spence, and she spoke quite snappishly, "I don't see what on earth you 're to do—unless you can find somebody to sell you a love-philtre."

Miss Spence's remark had been intended as a sort of sardonic joke, and she was startled beyond measure when her employer swung round in his pacing and surveyed her with suddenly arrested interest.

"Now that 's something worth thinking over!"

He waved aside Miss Spence's astonished protests that she had only been joking with a large and slightly-impatient hand.

"There 's many a true word spoken in jest, Miss Spence! Never forget that. And in point of fact, I don't see why there shouldn't be something of the sort on the market."

He brooded, walking up and down with his hands behind him.

"Why, one takes hormones to make one young again, and all sorts of dopes to make one sleepy or gay or excited or insensible to pain . . . it may be difficult to find, but I don't see why, somewhere or other, there shouldn't be somebody who had something to sell that would make one attractive to women."

"Do you *want* to be attractive to women—to all women?"

Miss Spence's voice was oddly tremulous. Mr. Parlbutt shook his head scornfully, as he picked up his bag of golf-clubs and swung them on his back.

"Of course not—do you think I want to get married?"

He laughed contemptuously, and Miss Spence dropped her eyes.

"Nothing of the sort! I merely want to prove to the world that I have as much sex attraction as any man, and more than most. You 've always found me what I wanted, Miss Spence—do you mind finding out how and where I can get the stuff you mentioned? Philtre . . . that 's the word! Philtre. And now I 'm going to try and get a game of golf. You 've quite cheered me up by that suggestion, Miss Spence. Thanks *so* much!"

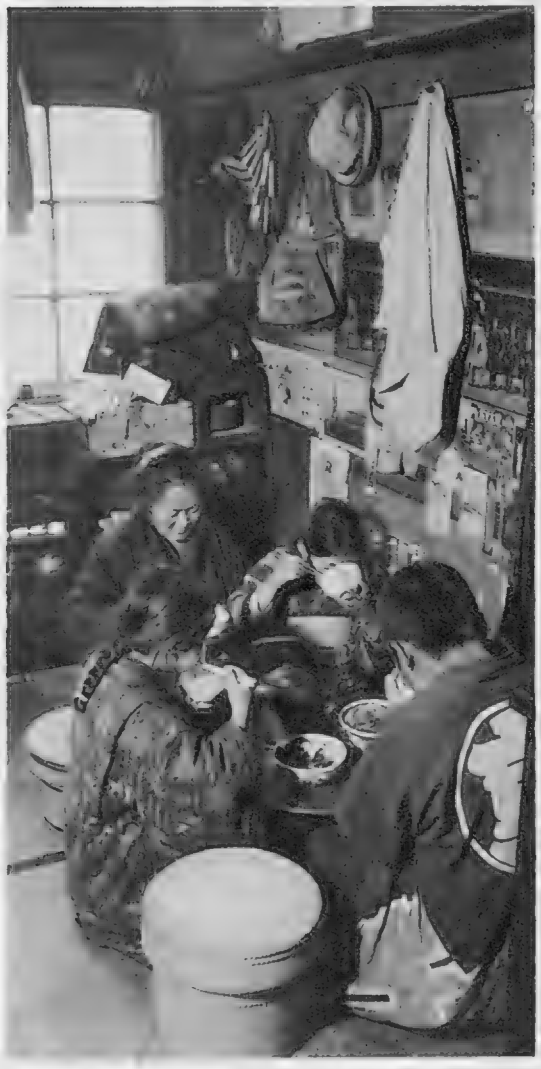
The door slammed to behind him, and Miss Spence, squeezing both hands together in her lap, sat with laughter and tears struggling for supremacy in her face. Then she spoke—aloud and most unsecretarially.

"Of all the darling idiots! Oh, *what* on earth am I to do with him? It 'll become an obsession . . . what on earth does it matter if he doesn't appeal to most women as long as he appeals to me?"

She laughed again, then sobbed a little and dried her eyes. Then putting on her neat hat and picking up her neat bag, she ran downstairs, jumped into a taxi, and gave an address.

(*continued on p.* 82

A ROOM *in an old Japanese working-class house. In this room, a family of seven, with a married son and children, eat and sleep*



PROSPECTIVE *farmers' wives. Girl students at the Agricultural School at Chita, near Tokyo, who are being trained to work on the land*

Japan's Working Life

—Not *for* a Certain *Number* of Hours a day, but *until* the Job *is* done

FOR two thousand five hundred and ninety-four years, the same dynasty has occupied the Imperial Throne of Japan. For as long, the Japanese have followed a creed which teaches discipline and obedience. From time immemorial the Japanese warrior has gone into battle, not only without the apprehension of which the bravest Westerner must be conscious, but with the conviction that death in defence of his own or his country's honour is the highest reward life can offer him. With equal simplicity, the millions of Japanese labourers, whether in their own islands or in the remotest regions of Pacific or Atlantic, work as a matter of course, not for a certain number of hours a day, but until their job is done.

At the moment, a great deal is being written and said about the commercial situation which allows Japan to undersell her competitors in the world market. But she does not owe her supremacy in the production of cheap goods to any industrial slavery, imposed, as has been suggested, upon unwilling or unwitting girls taken as security for loans to parents who have been ruined by the failure of their rice crop. On the contrary, she owes it to the fact that work is as important to the Japanese as sport to the Englishman, love to the Latin, a uniform to the German, and politics to the Russian.

When the Japanese sets out to do a job, he makes of it an art and a religion. I remember in Brazil, whenever one saw rice growing tall and strong on a hill-top, somebody always explained : " That is Japanese rice. Nobody else can produce it on such high ground."

The little ivory-coloured men, living as close to the soil as possible, are the best colonists in the world, and new countries owe them a great debt. Their organisation is faultless. They come in their thousands, learning a new language on the voyage west or east; they make their homes where they settle, and they get thirty per cent. more out of the land than any other farmer. Their ambition is always to own their own acres. They work all day and most of the night. Every child can handle a hoe. All over the Tropics, wherever new ground is being broken, you see a diminishing line of Japanese, bent over a furrow. At the head of it is the man, naked to the waist, and behind him a woman in faded blue, with the last baby on her back and an earth-stained implement in her hands. Beyond these two, the parents, are a round dozen boys and girls, working steadily, with bent heads, and at the end of the line the smallest figure is scarcely as big as the tool it wields. Invariably, the Japanese houses of

By
Rosita FORBES

GRACE before "meat." Japanese female factory-workers taking a meal in the dining-hall of the factory where they are employed

KEEPING the workers amused. Factory-owners in Japan provide free entertainments for their employees. A game of ping-pong in progress during leisure hours

split cane, lined with mud, and neatly thatched with reeds, leaves, or grass, according to the locality, are the cleanest in the neighbourhood, and it is always easy to recognise the crops which belong to them, because they are weedless.

Gallant, industrious and thrifty, the Jap will tackle virgin soil and make it profitable within the year. Patient and law-abiding, he provides an admirable leaven to the rest of the world, for his discipline is military, and he obeys the consul abroad or the municipal official at home as if he were a private taking orders from the colonel of a regiment.

When England talks glibly of Japanese competition, she is up against a human rather than an industrial problem.

Some time ago I was tramping through the mountain districts round Fujiyama with another girl. We had very little money, and we spoke some Japanese, so we dispensed with guides and carriers in favour of a single porter, who carried our suit-cases slung round his neck for twenty and twenty-five miles a day, over a succession of pine-clad passes, and a delicious little peasant woman called Toku, who wanted to rejoin her family somewhere in the north. As she was about to have her fifth child, we insisted on hiring a pony for her. On this she rode, uncomplaining, hour after hour in the excessive heat. But towards the end of the second day I noticed a stream of blood pouring down each of her plump, bare calves. Horrified, I asked what was the matter.

"It is only the buckles of the stirrups," said Toku calmly. "They have cut my legs a little."

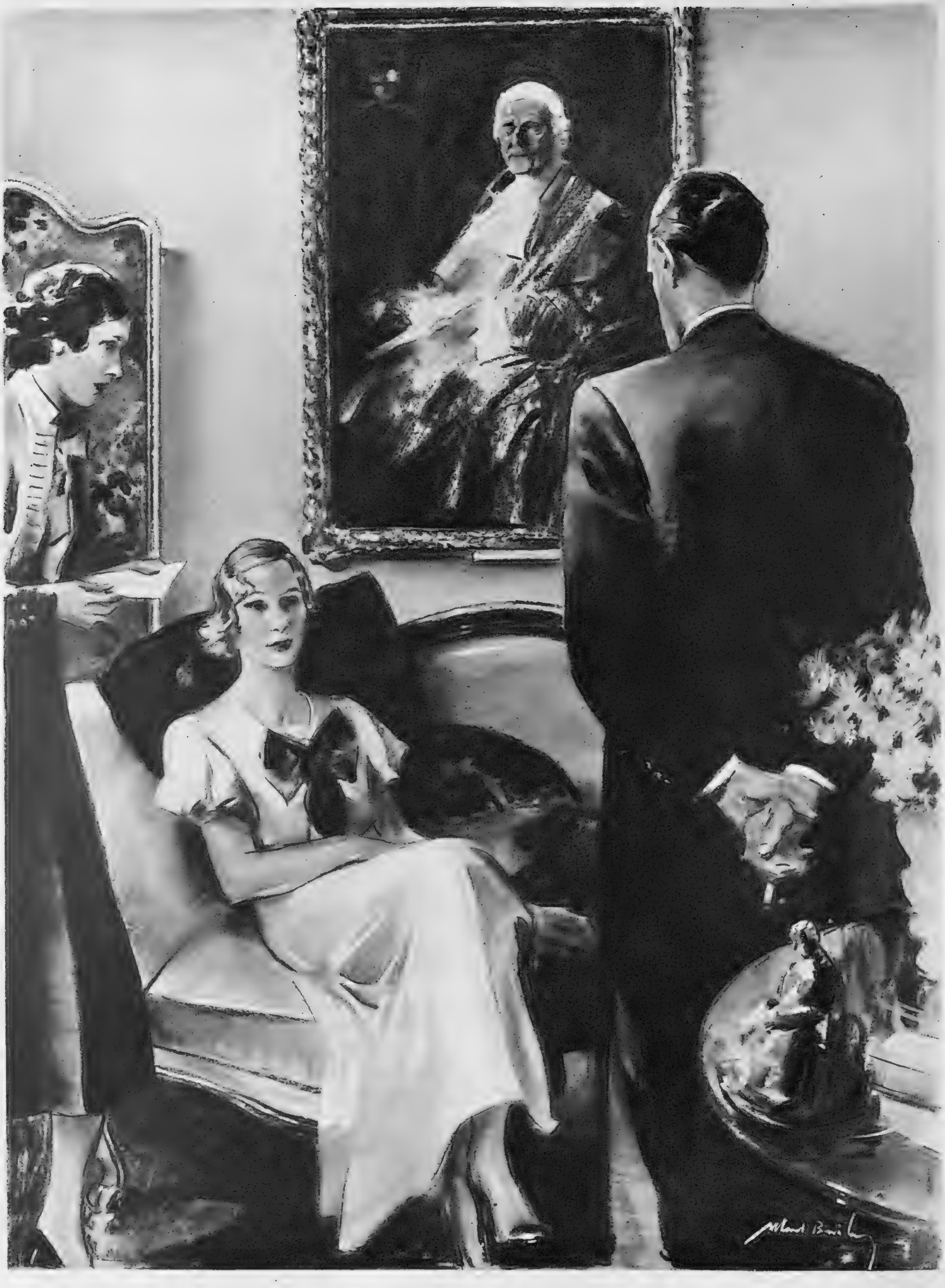
"But why didn't you tell us?" I exclaimed, as I examined the deep cuts in the woman's flesh.

"You pay me to show you the way," said Toku. "It is not my work to talk about when I am hurt."

In Japan there is no equality between the sexes. The girl greets her father with a succession of respectful bows, and the wife makes even more ceremonial salutations to her husband. In the upper classes, the Japanese woman's sphere is limited to her home, but a warrior's courage is expected of her.

Not long ago the world was stirred by the heroism of two Japanese sailors who blew themselves up in order to block a channel which Chinese Bolsheviks were using. In a new hydro-electric plant, I heard of an artisan who had averted disaster at the opening ceremony by closing a broken circuit with his body. The same quality of courage is expected of every citizen. When a countrywoman bears a child, it is customary for her mother-in-law and other female relations to sit with her during the hours of labour. The expectant mother may not utter any sound indicative of pain, and throughout the whole procedure she is required

(*Continued on page* 86)



HE wondered, staring at Lesley Harris, why he had ever thought he loved her, or ached over her! Why he had ever had to wrench himself away

Full Dress Uniform

Four Characters in search of Love

By Christine Jope-Slade

THE exceptionally long legs of the two men stuck out of the brown saddle-back arm-chairs at the Club. Two members stumbled over their terrific length and apologised peevishly. They withdrew them, and shot them out again almost immediately, like telescopes.

It was the first five minutes of their first meeting for five years, and the one tremendously tall man was aware of the lightness and brightness in the other tall man. Almost on the top of this impression he discovered the reason for this atmosphere of rich and radiant contentment.

"Red, I'm going to be married on Wednesday."

"Splendid! Who to?"

"Lesley Harris. You remember her?"

"Perfectly. I congratulate you."

The red head of Red MacMichael seemed to smoulder in the shadows of the Club arm-chair. His face whitened. The thick white eyelids came down protectively over the brilliant blue eyes.

Looking at him obliquely the bridegroom saw, with a contraction of his own heart, that he had registered.

He spoke with extreme tranquillity.

"You saw quite a lot of each other, didn't you, before you went out, Red?"

"Yes. She dances well, and her golf is above the average. A fine girl, Marshall!"

"One in a million," said Bob Marshall softly. "I am so lucky I cannot believe it. Look here, Red, I wish you wouldn't do this Lawrence in Arabia stuff, and disappear out of the blue for years, and then telephone that you are back. I want you to be my best man on Wednesday. I set my heart on it the moment I heard your voice on the 'phone. You can't refuse. My brother was going to be, but he hates the idea. Says he'd feel like a blackbeetle in a flower garden among all the women and uniforms in his morning coat. I'd rather have you than anyone else in the wide world."

"Yes? I'm sorry, it's awfully nice of you, but I don't think . . . ."

"But I'm not going to take no for an answer, Red."

"Afraid you'll have to, old boy. To begin with, I haven't any full-dress uniform. I didn't want it out East—lived in khaki shorts, except for church parade. Haven't got the stuff, and I couldn't get it by Wednesday."

"Better men than you have hired one and borrowed one, my lad!"

"Maybe better men, but not such tall men. Do you want me to be best man looking like little Lord Fauntleroy in somebody else's trousers? Do you want the comic element at your wedding? No, sorry, old man, your civilian brother will have to go through with it."

"Lesley happened to be with me when you 'phoned, Red. She didn't speak to you because she has got a sore throat and can hardly squeak—and I wanted to tell you first about our marriage. She begs me to ask you to be best man. In fact, she has written you a note."

"Thanks."

The hand that took the note mechanically was steady. The blue, blue eyes were steady. Unflickering.

"You're a lucky man, Marshall."

"I know that. Do you remember Betty Benoke?"

"No. Never met her."

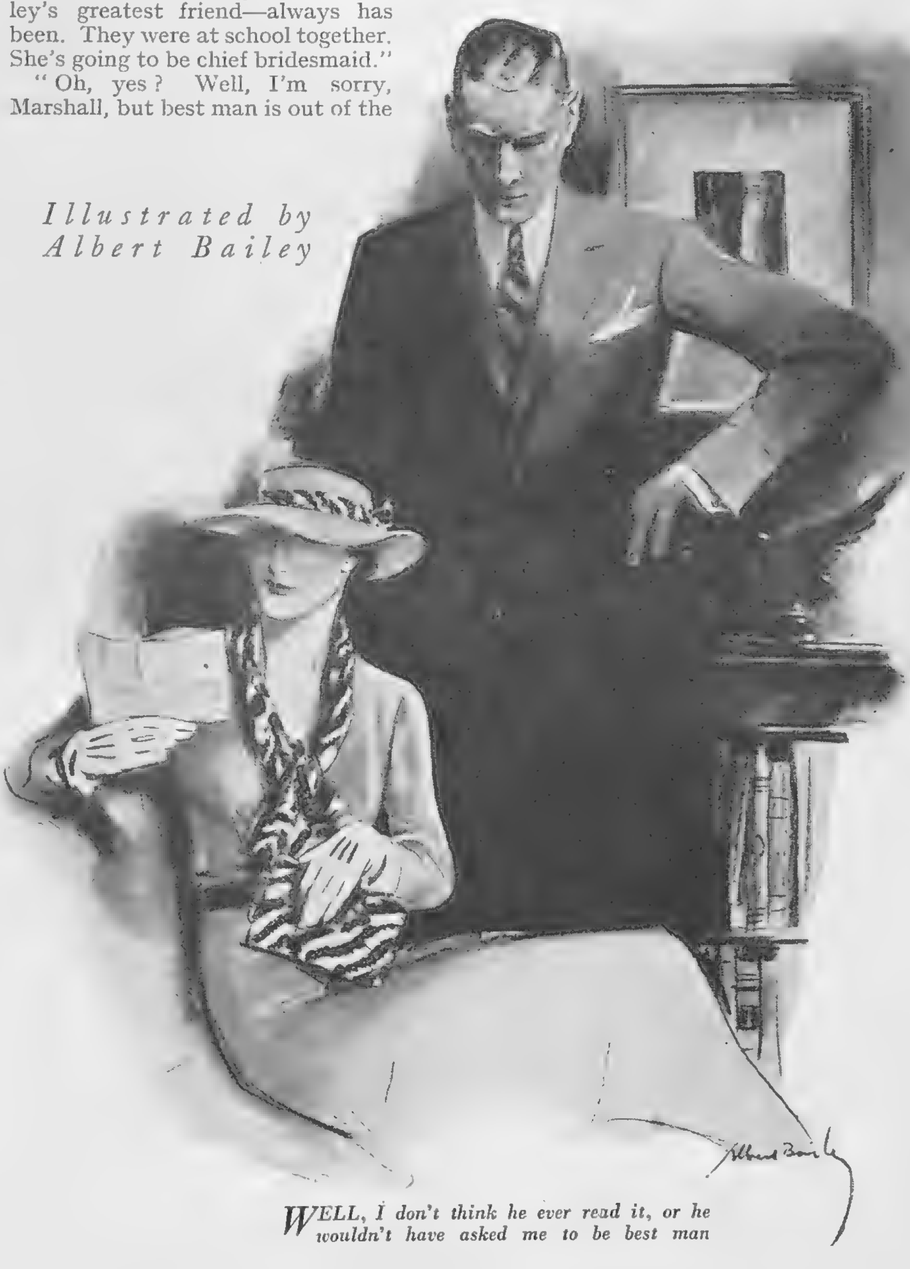
"Oh. That's funny. She's Lesley's greatest friend—always has been. They were at school together. She's going to be chief bridesmaid."

"Oh, yes? Well, I'm sorry, Marshall, but best man is out of the question. Can't be done, old boy. Haven't got the doings."

The long legs opposite the other long legs stirred.

"Look here, I've got a suggestion, Red. Don't take it amiss. I've had to have an entire new kit for the party on Wednesday. Had to do the thing proud, what! Well, my stuff used to fit you. We're both a couple of bean poles. I sold my old dress kit. No good leaving it about. I sold it to Ranchey Brothers. I'll bet you no one has hired it or bought

Illustrated by Albert Bailey



WELL, I don't think he ever read it, or he wouldn't have asked me to be best man it. Too tall. If you wouldn't mind . . . . Well, it's an idea, isn't it ? "

" Yes, it's an idea," admitted the other unwillingly.

" All the gang will be there, the whole crowd of them. It will be a great do, and I'd rather have you for my best man than anyone in the world. Come on, Red, be a sport. Lesley wants it, too."

" You are both very kind. I don't suppose for one moment these fellows of yours have still got your uniform."

" Who'd it fit ? They didn't give me anything for it on that account, but it was no good having it about the place. They always have all my old stuff. They have masses of officers' kit there, masses of it. They could get you togged up in no time."

" Well, I don't think . . . . "

" Look here, I've promised to take you round to see Lesley."

" No, I don't think . . . ."

" Now, no more of that Lawrence of Arabia stuff. You are back in civilisation and you belong to your friends. Besides, you'll meet the chief bridesmaid. She's staying with Lesley to give her courage. Come on now ! "

IN a pleasant grey room with long French windows, filled with pink azaleas and bright pink marguerites in dead white vases, Red bent over the chief bridesmaid's hand from his immense height. Her eyes were as blue as his own, but her hair was raven black, and wandered over her head in a mass of small silky curls. She was not so much pretty as striking.

" My bridesmaids are wearing scarlet georgette because Betty is dark," said Lesley. " Scarlet georgette, and carrying great sheafs of scarlet African poppies, tied with jade green georgette. The rest of them are livid. They say I shall make them look like intoxicated pillar boxes, and they are all blondes, you see, except Betty."

He wondered, staring at Lesley Harris, why he had ever thought he loved her, or ached over her ! Why he had ever had to wrench himself away. She was a pleasant enough young woman and comely ; but all that unease and heartache he had once felt over her !

That night the four of them dined together—the bride and her bridesmaid, Marshall and Red MacMichael. When the evening started he was perfectly and coldly determined. Not for anything was he going to be best man in a possibly borrowed dress uniform ! The very thought was anathema.

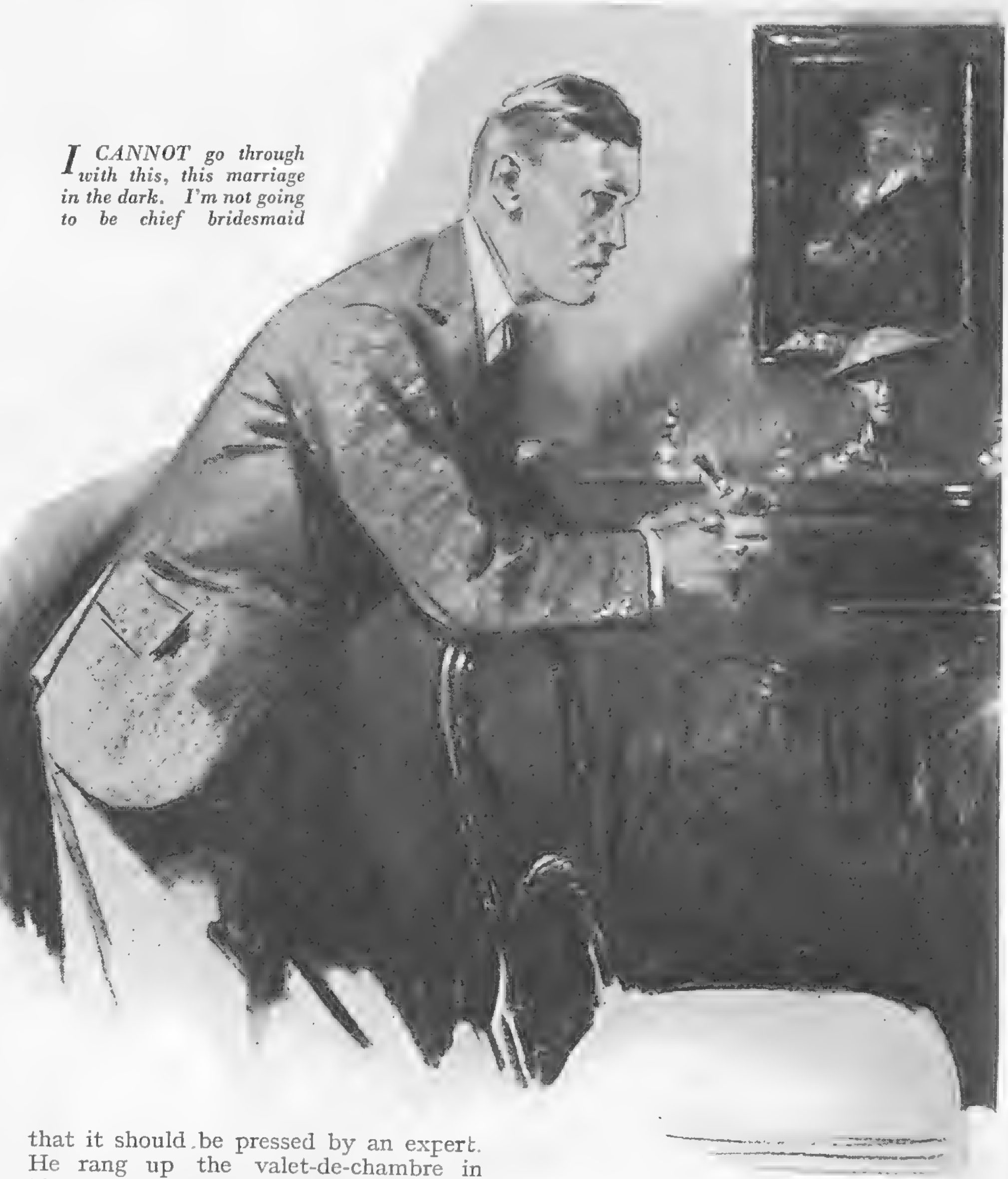
The chief bridesmaid wore dead white satin and a little ermine coatee, collared in white fox. He thought her divinely beautiful. Before midnight he had agreed to be best man. He had agreed to go to Ranchey's the next day and see if they could fit him out in full-dress uniform. He was to mention Marshall's name and see if they still had the uniform he had sold them. They laughed a good deal over this, friendly and comradely, at a supper table at the Dorchester.

" It wouldn't be the first time we'd worn each other's kit, would it, Red ? "

" No."

They recalled absurd incidents.

" What do you think of Betty Benoke, Red ? " said Marshall, as they waited for their companions.



I CANNOT go through with this, this marriage in the dark. I'm not going to be chief bridesmaid

Red stared into a show-glass full of sports suits. His face flushed.

" She's beautiful," he said simply.

" And nice," said Marshall.

" Maybe. Too early to judge."

The two girls joined them.

YES, Ranchey could fit him out. He understood the situation perfectly. He remembered the tall officer's uniform because he had been so tiresomely tall that he had been unable to dispose of it.

From somewhere the assistant unearthed it. It fitted Red admirably. He went home with it.

Looking over it carefully, he decided that it should be pressed by an expert. He rang up the valet-de-chambre in his service flat and, mechanically, without thinking, before handing it over to the man he went through the pockets. In the trouser pocket he found a letter.

Still without thinking, he pulled it out and read it before he realised what he was doing. It was a little note from Lesley Harris to Marshall. It was dated three years ago.

Uncertainly Red MacMichael stared at it.

It said : " I think I ought to tell you, before we go any further, that I don't think it is much good. I love Red MacMichael so much that if he were to come back and ask me to marry him I shouldn't hesitate. That is exactly how I feel. That he has gone without saying one word, or making one gesture, doesn't really make much difference. If, as you suggest, you like to take me out and see something of me, it must be at your own risk because I believe firmly that no one else, blunt and inarticulate as he is, will ever replace Red in my heart.—Lesley."

He gave the uniform to the fellow with the one curt word " Press." Then he sat down.

He had a grand record in the Service. He was a brave and courageous creature. He was magnificent to look upon, but subtlety and knowledge of psychology were not his strong suit.

Vaguely, with extreme masculine directness and simplicity, he tried to puzzle this sudden problem out. Did she love him still ? Had Marshall ever read that note, or just thrust it in his pocket unread, and forgotten it ? Had his return upset the atmosphere between those two ? Had it come at a most untimely moment for his old friend, Marshall ?

His distress and his bewilderment mounted. He was tired. A long term of service in excessive heat had momentarily impoverished his powers of imagination and deduction. All he felt at that moment was intense irritation and dismay.

Two days to the wedding of his greatest friend, at which he was to be best man, and he had come back to what was practically a profession of love from his great friend's future bride.

Did Marshall know ?

The telephone rang. It was Betty's voice.

"Look here, Red," she said. "Lesley must see you. She says she simply must see you, that she wants to see you alone."

Red went white.

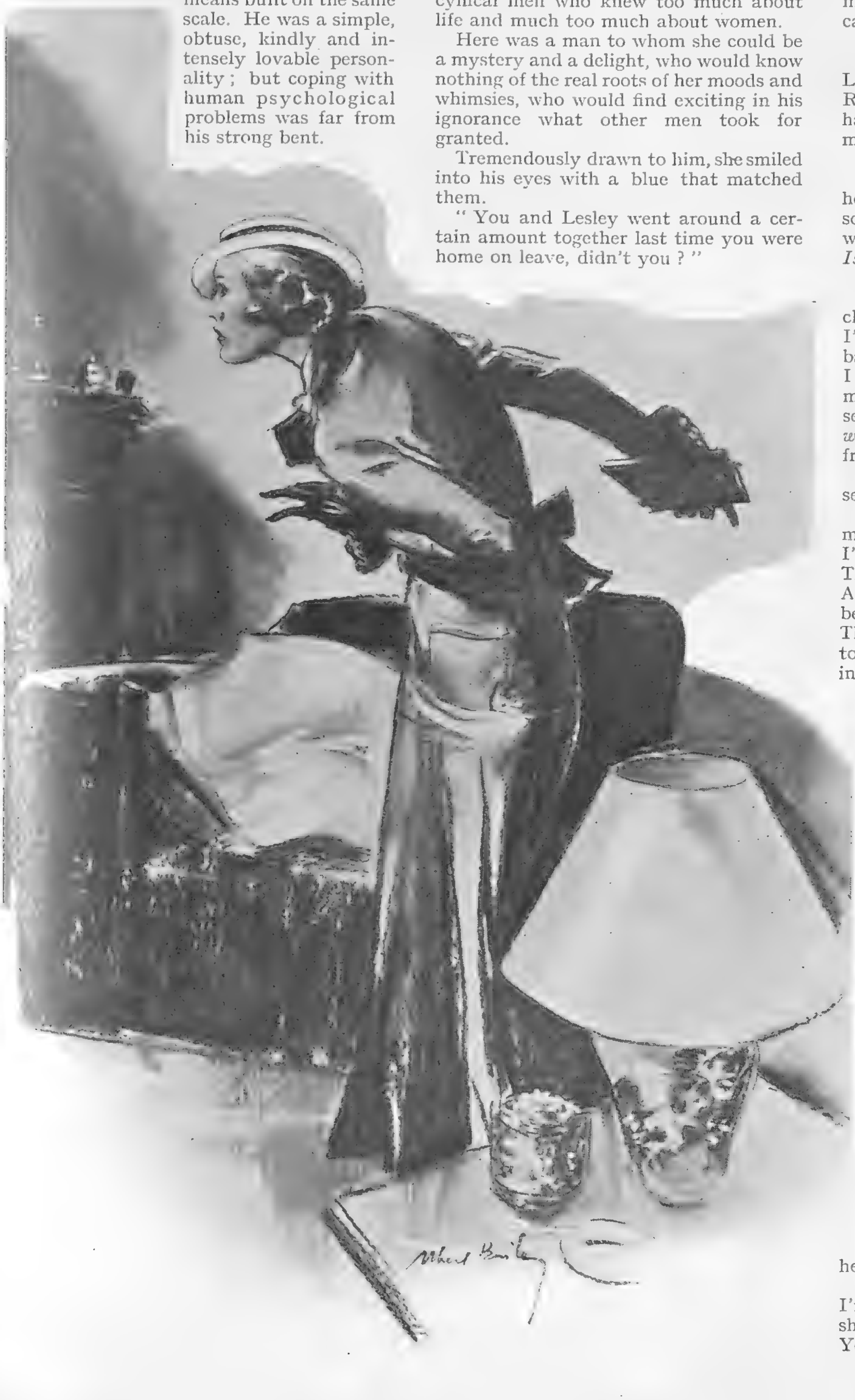
"I've got toothache," he lied in a panic. "I'm simply mad with toothache."

"Very well, I'm coming round," said Betty.

"You can't."

"Oh, yes, I am. I've got to. It's for Lesley. I must see you. You see, there isn't very long."

Red MacMichael had the grand outlines, height and bone structure of a Crusader. His intellect was by no means built on the same scale. He was a simple, obtuse, kindly and intensely lovable personality; but coping with human psychological problems was far from his strong bent.



He was worried and depressed beyond all reason at his discovery of the letter. Like waltzing mice, the twin questions worried in the cage of his brain.

Did Lesley Harris still love him?

Had Bob Marshall read that letter?

What was the situation underneath what it appeared to be?

With the utmost trepidation he admitted Betty Benoke, looking enchanting in pale leaf green tussore and a leaf green stitched tussore hat. She sat down and looked at his perturbed face. She was enormously attracted to him. She was an extremely clever and penetrating young woman, and his good-looking, obtuse simplicity had a big appeal for her. She was sick of clever, sophisticated, cynical men who knew too much about life and much too much about women.

Here was a man to whom she could be a mystery and a delight, who would know nothing of the real roots of her moods and whimsies, who would find exciting in his ignorance what other men took for granted.

Tremendously drawn to him, she smiled into his eyes with a blue that matched them.

"You and Lesley went around a certain amount together last time you were home on leave, didn't you?"

"Yes . . . oh, yes . . . We . . . we used to play golf and dance together."

"Yes, well she gave you a photograph of herself and now she wants it back desperately badly. You see, it is the only copy in the world. She wants it for Bob as a surprise wedding present."

"Yes? Well, she can't have it. I tore it up."

"You tore it up? That wasn't very gallant, was it?"

He leant forward, very bleak and white. He took her hands and looked into her eyes with his unhappy, worried blue ones.

"Look here, I've simply got to trust you. I'm in a devil of a mess. However ungentlemanly I may sound, I believe that I am trying to behave like a gentleman. Please tell me first of all that I can trust your discretion."

"But of course."

Her own face had whitened. She and Lesley had been separated the last time Red had been home on leave, but there had been veiled allusions to a marvellous man in Lesley's letters.

"Go on," said Betty Benoke.

"All right. I'll risk it. Look here, however swineish and caddish it may sound, God knows I don't mean it that way. Bob Marshall is my best friend. *Is* Lesley still in love with me?"

"Good Heavens!"

"Oh, I mean it! I'm not trying to be cheap and caddish. Can't you see? I'm just worried to death. Is my coming back going to upset things?—that's what I want to know. Would it be better for me to go right away to-day? Can't you see what a quandary I'm in? I don't *want* to upset things between my best friend and his bride."

"God gaie us a guid conceit o' oursels."

"It's not that! Look here, you're more intelligent than I am, Betty. I've got to put myself in your hands. This is no time for gentlemanly reticence. All I care about is Bob Marshall. Is it better for me to stick here than clear out? That's all I want to know, and I've got to know it. Look here, I found this letter in the pocket of Marshall's trousers."

"Yes, but it is dated three years ago."

"I know, I know. I can see that; but read it! But perhaps he didn't read it and just shoved it there, and something happened to call his attention away . . . . Oh, dear! help me sort this thing out, Betty. You see, this was written at the beginning of their friendship. You can see that. Well, I don't think he ever read it or he wouldn't have asked me to be best man. What I think is that he got it, and then something happened and he shoved it in his trousers, and forgot all about it. Perhaps Lesley herself rang up. Ought I to say anything to Lesley? Ought I to try to put it straight? What am I to do, Betty? I am just about as used to dealing with women as I am with butterflies. And I haven't got a light hand for either. Look, this is no time for finesse and pretty manners and old-world courtesy, or any of those things. I want to know what to do, Betty, and all I care about is Marshall. You are her best friend."

"I think she did care for you, Red. I'm sure she cared for you. I don't think she expected ever to see you again. You know, you *(Continued on page 75)*

HOPS—the Social

(Top) *OAST-HOUSES at Paddock Wood. The hops are placed in these kilns and dried for nine hours in hot air.* (Below) *Cockneys all. A party of London pickers at East Peckham, near Paddock Wood*

I DO not know how often I must have seen the hop fields of Kent from the windows of the train between London and Dover. But it was only the other day that I stepped off and spent a day in their midst. At the moment the hop-picking is just coming to an end. Thousands of families from the East End of London and other parts of the country have been spending their annual holidays in this way. Except for an actual hop-picker, however, very few drinkers of beer know what they are all about.

To begin with, most of them probably imagine that a hop provides much of the alcohol content of their tankard, and complain bitterly that certain brews never contain a hop by any chance. This, of course, is all nonsense. Hops are put into beer because they act as a preservative, and also help to give that brilliant colouring which is characteristic of beer to-day. Nobody seems to know their origin, though some say that they were first discovered on the banks of the Nile four or five thousand years B.C.; but, in any event, they have become more or less indigenous to England in the past four or five centuries.

Oddly enough, they are grown with success only in Kent, parts of Surrey and Sussex, and round Worcester, Hereford and Malvern. The hop fields of Kent are situated either near Maidstone, Paddock Wood and Yalding (known as the mid-Kent area); round Canterbury, Sittingbourne and Faversham (East Kent); and round Horsmonden, Gowdhurst and Hawkhurst (the Weald of Kent). In Sussex the chief hop gardens are at Bodiam and Robertsbridge. Then, in addition to Hereford, Worcester and Malvern, there are Evesham and Ledbury.

Hops require a deep loam, but nobody seems to have been able to explain why attempts to grow them in Warwickshire and other rich counties have always failed. Perhaps new efforts will be made in the future. For while hop-growing was unprofitable for many years, it now produces golden harvests.

Since 1924 farmer after farmer had ceased to grow hops until two years ago, when suddenly it was found that there were not enough hops to go round. This reduction of acreage, and the increased sale of beer since a penny came off it, together with the renewed export to the United States, brought the value of hops up last year to an average of fourteen guineas to eighteen guineas a hundredweight. This meant, roughly speaking, that a hop garden of 21 acres produced a crop worth between five thousand and six thousand pounds. Nobody will deny that that is a good return.

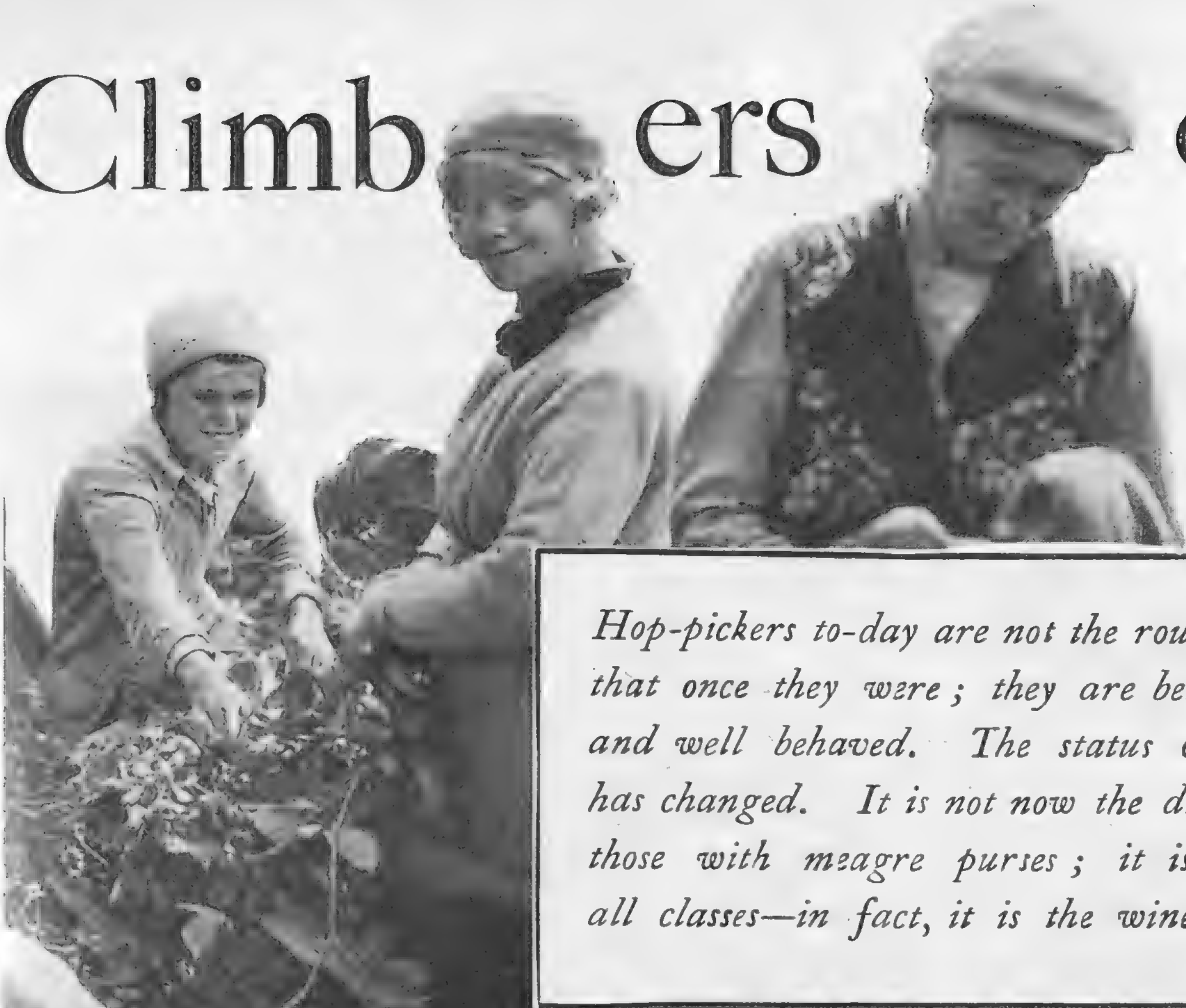
Brewers, however, feeling that they were being held up to ransom by the hop farmers, managed to see that a Hops Board was set up recently, the result of which is that this year hops are to be sold at an average price of £9 a hundredweight. Unfortunately for those anxious to take advantage of what is still a high price for hops, it is not until the third year that the hop plant produces a full yield. What is more, the hop is a comparatively delicate plant, and needs a good deal of protection, particularly in a dry summer like this.

In the course of the day spent with Mr. John Waghorn, who for forty years has been associated at Beltring with probably the most successful hop garden in the world, I discovered an entirely new vocabulary. I have learned the inner meaning of bins and bin men, of bines and hills, of pokes, of drifts and bookers, of shims and hop tiers.

To start a new hop garden, you collect small cuttings from growing plants (instead of burning them) and put them in a "nursery" about two inches apart. In a year rootlets form and produce what is known as a bedded sett. These, when planted out, are known as hills, and produce your hop garden after two years. At the present time there is such a shortage of hops that a number of hop farmers are trying to produce some kind of a crop from their yearling plants, but this is ordinarily inadvisable. After the hops have grown to a height of three or four feet, all the shoots are cut off with the exception of four or eight. These are twined round the string up

Climbers

By
Charles
Graves



A FAMILY party at work in the hop fields at Golden Green, Tonbridge

> *Hop-pickers to-day are not the rough diamonds that once they were; they are better educated and well behaved. The status of beer, too, has changed. It is not now the drink only of those with meagre purses; it is enjoyed by all classes—in fact, it is the wine of Britain*

A PADRE *of the hop fields. The Rev. M. P. Sargent, with some Oxford undergraduates, who built a first-aid surgery, canteen and chapel in the centre of the hop-growing district at Tonbridge. The padre and his fellow-helpers photographed with some hop-pickers*

hich they grow. At the height of four et these strings—or, rather, pieces of twine—bifurcate. By September they ave grown to a height of thirteen or ourteen feet, and the hops are ready for picking. A hop, in case you have never en one, is about an inch and a half long, nd looks rather like a soft green fir cone.

In the meantime the hop-pickers from the East End and elsewhere have written to ask for their tickets. Hop-pickers arrive y families, usually six to a family, and n their requests for employment state he number of bins they would like to ave.

A bin looks like a long, rough, double clothes-horse to which is attached a large anvas bag eight feet long, three feet wide and three feet deep.

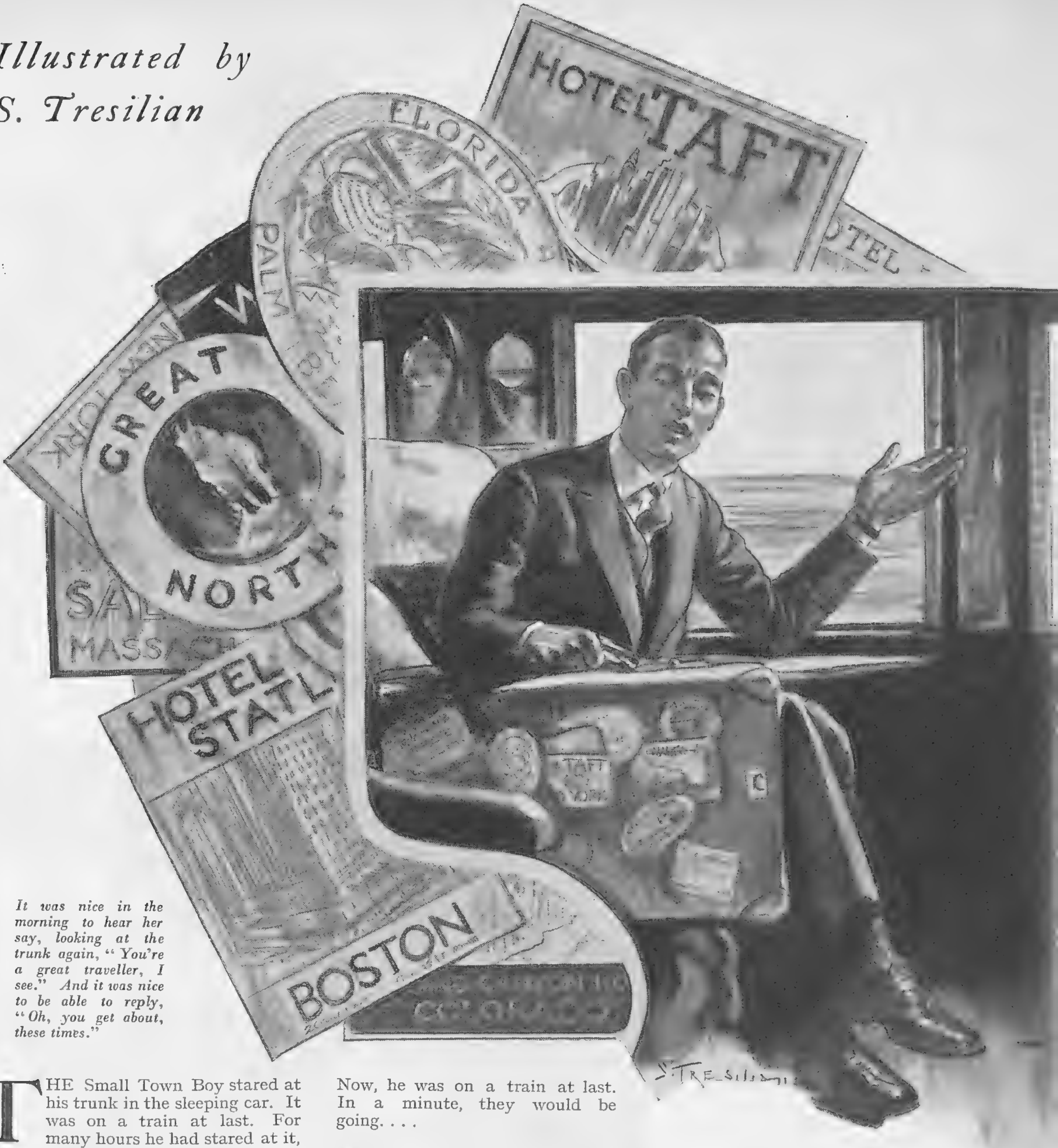
To every six bins there is a bin man, who is responsible for the filling of these receptacles with the hops. His other duties include using the long pole with a knife at the end by means of which he cuts the top of the plant, causing it to fall on the ground and thus be ready for the picking.

The average plant has about a bushel and a half of hops on it. The payment is a shilling for five bushels. The experienced picker picks about thirty bushels, thus making about six shillings a day. This is getting complicated, but let us go on. Every sixty bins constitute a drift, with a "booker" and a "measurer," whose duties are obvious. To every four drifts there is a sub-manager, and over the sub-managers there is one manager. (The sub-managers are usually schoolmasters, who receive three pounds a week, while the bin men, who come from the East End, receive three shillings a day retainer and also are paid for their quota of picking.) I should have said that the bin man has what is known as a poke—a large sulphur-coloured bag of hessian cloth. This also speaks for itself.

All kinds of strange mathematics are encountered in an investigation into the hop-growing industry. Thus you discover that there are a hundred and twenty-two hills (this is the technical word for a hop-plant root) to a sett. In each sett there is one male hop plant, which produces no hops, but provides the pollen which, when shaken by the breeze, produces a flour-like dust impregnating the other plants. For some reason or other a male

(*Continued on page* 90)

Illustrated by S. Tresilian



It was nice in the morning to hear her say, looking at the trunk again, "You're a great traveller, I see." And it was nice to be able to reply, "Oh, you get about, these times."

THE Small Town Boy stared at his trunk in the sleeping car. It was on a train at last. For many hours he had stared at it, in his room at home, gazing at its labels admiringly.

How proud of it he was! All over it were labels—"Hotel Statler, Boston," "Park Central, New York," "Florida Hotel, Palm Beach," "Grand Canyon Hotel, Colorado." There were hotel labels from all over the States. Yes, there were twenty-five labels. . . .

People had stared at the trunk on the platform. The coloured car-conductor had said, "Seen some travel, sah, this bag," when he carried it on the train.

Yes, people had looked wonderingly. "A young man to have travelled so much. And how well kept the labels look!"

They did not know the Small Town Boy had pasted them all on himself, measuring the spaces, almost, between the labels, how he had varnished the completed pattern and kept the trunk safely locked away, hidden, waiting for his great adventure.

Now, he was on a train at last. In a minute, they would be going. . . .

NOW, why did that girl have to come in and sit opposite? It was all very well until the beds were made up. But, at night, he would have to give her his lower berth. Experienced travellers always chose a "lower." You could undress more comfortably. It was not so stuffy, below, as it was in an upper berth. You didn't have to climb the ladder. You needn't wait for the conductor to bring it, either. You were more master of yourself.

Every experienced traveller knew that. . . .

Yet she was a pretty girl. There was something about her eyes he liked. . . . She had a way of pouting. . . . What film star was it of whom she reminded him? It was that blonde hair, of course. There were so many blondes. But this one!

He wouldn't say anything, of course. Experienced travellers did not worry strangers. Besides, you never knew if people were what they seemed to be.

She was looking at the trunk, and then at him. . . .

OF course, when they made up the beds, he had to offer her his lower berth. And, of course, when he offered it, she had to take it. . . .

Still, it was nice, in the morning, to know her sufficiently to be able to say, "I hope you slept well," and to hear her say, looking at the trunk again, "You're a great traveller, I see."

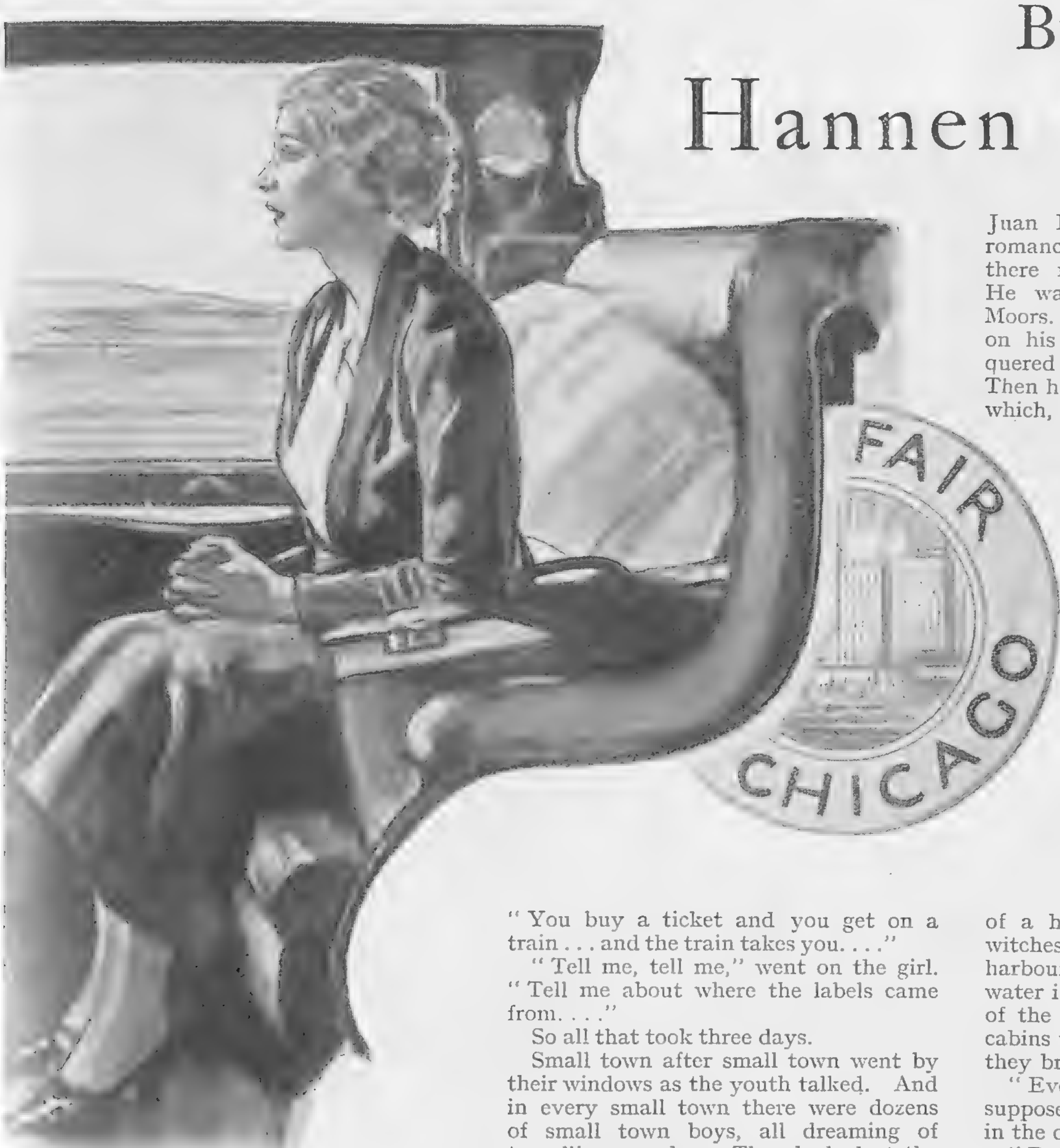
And it was nice to be able to reply, "Oh, you get about, these times. . . ."

"This is my first long journey," she said. "Last night was the first time I'd ever slept in a train. I'm going to Chicago to the World's Fair. Fancy, three nights in a train—and then three

TRAVEL BOY

Two of a kind on a Romantic Journey

By Hannen Swaffer



nights back again. It seems like going round the world."

"Ah, the world's a big place," replied the Small Town Boy. "You never know how small you are till you've seen the world."

"It must be nice to go places and see things," she hazarded, wide spaces seeming to find anchorage in her eyes as she spoke.

A cynic might have called it vacancy. The Small Town Boy found in it a large expanse of paper on which to write, to draw pictures, to tell stories, yes, and to dream dreams.

"Tell me about your labels," she said. "Collecting those must have cost you a great deal of money."

"Oh, the means of transit are cheap enough, nowadays," he replied, stiltingly. "You buy a ticket and you get on a train . . . and the train takes you. . . ."

"Tell me, tell me," went on the girl. "Tell me about where the labels came from. . . ."

So all that took three days.

Small town after small town went by their windows as the youth talked. And in every small town there were dozens of small town boys, all dreaming of travelling one day. They looked at the train as it passed, and followed it with their fancies, and their longing. They went to the shops, or the offices, or the factory, in the mornings and they went home each evening. And, all the time, trains went by, trains that passed Eastward, and trains that sped out to the West, trains carrying people, "going places to see things."

And while they looked on, envying the train and its passengers, the Small Town Boy talked on. . . .

"FANCY!" said the girl, staring at the labels. "You've been to Palm Beach! Fancy bathing there in the sunshine, in the winter. Was it in the winter? How romantic!"

"Florida began with romance," replied the Small Town Boy. And his mind went back to the Library's encyclopædia, studied in the evenings near his home. "Ponce de Leon discovered it, you know. Juan Ponce de Leon. It's a greater romance than the millionaires who live there now among the bathing pools. He was a Spaniard. He fought the Moors. Then he sailed with Columbus on his second voyage. After, he conquered Porto Rico and became Governor. Then he went out in search of a fountain which, Indians said, possessed the power of giving you eternal youth. It was in Bimini, they said. He went to find it and, in 1513, he discovered Florida. Some say he found the fountain. Some say they know where it is now. Florida, you know, keeps you young, even when you are old."

"How good it would be to be young for ever!" remarked the girl. She caught a little of the romance. She looked in the youth's eyes—and then looked away again. As she did, her eye caught another label—"Salem, Massachusetts."

"Ah, they killed witches there," replied the Small Town Boy. And he told her of a hillock, still on view, where the witches were hanged, and an islet in the harbour where scolds were put under the water in a ducking-stool. And he spoke of the old Puritan settlers and the log cabins they dwelt in, and the strict laws they brought from England.

"Even now," he said, "you are not supposed to kiss your wife on a Sunday in the open street!"

"Do men kiss their wives, nowadays?" said the girl, mischievously, her tone borrowed from the cynicism of some modern talkies she had seen.

By now, he was in Boston in his mind, and rambling around Concord and Lexington.

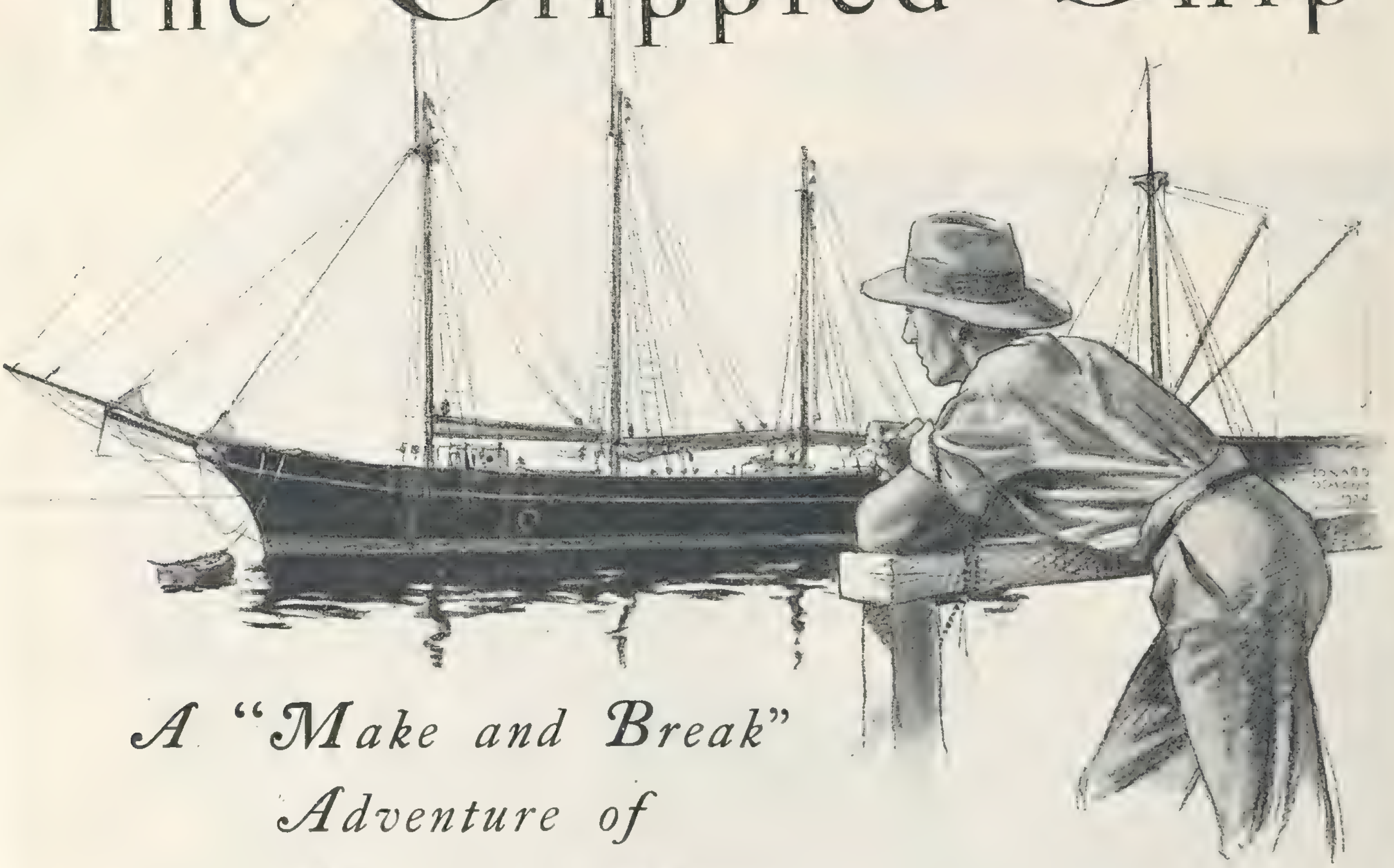
"Paul Riviere warned the colonists that the British were coming," he was ruminating. "You can see his house still in Boston. Italians live near it, now. But, all round there, it breathes History. . . ."

"History?" murmured the girl, wondering.

"Yes, there were fine splendid people before we were born," said the youth. "All this, you know"—and his hand swept the horizon of the train's journeying—"all this was virgin country.

"The Dutch came, and the British came, long before the Dagoes and the Jews, long before the Bohunks. Wild Indians rode (*Continued on page 100*)

The Crippled Ship



A "Make and Break" Adventure of the Southern Seas

Illustrated by
Edward Osmond

By Louis Kaye

JOE ARONBERG turned his back on the waterfront and ten minutes later angrily entered the office of his cousin, Sol Aronberg, who carelessly glanced up from his desk, reluctantly indicated a chair with his pen, said " Sit down," and bent over his desk again. Joe did not take the chair offered, and stood looking at him angrily.

" I suppose you think I have got all day to wait," he said, " but I have not, and I want you should know it. I've just come from the *Alice May*."

" Yes," Sol Aronberg said, looking up as he rubbed his hand over a blotter, " I can see. And with the *Alice May* ready to sail, you didn't ought to be here unless you want to be left."

" How much I want that you should see for yourself, Solly, when I tell you that ship ain't nothing but a coffin. I could smell the worms when I walked on to the wharf."

" And everybody that knows anything about ships, like the port inspectors and all, saying she is quite seaworthy—Joe, you should ought to learn something about ships before you talk about them. Where did you learn ? "

" I got a good general idea what a ship should be like, and that one don't bear no resemblance," Joe said. " And it was your idea I should make a voyage on the *Alice May*, and if I don't know anything about ships that's your lookout. Did you think I had a master's certificate ? "

" After going to a lot of trouble I got you passed as a qualified auxiliary schooner's engineer," Mr. Sol Aronberg answered evenly, " and I am not going to waste so much trouble to have you walk in when the ship is going and say you are afraid of the sea so much you don't want the work."

" Did I say I was afraid of the sea ? " Joe demanded.

" It is sticking out all over you," Sol Aronberg replied. " You have done nothing but kick about going ever since I said you should work off that debt that way. And it is a good idea. It is good for your health and self-respect you should go. You've done no work for a long time, and you better stop borrowing money and earn some."

" If I'd let anybody sell me a ship like the *Alice May*, I should have a lot of self-respect," Joe said. " I'd feel I was ready for a lunatic asylum. You've been stung, Sol. You should have kept out of shipping and stayed at what you know most about."

" I'm staying at that," Sol Aronberg returned drily. " This shipowning is just accidental. And I didn't let anybody sell me the *Alice May*. The Southern Seas Co. owed me money, and when I walked in and blew up the firm the *Alice May* was all I got out of the wreck."

" Well, you won't have her out of a wreck long," Joe said bitterly. " Everybody says she is too rotten and leaky to carry wheat cargoes."

" Who is everybody—some deadbeats that loaf around the waterfront ? " Sol Aronberg jeered. " They always say that of every ship that had a mate that chucked them off one time. And why not shouldn't she carry wheat especially, Joe ? "

" If you weren't just new and green at shipowning," Joe said, " you didn't have to ask that. When wheat gets wet, it swells; when it swells, it opens up seams."

" That is a theory them loafers round the waterfront talk," Sol Aronberg told him. " You didn't ought to believe everything. Anyway, if that ship is not right, Captain Burns wouldn't take her out, or the mate either, or the crew. Everybody would go on strike. But you are the only one I have heard who should reckon his skin is not safe. Now"—Sol Aronberg looked at his office clock—" you better go down and be at your post, because there is only an hour before she should sail. I am coming down to see her go, as she is my first ship."

" You can please yourself if you should make a fool of yourself like a hen with one chicken by going down and seeing that derelict away," Joe said. " But one thing you got no option about—you're not going to see me go with her."

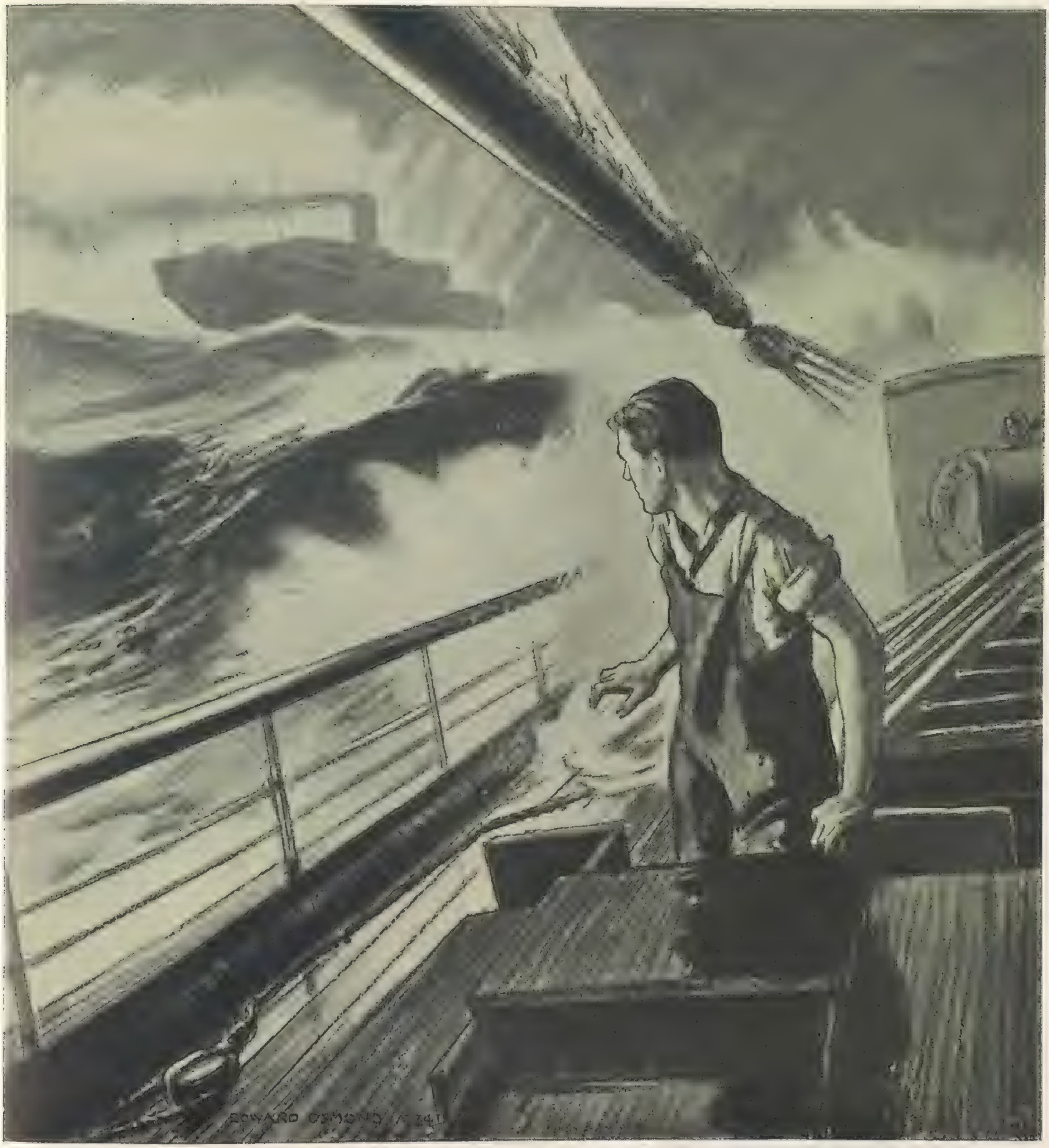
" Then I should ought to do something about that money you owe me," Sol Aronberg said. " What else can you do even as well as engines, which you don't know much about only you had a car you wasted all your money on driving women around—is there any other job you could do ? "

" I could manage one of them branch offices of yours," Joe said ; " but of course you wouldn't offer me a job like that, even if we were raised like brothers till lately your head's got too big for your hat and you're starting trouble over a few lousy pounds I borrowed because I felt I ought to be entitled to them on account of what I've done for you one time or another."

Sol Aronberg sighed. " You should talk different from that, Joe, and I wish I had never loaned that money, because loans between people who like each other generally cause trouble. So if you want to square up like you said and feel bad there is no way, I am showing you the way. So we'll get that loan worked off, and everything will be square. You like tinkering with motor-car engines, so you can drive the *Alice May's* engine to Spencer's Gulf and back."

" Well," Joe said, " what are you going to do if I don't ? "

" You shouldn't have to ask, Joe. Business is business. If you would settle down it would be different. But for a long time you have only been loafing, and if I have to work for my money, you should have to work for it too. . . . Well, I am going down to the docks, and if you like you can drive with me. Then



JOE ARONBERG, coming from his engine, saw nothing in the loneliness but a mail liner, grotesquely nebulous in the rain, and quickly vanishing. Nothing but the towering seas then and the desolation when you come back from Spencer's Gulf you should be a strong, tanned he-man like you read about that should be able to knock me on the jaw if you ain't satisfied."

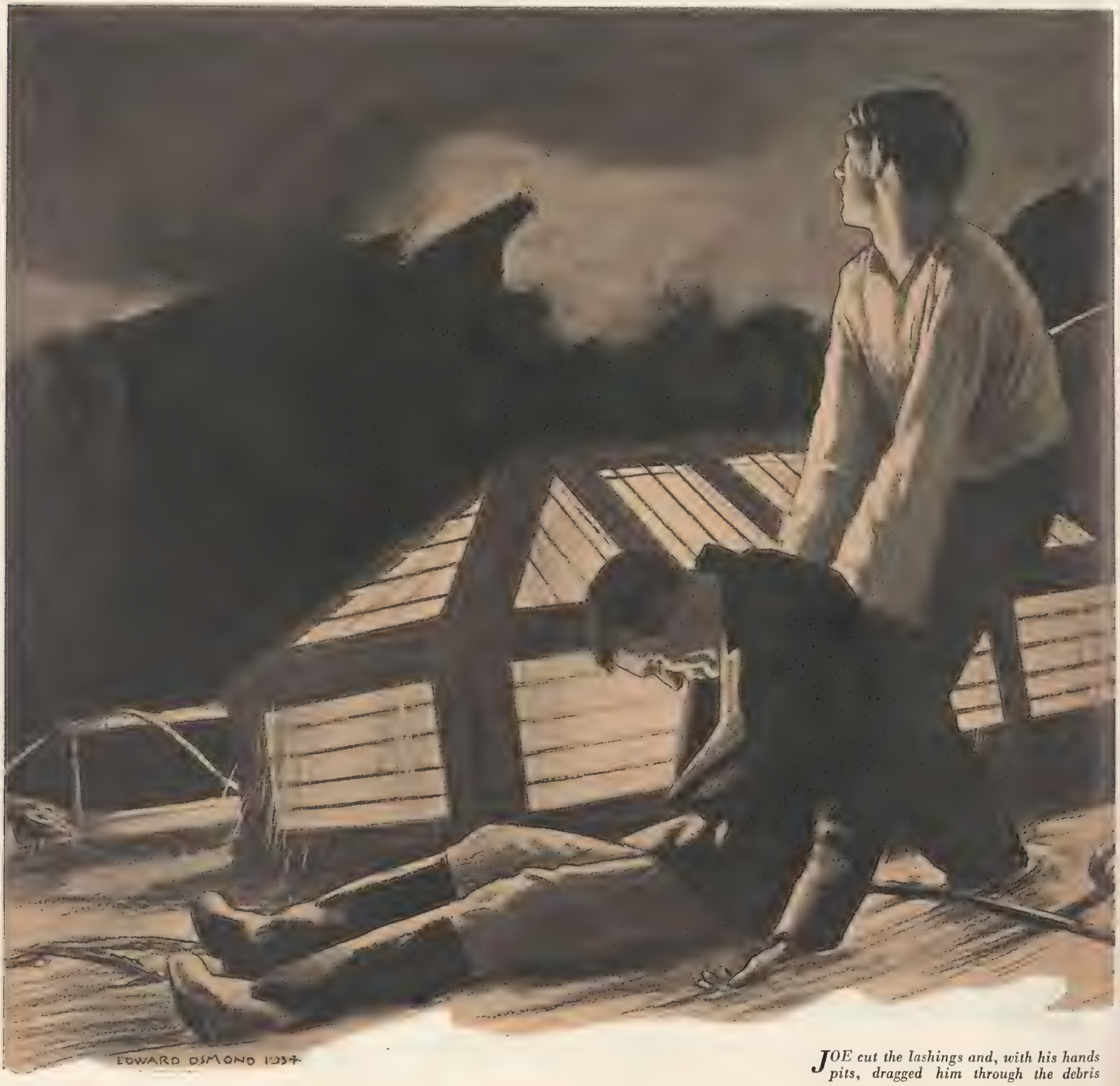
"Which is just what I will do, Solly," Joe said, "because it is a certain bet I ain't going to be satisfied."

AN hour before noon the *Alice May*, in ballast, nosed out of her berth under power and slid downstream past the rusty, noisy freighters. Her new owner was proudly there to see her depart, but Joe Aronberg could not be on deck to answer his farewell gestures. Joe had to be down in the engine room. Nor did he feel disposed to take an amiable farewell of Sol Aronberg. He did not feel very friendly at this moment toward his cousin. Melbourne to Spencer's Gulf; Spencer's Gulf to Launceston; Launceston to Melbourne—not a long voyage, even as coastal seamen knew it, but to Joe Aronberg, trying to figure out the miles and the days, it was almost a world cruise. He was no shellback. He had done a little yachting once. This enabled him to look at the *Alice May* with more or less of a practised eye, but it was little use in reconciling him to several weeks in such a dirty and sea-worn craft. Her captain had tried to make her shipshape and was still trying as they chugged out now over Port Phillip Bay; but a crew's willingness was one thing, and her owner's willingness to pay repair and outfitting bills another. She needed paint. She needed new rigging. She needed new sails. And it was Joe Aronberg's opinion that she needed a new engine.

"You shouldn't expect me to get any more out of this mess," he protested to Captain Burns. "Somebody must have swiped her piston rings. If she don't stop, you shouldn't expect any more."

But Captain Burns did during the days that followed, and the mate did during his watch, and so did the crew, bored by the monotony of light airs and the *Alice May's* slow and drowsy three-knot speed. There were those aboard who remembered her four and even five-knot days under power, but it was admitted she carried less weed than now. Also, they agreed with Joe Aronberg that the engine was long past an overhaul. Nevertheless, Joe, as engineer, thought a good deal of those four and five-knot figures, and in a professional sense was slightly wounded by their repetition. Not that by profession Joe was an auxiliary engineer; he knew very little about marine gasolene engines except what he had been able to pick up in a hurry. Yet he kept the *Alice May's* engine going clear from Melbourne to Spencer's Gulf, which the crew agreed was a commendable performance.

When, with hatches battened down on their cargo of wheat, they left Wallaroo, Joe sat beside the chugging engine and watched it anxiously, listening for irregularities in the rhythm of its many sounds. There were a number of irregularities, but they were only such as Joe had heard during its long and determined labours



JOE cut the lashings and, with his hands pits, dragged him through the debris from Melbourne, and none threatened to be immediately fatal.

The captain stuck his head in the hatch and grinned sympathetically. " Proud of her ? " he asked.

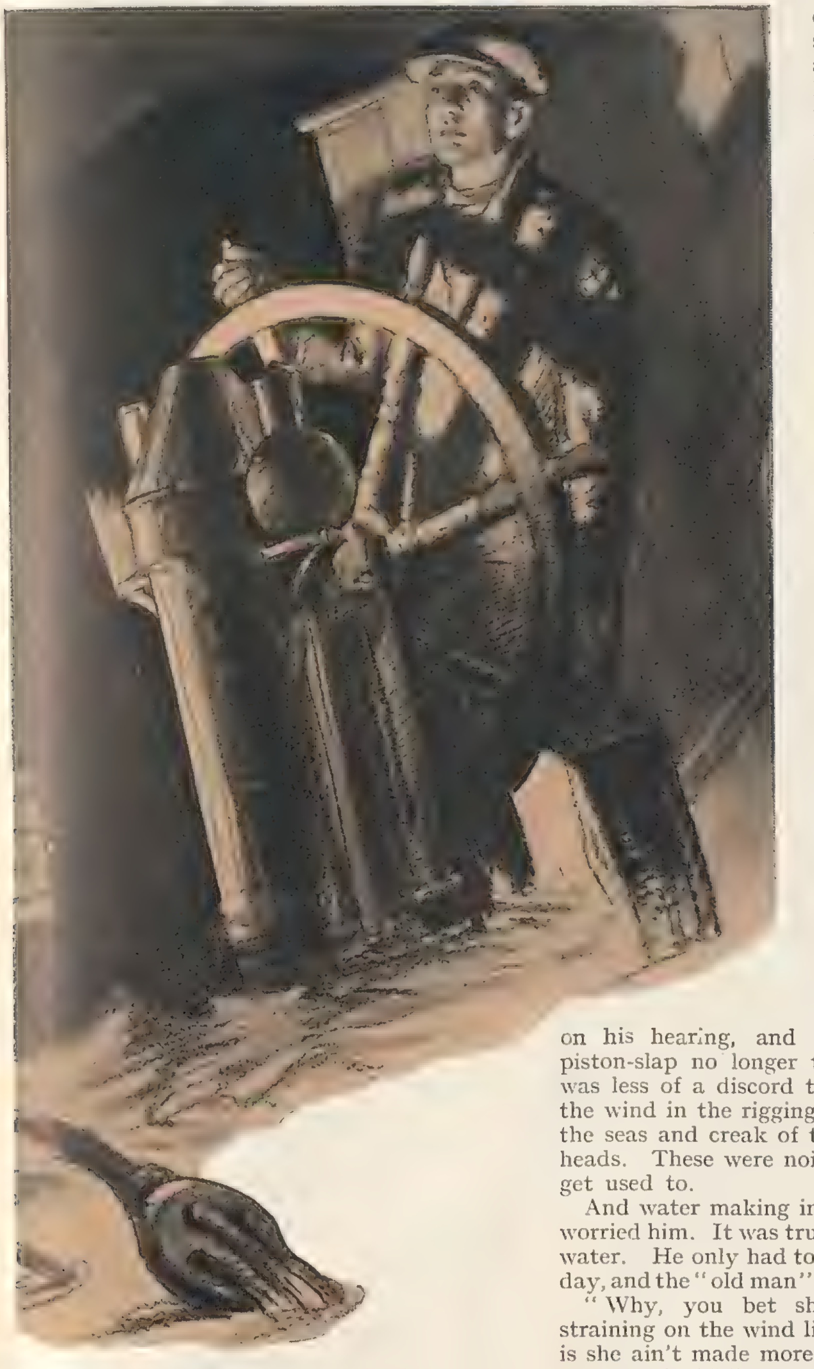
" I am just trying to reckon out," Joe said, " what kind of clothes they were wearing when she was made. I don't know if it was fig leaves or lion skins."

" She's been in the vessel a long time," the captain said.

" She's prehistoric," Joe said. " Anyway, she's going. And maybe you should get some wind soon."

The wind came all right—or all wrong so far as the *Alice May's* corroded rigging and perished sails were concerned. She was all fore-and-aft rigged, which is handy for luffing-up. But old sails, wet with rain and spray, will not stand the wind being spilt out of them. In a couple of knock-down squalls two headsails and the foresail went. A spare foresail was bent, and she was double-reefed right through. She would have had even less sail if the auxiliary had been powerful enough to get her to windward. The wind was southerly, and as the *Alice May* was out of the Gulf before it caught her, Captain Burns had no shelter unless he ran back, and he wouldn't run back while he could make to windward.

For three days the southerly held, and for three days the *Alice May* alternated between clawing to windward and holding her own off the invisible lee coast. British mail boats passed her, and an American freighter, crashing and rolling through the seas and the rain. Not another sailing craft showed; the windjammers were gone save for the wheat racers, and even the wheat and lumber schooners and ketches were not so plentiful these days. Joe Aronberg, coming from his engine, saw nothing in the loneliness but a mail liner, grotesquely nebulous in the rain, and quickly vanishing. Nothing but the towering seas then and the desolation and the cold that sent him back to the warmth and stench of his engine.



under the captain's arm—
along the slippery deck

He had hardly left it in the three days of storm. He slept by it, and awoke with a headache and a rotten taste from the escaping fumes and smells. He wrapped every visible section of the exhaust pipe in a double layer of asbestos, but his headache did not depart, nor his nausea. But he would not quit. Joe's sort never do in an emergency. Moreover, the engine was the only landish thing in that vessel struggling between wind and sea. Joe looked out on the watery desolation and shuddered; he went back into the engine room, and could almost feel himself ashore by watching the engine and listening to its rhythm. It sang for Joe a song of comfort, for his ears had grown used to the imperfections that previously impinged themselves on his hearing, and even an obvious piston-slap no longer troubled him. It was less of a discord than the whine of the wind in the rigging and the crash of the seas and creak of timbers and bulkheads. These were noises Joe could not get used to.

And water making in the engine room worried him. It was true it was not much water. He only had to pump up twice a day, and the "old man" laughed about it.

" Why, you bet she'd make water straining on the wind like this. Wonder is she ain't made more. But she's built strong. And I'll guarantee half the water you're getting down there is coming in your stuffing box."

But Joe could see it coming through seams. Part of the engine room was unlined, and he could see the water ooze through a couple of seams whenever she rolled her rail down that side. He thought of all the other seams he could not see and that might start leaking like those, and he was not sure about the " old man's " brag as to her being strongly built. He was the only one he had heard say so. And he remembered all the waterfront stories about worms and rotten gear. He did not know it was so much guesswork, except about the rotten gear. That was true enough—visibly true—but under blistered paint the hull was strong enough. She was heavily planked and with timbers bulky enough for a barque. But Joe knew nothing about timbers and fastenings. He had seen the rotten rigging and external dilapidation; he had listened to the waterfront stories; and he watched now the water oozing through seams and trickling down the unlined section of hull.

But there was the engine. The engine sang on, out of tune and discordant as a village choir, but comforting to Joe as he polished a copper feed pipe and brass priming cup.

THE wind blew out on schedule, but an immense and slithery sea remained. The *Alice May* pitched and rolled over it all night on her southeasterly course. The reefs were let out, but the light air remaining could not check the roll.

" Keep that engine going, for the love of Mike," Captain Burns cautioned Joe. " If we lose steerin' way and get broadside, them rotten stays'll let her sticks roll out."

In the morning there was no wind at all, but the roll was still there, and her engine could just keep her steering.

The day remained windless, which was not always a sign of bad weather in that sea, and at evening the glass, fairly high, was not falling. But in the night a following wind came roaring down and caught the vessel before any sail could be taken off. The mizzen sheet and shrouds let go and the mast fell along the deck, taking the mainmast with it.

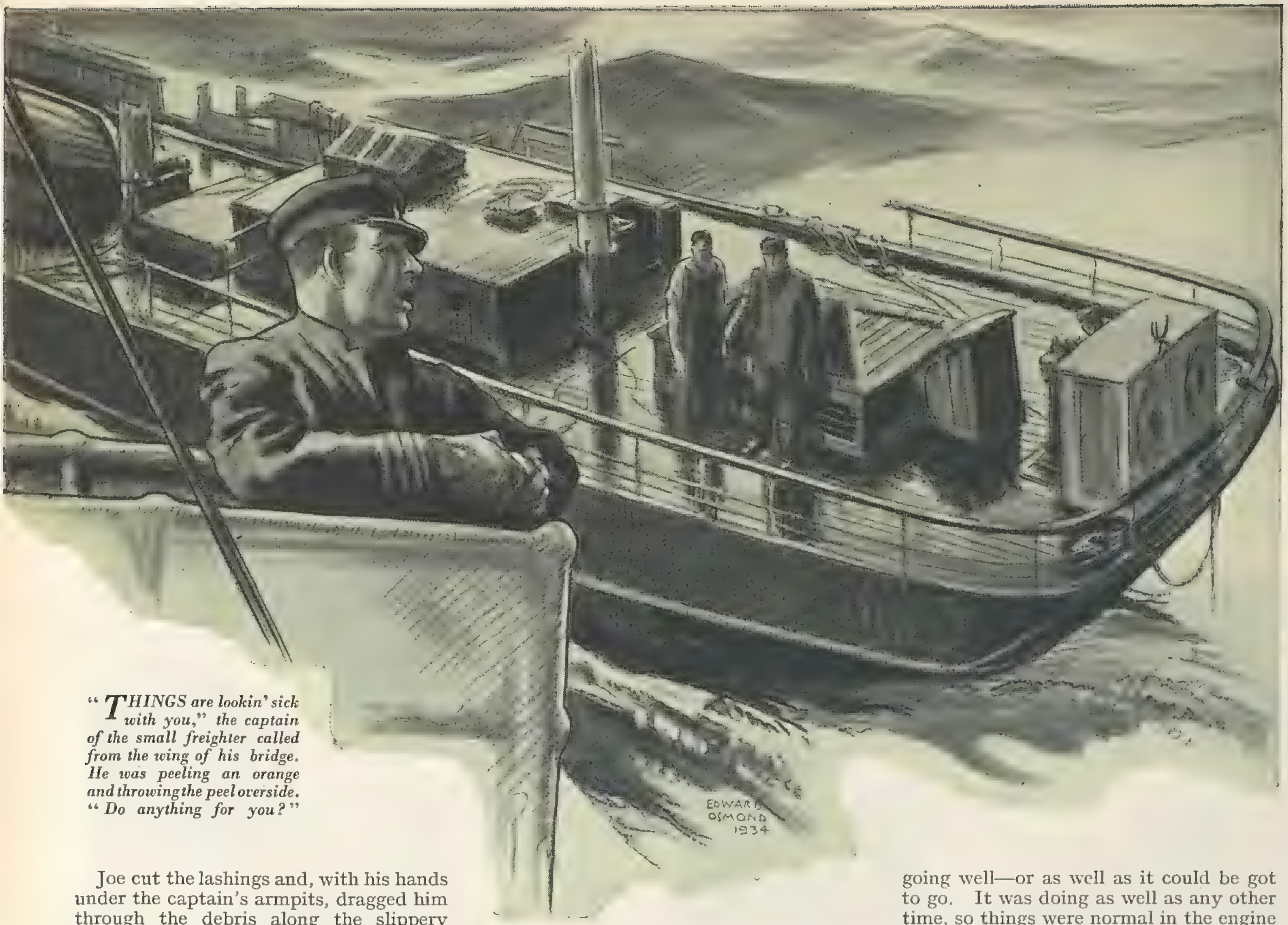
Joe didn't know what had happened. He had quit the engine room and turned into his bunk for the first time since the three-day southerly had started, and he woke to a crash and clamour that sounded like a full-sized wreck. He gained the deck and saw vacant darkness where the mizzen and mainmasts had been.

He heard voices cursing in the dark. He heard the mate's voice loudest of all. He didn't hear the captain's voice. Joe turned dazedly to the helmsman, who said:

" Go for'ard, Joe, and lend a hand. And find out what's happened to the Old Man."

Joe went forward. He still heard the mate bawling orders, but not the captain. Joe couldn't see him anywhere, till presently he bumped against something wet and limp lashed to the stump of the mainmast. Joe clutched an arm, and that was limp, too, as he lifted it. He didn't know whether Captain Burns was dead or unconscious. The mate didn't either.

" I dragged him out of the scuppers, where he must have fell when he got hit when the sticks pulled out. Get 'im aft if you can while we clear this —— mess, or we'll have it stovin' us in."



"THINGS are lookin' sick with you," the captain of the small freighter called from the wing of his bridge. He was peeling an orange and throwing the peel overside. "Do anything for you?"

Joe cut the lashings and, with his hands under the captain's armpits, dragged him through the debris along the slippery deck.

He got him to the afterhouse and to his bunk, where he lay still limp and with water dripping from his clothes. Joe saw an ugly wound in his skull; he bound it up, but he knew it didn't much matter now. He felt for a pulse; he looked at the captain's open eyes. He went on deck, and said to the helmsman:

"I think he's gone."

"I seen him walk for'ard there just before them lousy shrouds let go," the helmsman said.

Joe still heard the mate bawling orders. He went forward and helped clear the derelict spars. One mast was overboard, but the mate wanted to save the other and lash it on deck. But the vessel was rolling heavily and pitching and the mast got away before it could be lashed and went overside, taking some more of the smashed bulwarks with it.

"Well, anyway, the decks ain't stove in anywhere," the mate said. "This blow came thick end first, so she'll ease a bit. When it does we'll knock that foresail and put a peg in it. We'll rig a topsail halyard for a backstay till then."

When this was done, the mate would not leave the deck to see if Joe Aronberg was right about the captain. "I reckon I wouldn't know any better than you," he told Joe. "If it looks he's gone, he's gone, I expect."

HALF an hour later the wind had eased enough for an attempt to be made to reef the foresail. The mate was worried about the halyards; he had expected the peak to go any time. He was worried about the old canvas, which would disintegrate once it started to slash about. The foresail was the only sail now left complete except for the patched and stitched headsails; he had to be careful with it. It would be impossible to lower away and reef safely off the wind; the vessel was brought round slowly while the sheet was hauled in. With the end of the boom inboard, they were just about to let go the halyards when a squall roared out of the dark. The vessel rolled on a sea, and started to roll the sail back against the wind. The mate yelled "Lower away!" in time to save his one remaining mast. But he couldn't save the sail. The gaff came down with a boom and slat of canvas, and tearing sounds that were half lost in the roar of the wind and sea. What was left of the sail was got under gaskets. The mate inspected the stays and lanyards with a pocket torch. One of the stays had parted, and the topsail halyard they had used for a backstay.

They ran under the one bare pole and headsails that night. In the morning they buried the captain, for Joe Aronberg had not been mistaken. The mate was captain now, and the bosun mate. A start was made to repair the foresail. There was no wind now, so the sail was not immediately needed. The *Alice May* moved at her slow three knots, and the sun was warm again on the deck.

Joe Aronberg missed the captain. He had liked the captain; he didn't much like the mate. But beyond a sense of loss, he was untroubled this bright, still day. He never worried so long as there was no wind and the engine was going well—or as well as it could be got to go. It was doing as well as any other time, so things were normal in the engine room and he had no cares there. But for some reason the mate was worrying. Joe learnt what it was after a time. The mate was afraid of a wind from the east. Winds from the east were not as common as winds from the west thereabouts; in point of fact, westerlies were the prevailing winds; but this was a time of the year when easterlies blew. The course was south-east. The mate said they couldn't weather with that lame duck of an engine and the sail they were reduced to.

THEY were off the coastal ship lane, but at noon a small freighter on the Port Adelaide and Tasmania run overhauled them and came alongside.

"Things are lookin' sick with you," the captain called from the wing of his bridge. He was peeling an orange and throwing the peel overside. "Do anything for you?"

The mate said to Joe Aronberg: "For two pins I'd take a tow, but I suppose that damn cousin of yours would see I was fired."

"He'd probably skin you if it cost too much," Joe agreed.

"I know he'd take the shirt off a man's back. I thought he'd stop at the skin," the mate said. He turned and answered the freighter's captain: "I reckon we can get along."

The freighter's captain waved his hand: "All right; I'll report you so ships can keep a look out."

The beat of the steamer's engines, borne clearly on the water in the still day, quickened and the vessel forged ahead. Joe Aronberg watched it wistfully. He would rather have been on the freighter than where he was. The mate was right—that lame duck of an engine wasn't much use; the freighter was not fast, but she left them as if the *Alice May* stood still.

She vanished over the horizon. The mate stood looking to the east. The sky that way was dark as slate, though the sun was shining in an infinitude of blue, and kept on so shining till the day was done. There was no wind then, but, in the night, Joe woke to the crash of seas and the forlorn whine of the wind in the rigging. If the whine was not so loud as formerly, it was because there was less rigging and that farther forward, and not because the wind was any less.

JOE went on deck. The foresail had been repaired and bent and reefed, and she carried that and a staysail. The helmsman said she was hard to steer. Joe retired from the dreary tussle with the elements and examined his engine. It was functioning with no more than its usual number of coughs and stutters and piston-slaps, so Joe contented himself with running some fuel out of the store tanks into the feed tank, and sat down beside his only consolation.

"Nobody should say that engine is no good," Joe decided. "She runs when everything is wrong with it."

Joe drowsed and listened. Then he began to smell something. He took a few more sniffs. It was the smell of oil a little hotter than usual. Joe put his hand on top of the cylinder. He pulled it away quickly and flicked his burnt fingers. He put his hand on the outlet pipe of the water-cooling system, and that burnt his hand, too. He slowed the engine down as far as he could without danger of it stopping, but the cylinder and outlet pipe continued to get hotter.

He hurried on deck, looking for the mate. "Listen, that engine ain't pumping, and I've got to stop her before she seizes somewhere. How will you get on I stop her?"

"We'll never steer without that kicker." the mate cursed. "Can't you keep her oing?"

"Not if she should be any use again."

"Stop her then," the mate said with more profanity. "Fix her as quick as you can."

Joe went down and stopped his engine. He thought he was just in time; it was now very hot. He set to work on the pump and took the valves out. They seemed all right. He took the pump to pieces, and that appeared all right. There was a blockage in the intake pipe somewhere. He discovered it when he opened the cock and no water rushed through. He found a long thin iron rod behind the junk box, and thrust the end into the pipe and probed. He found something stuck in there, and pushed at it and shifted it a little. He decided there could be no guard over the intake, else the blockage couldn't have occurred. Very well; he would drive the rod to the end of the pipe and push out into the sea whatever was blocking it.

He got a weighty hammer and belted the iron rod. Suddenly it went with a rush, but when he drew it back he found it had only pierced what was stuck in the pipe. Only a little water came through. The rod had a thread on the end of it. Joe searched for twenty minutes before he found a nut that would fit it. With the nut screwed on, he drove the rod into the pipe again and, after ten minutes' hammering, cleared it.

He knew that by the water that rushed in. It poured in as if from a firehose, all over the engine. Joe tried to shut the cock, but the rod had caught in the pipe, and he had to get it out first. The pipe had a bend in it, and the rod had bent to follow the pipe, and the nut evidently had caught on the outer end of the pipe. He couldn't move it. And meanwhile the water was coming in and pouring over the engine.

Desperate, Joe at last tried to belt the rod back the other way, and out of the pipe at the seaward end. He managed to get it some way, but it stuck again with the end inside the pipe. He couldn't pull it into the engine room now; it had to go out the seaward end, and he couldn't find anything to put in the pipe and drive it.

So much water was coming into the engine room, he was compelled to cut a piece of pine and plug the pipe. This left it impossible for him to do anything about the rod in the pipe, except from outside the hull. And in that wind and sea it was impossible to do anything about it there.

After a search, Joe found a piece of rubber hose, and managed to make a connection between the pump fitting and the end of the pipe. To do this, he had to knock the plug out again, and that let a lot more water into the engine room and over the engine. But he managed it and, despite the rod in the pipe, had water ready to pump through the water jacket again.

The next thing was to start the engine. The pipe had played water nicely over the carburetter and magneto—many gallons of water. If they had been lowered overside, not much more damage could have been done. Joe took the carburetter off and got the water out of it, and tried for a time to get the engine going with the wet magneto. Finally, he had to take the magneto off. That was a full hour's job on account of seized nuts. He took the magneto to pieces and dried it out and put it together again. But there was no spark. Joe went on deck to the galley; the cook was asleep below at this time of the night, so Joe made a fire and put the magneto in the oven. He was determined to dry it thoroughly. But though he dried it thoroughly, there was no spark.

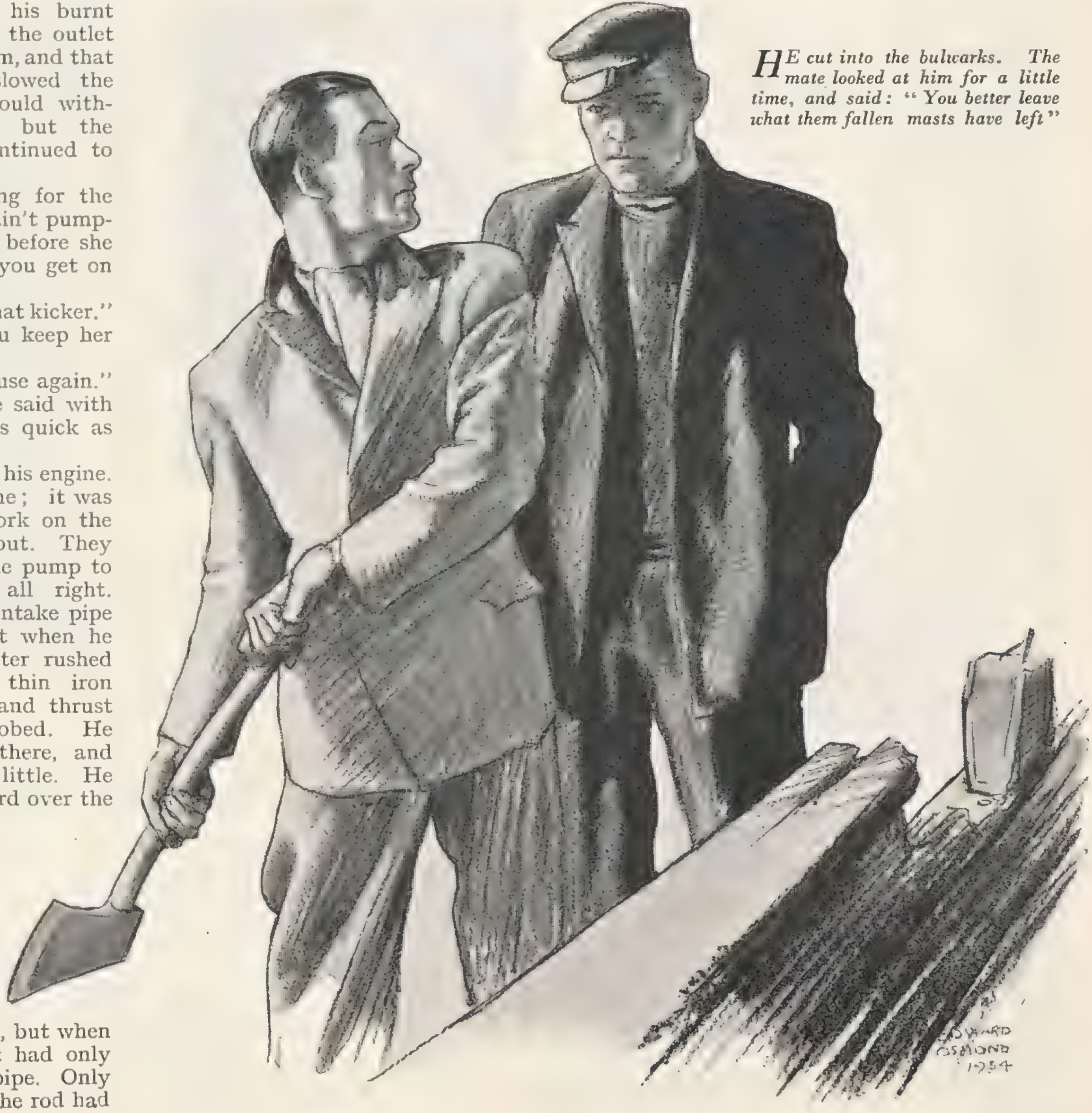
Joe was still working on the magneto at dawn. The mate said:

"How long're you going to be getting that engine going?"

"I don't know," Joe said.

The mate used a number of swear words, some of them levelled at Joe. Resentment and anger burnt in Joe. He had worked nearly all night, and ever since he had been aboard he had worked hard in the engine room and had little rest. His nerves were

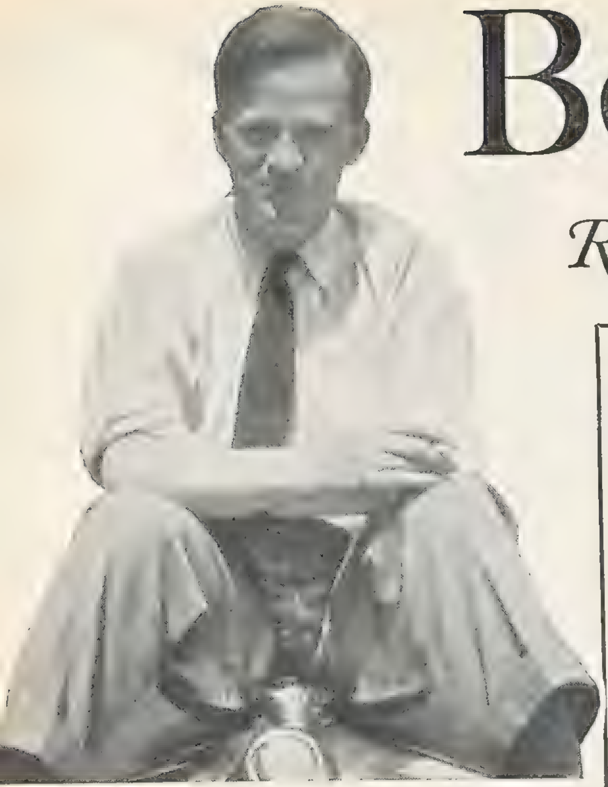
(*Continued on page* 96)



HE cut into the bulwarks. The mate looked at him for a little time, and said: "You better leave what them fallen masts have left"

BOOKS: Two *Great* Women and *a* Clever M*an*

Reviewed by ARNOLD PALMER



HECTOR BOLITHO, author of "Victoria the Widow and her Son." He has written a genuine and interesting book, very well worth reading

WHEN I was at school, instruction in English History had a way of stopping when it reached the battle of Waterloo and returning again to King Alfred and the Early English lady who had been looking forward to her tea. Palmerston, Melbourne, Peel, the Crimean and Franco-Prussian wars, even Gladstone and Disraeli, were all—unless we were lucky enough to have grandparents with a taste for reminiscence—merely names to us. I fancy that a good many schools still dodge the nineteenth century, but there is no excuse for grown-up people to imitate the habits of teachers. During the last fifteen years an enormous amount of critical and appreciative attention has been paid to the Victorian age. Lytton Strachey was the first, in popularity if not in time, to persuade the public that the last century was a mine of interest and amusement, not a dreary expanse of industrialism and politics; and his imitators and opponents have continued the operations, until even our writers of musical comedies have forsaken Ruritania for Brighton and South Kensington. How long must we wait before Mr. Coward is inspired by the Crystal Palace to give us another of his delicious interiors?

Mr. Hector Bolitho has been one of the most active agents of the Victorian revival, and his *Victoria the Widow and her Son* (Cobden-Sanderson, 21s.) succeeds other volumes of kindred nature. As the sensitive reader may deduce from the very title of the book, there is nothing here of the rich and luminous upholstery of a Strachey or a Gibbon. The corridors of the Past, as revealed by Mr. Bolitho, are barely furnished. His style is serviceable, and no more; like linoleum, his words emit a harsh and shuffling sound. But if he has no elegance with which to charm us, he impresses us with his industry.

"He has written his new book," we are told, "with the object of revealing the Sovereign and her heir with equal justice." The worst of trying to be fair to two people is that one is apt to be unfair to at least one of them; but Mr. Bolitho, though he is inclined to ignore rather than tackle the more serious difficulties, must be considered to have done a good piece of work on the whole. His impartiality is admirable. His creative powers are less equal to their task; for though he has made a satisfactory job of the Queen, her Prince remains obstinately lifeless.

CREATIVE power and characterisation are not the same thing. Edward is presented as a logical and consistent whole, but a dead one; his mother, on the other hand, lives here as she has lived in most of her biographies, yet remains difficult to understand. Her intellect was inferior to her character; we can study proofs of the weakness of the one, we have often to guess at the fineness of the other. And, of course, her intellect and her character were always interacting, and it is not easy for us to disentangle them. She was, for instance, a completely honest being. Subterfuge was impossible to her. Yet it seems clear that she constantly deceived herself as to her real reasons for refusing to allow her son to share her delibera-

BARBARA WILLARD

ROSALIND CORNWALL

Novels *by* Women

"Joy Befall Thee":
by Barbara Willard (Howe, 7s. 6d.)

"Dew on the Grass":
by Eiluned Lewis (Lovat Dickson, 7s. 6d.)

"Open the Cage":
by Sybil Fountain (Howe, 7s. 6d.)

"Dark Interval":
by Rosalind Cornwall (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

THE four novels above are by women, and on the opposite page will be found a list of four novels by men. The division, for once, is not meaningless, for the books written by the ladies do really reveal those qualities of gentleness, shyness and sentimentality which used to be considered essentially feminine, but are now, thanks to Mr. Shaw and his knowing disciples, reckoned as unfeminine, if not definitely masculine.

It must not be assumed that the stories are arranged in order of merit. Nevertheless, *Joy Befall Thee* is distinctly the best—a quiet, cool, well-mannered novel telling of three generations of women against a picturesque background provided by the establishment of a theatrical costumier. Miss Willard is a fastidious writer—she seems to prefer to touch even Life with the tips of her fingers. Such writers are rare to-day, and offer a pleasant change from the perspiring palm held out by most contemporary novelists. *Dew on the Grass* is a story of children, and of one child in particular. A preface by Mr. Charles Morgan assures us, like a hall-mark, that it is Really Good, but in spite of his assurance it is possible to doubt whether recollections of childhood have much in common with childhood itself. The book is easier to describe than to criticise. It depends, more than most books, on the incalculable chances of sympathy between reader and writer. Miss Fountain's book requires fewer reservations; it is a rather too nice, rather too sweet story which will appeal most to those readers who are just emerging from the Mrs. Molesworth stage. Very surprisingly, it appears with a dust cover by John Nash. Lastly, Miss Cornwall's painful tale of an unhappy inmate of a mental home. Even this theme the author has managed to sentimentalise. But nothing can mitigate its horror; it is actually increased by the gentle method of narration.

tions or take any part in affairs of State. She was as liable to prejudice as most of us, and being more honest than most of us, she found unusual difficulty in overcoming her prejudice. She was fully aware of her intellectual shortcomings; the people who knew her best all agree on the genuineness of her intellectual humility. But in her character were some splendid ingredients often lacking in the statesmen of a great Parliamentary era, and her last defence, a sullen obstinacy, more than once saved not only her pride but her people also. Mr. Bolitho has written a genuine and interesting book, very well worth reading.

Novels *by* Men

"The Scarlet Beast":
by Francis Gerard (Nicholson and Watson, 8s. 6d.)

"Portrait of a Gentleman":
by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

"A Week after Life":
by Leo Koenig (Methuen, 7s. 6d.)

"Coffee for None":
by Alfred B. Caldwell (Mathews and Marrot, 7s. 6d.)

FRANCIS GERARD

MR. GERARD'S first novel is a story of Carthage and Rome, Hannibal and Scipio. It is a little difficult to drive from the mind all recollection of *Salammbo*, however pedantic may seem one's failure to do so. But Mr. Gerard has written a highly coloured, energetic story which will please many readers. Once upon a time Hollywood would have jumped at it.

The new Eden Phillpotts shows the author listening to his Comic, not his Tragic, Muse; but the lady, who was perhaps troubled by the fashionable Wimbledon throat, seems to have been rather indistinct. The book suffers from several slight changes of key, and lacks something of the author's customary finish. However, it is quite a good specimen of light, holiday reading. Mr. Koenig's story is more serious, and also more interesting. It gives a very vivid picture of a Whitechapel home during Shib'ah, the week of mourning observed by a Jewish family after the funeral of one of its members. The week is passed in the house in which the death occurred, and all the deceased's kindred, whether bankers or hawkers, remain within its doors. Even shaving is suspended, so that, as the days pass, all the men, East-enders and smart West-enders, grow more and more alike. Mr. Koenig's book, which has been translated from the Yiddish, is a very lively, uncommon, capable piece of work. Full marks! The novel has the further advantage of a clever dust cover by Goetz. The last of the books mentioned above is a "thriller," and Mr. Caldwell is apparently an American. He has a light, pleasant, sure touch, and he has made no attempt to concoct one of those mysteries which, requiring paper, pencil, and books of reference, the averagely lazy man is content to leave unsolved. He has, on the contrary, done something much more difficult. He has tried to be easy and amusing to read, and he has succeeded.

LEO KOENIG

THE second volume of *Lord Oxford's Letters to a Friend* (Bles, 10s. 6d.) covers the period 1922–1927. In other words, the first of the letters here printed was written hardly more than twenty years after the events chronicled in Mr. Bolitho's concluding pages. If you chance to read the books in the order in which they are given, you will find it hard indeed to credit the difference in the atmosphere. It is not surprising that Lord Oxford should seem so modern; but since he was in his fiftieth year when she died, it is astonishing that the Queen should seem so remote. What has caused the immense gulf between 1900 and 1920? The war, I think, is only partly responsible. The campaign for Women's Suffrage and the influence of Messrs. Wells and Shaw contributed much to the change; so have motor cars, the telephone and the cinema. The influence of the wireless scarcely counts beside that of the cinema. Even in Fleet Street, however, the power of the visual message was not fully appreciated till after the Victorian age was past.

The chief interest of the new volume is to be found in the gradual loosening of the political shackles and the corresponding increase in leisure and exploration of its delights. Lord Oxford's voracious literary appetite was fed hourly, and an extraordinarily tenacious memory in no way impeded digestion. I do not think these letters or those in the preceding volume will earn for him a place among the great correspondents. Perhaps he had been for too long a public man. Whatever the cause, these letters read as if their author thought that his second best was good enough for a small audience, however dear. But they contain many shrewd comments on affairs, men, books and art, and at least they are never pompous. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has again acted as editor. It is a pity that he did not excise a rather callous comment of no earthly interest to the public and bound to cause distress to a lady yet living.

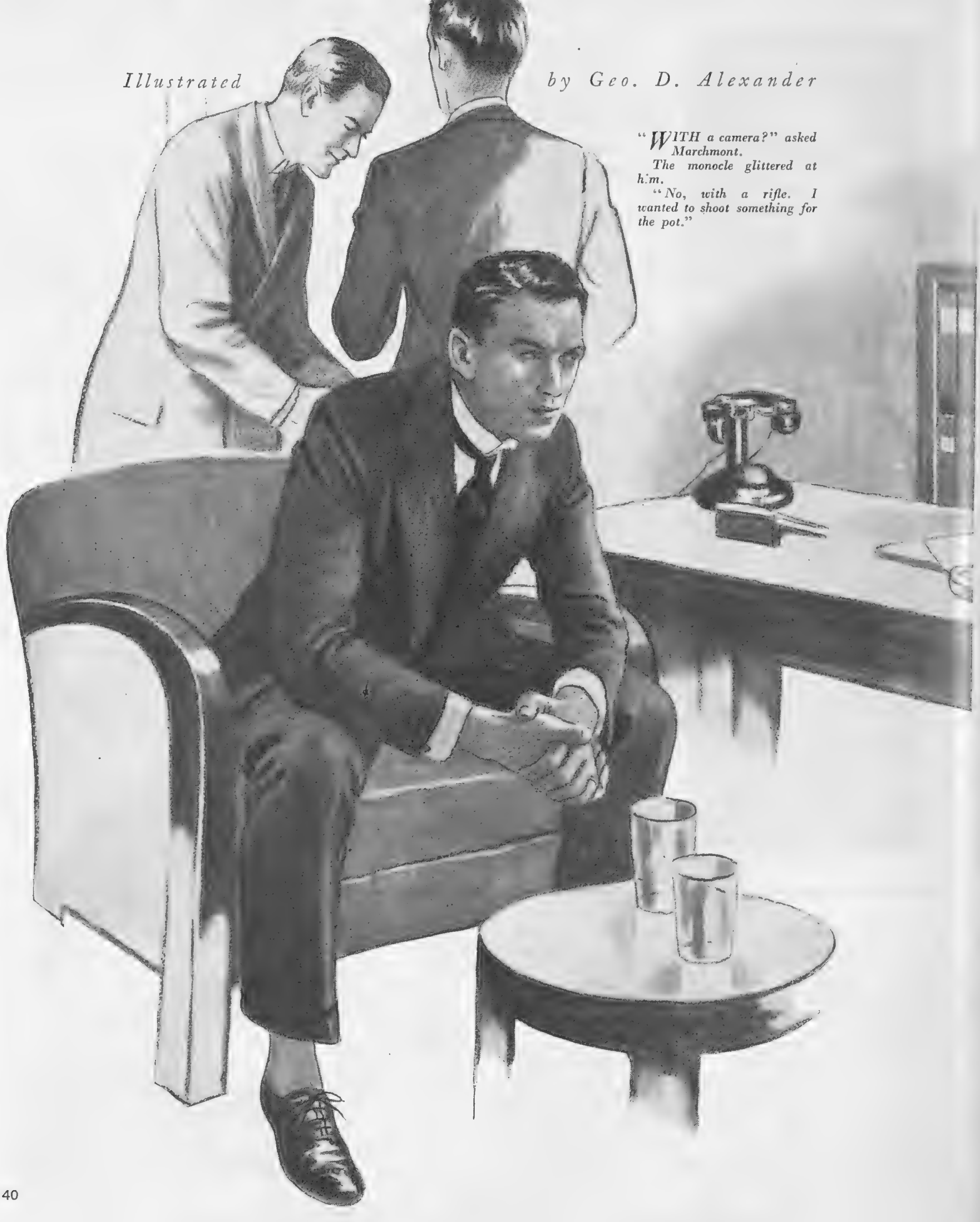
IN her biographical work, *Lady Hester Stanhope* (Cobden-Sanderson, 10s. 6d.), Miss Joan Haslip retells the story of a life which, without exaggeration, may be deemed surprising. Lady Hester, born in 1776, was the granddaughter of Chatham and niece of the younger Pitt. In 1803 she moved to Downing Street, where she controlled her uncle's household and was his principal confidant. This existence continued for three years, until Pitt's death. She became the recipient of a Royal pension; but a life of retirement did not chime with her nature, and when her brother and Sir John Moore, her great friend, perished at Corunna, life became emptier than ever. She left England, for good, in 1810. After wandering in the East, she actually, by 1813, attained such ascendancy over the Arabs that they crowned her Queen under the columns of Zenobia's ruined temple at Palmyra, the ancient Tadmor. For over a quarter of a century this dominant scion of the Grenvilles and the Stanhopes, this ex-hostess of Downing Street, this friend of statesmen and generals, ruled amid decaying splendour and in declining health over the wild tribesmen round Mount Lebanon. She owed something, no doubt, to her reputation as a prophetess; she owed more to her limitless pride. When she was old and lonely (the faithful Dr. Meryon, who was her devoted attendant, she treated like a dog), and dying in her ramshackle palace, a war raged outside her doors. But not a warrior dared to (*Continued on page* 95)

JOAN HASLIP, whose book, "Lady Hester Stanhope," makes excellent reading, and is in all respects welcome

Evidence *in* Camera

A murder committed in the African Jungle is solved in Wardour Street

Illustrated by Geo. D. Alexander



"WITH a camera?" asked Marchmont.

The monocle glittered at him.

"No, with a rifle. I wanted to shoot something for the pot."

By William J. Makin

"THIS is a very unusual request," said the affable film manager in his Wardour Street office. "The film is to be shown privately this afternoon. Very privately. Excepting myself and, possibly, four other people, the film will not be seen until the trade show in a fortnight's time. Can't you wait until then ? I'll have tickets sent to you."

"I'm leaving for Africa next week," said the man with the sun-tanned face and obviously new suit of clothes seated opposite him.

"And you wish to be present with two other friends at this private view ?"

"That is all I am asking."

The film manager drummed with his fat fingers upon the polished desk between them.

"What's the idea ?" he flung out bluntly. "Are you thinking of appealing to the Censor ?"

The man from Africa shrugged his shoulders.

"I've nothing to do with the censorship, Mr. Saxiss. I'm just a District Officer from the African bush who is, shall I say, very much interested in this film."

"There's nothing wrong with the picture," protested Julius Saxiss. "We called it *Wild Parade*—a good box-office title—and there is, perhaps, one duel to the death between a rhinoceros and a lion. I know some animal lovers are protesting about this, but these wild animal films have to be really wild to appeal to the public nowadays. You ask my assistant manager, Joe, here."

"Sure !" was all that the frock-coated individual standing by his side permitted himself to say.

The young man from Africa nodded thoughtfully.

"I've had to shoot a few lions myself, and I daresay one less in Africa doesn't worry anyone. But I want to attend this private view not because I'm a big-game hunter, but a man hunter."

"So!" exclaimed Julius Saxiss, rather bewildered.

"You see," went on the man with the sun-tanned face, "this film was not only concerned with the death of a lion and a rhinoceros. It had another fatality—the death of a well-known hunter."

"You mean Tom Clifford," nodded the film manager. "A sad affair, that. Badly mauled by a lion, wasn't he ?"

"So your extensive publicity of this film *Wild Parade* says," added the young man grimly. "Tom Clifford happened to be a great friend of mine in Kenya. A better hunter and cameraman didn't exist. And as the affair happened on my territory, near the Abyssinian border, a message was flashed to me from Nairobi. I trekked across country to verify facts."

"I'm sure no one was more distressed than Max Murren, the leader of this film expedition," sighed the Wardour Street man. "Believe me, when he returned from Africa and walked into this office he was in tears when he told me about the fatality. A good fellow, Max Murren."

"And so was Tom Clifford," said the young man. "Moreover, I'm certain there wasn't a lion in Africa that could ever get its claws into that big-game hunter."

"Maybe. But it's the thousand to one chance that gets us all in the end. Now, do I look the sort of fellow that would get lumbago ? Yet I can assure you that for the past three weeks I've been suffering cruelly and . . ."

"At what time this afternoon will the private view of the film be held ?" broke in the sun-tanned man.

Julius Saxiss looked pained.

"At three o'clock. But I'll just make certain."

He spoke into a desk telephone.

"Send Baker in to me."

Then, with a sigh of the worried man of big business, he turned again to his visitor.

"But you say, Captain . . . er . . ." (he looked at the card on his desk) " . . . Marchmont, that you personally investigated this sad affair ?"

Again the District Officer nodded.

"I arrived on the scene three weeks after the film expedition had left for the coast. Yes, I found Tom Clifford's grave."

"Terribly sad," said the film man.

"Sad," echoed Joe in the frock coat.

"I also talked with the natives," went on Captain Marchmont. "Fine fellows, generally, but a little spoilt for the moment by the Birmingham trash which the film expedition had lavished upon them."

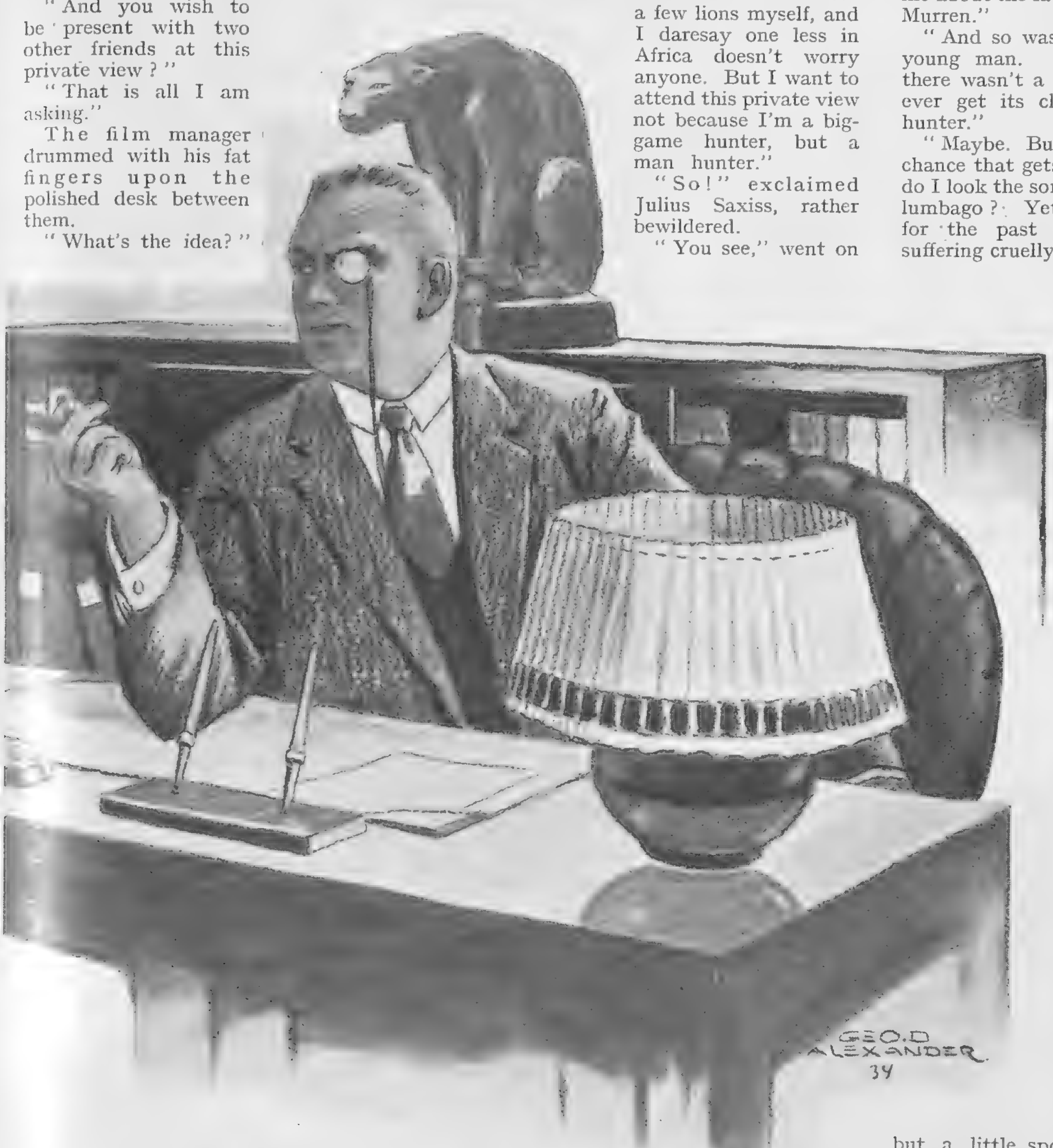
"Max Murren and my company never stint expense," said the film man proudly.

"So I gathered," said the District Officer drily. "But in the three days I spent in their village I discovered some interesting things. For example——"

The door of the office opened. A shirt-sleeved individual stood there.

"You sent for me, Mr. Saxiss ?"

"Come in, Baker," said the film man genially. "This is our project expert," he explained to Marchmont. "He'll be running off the film this afternoon." He turned to the shirt-sleeved individual. "Everything O.K. with *Wild Parade*, Baker ?"



"O.K., Mr. Saxiss."

"What time is the private view fixed for?"

"Three o'clock prompt, Mr. Saxiss."

"And who will be present?"

"I can tell you that, boss," broke in the Assistant Manager. "Apart from ourselves, and, of course, Max Murren, the director, there will only be Sheila Lane."

"So Sheila is coming, after all," nodded the film man genially. "Glad to hear it." Once again he explained to the District Officer. "Sheila Lane is one of our baby stars. This film *Wild Parade* was her first big part. She had a bad time in the jungle after Tom Clifford's death. She seemed to go to pieces. She's been in hospital—fever and such-like—ever since she came back from Africa."

"So Sheila Lane is the beautiful blonde I heard so much about," mused Captain Marchmont aloud.

"She isn't really a blonde," chuckled Julius Saxiss. "We made her one for this picture. One must have a blonde among black men. Ask Joe, here."

"Sure."

"Since she's been in hospital Sheila has become a brunette again. I think you'll like her, Captain Marchmont."

"I would certainly like to meet her," nodded the District Officer. "Then I may take it I can see the private view?"

"Well, if it interests you," smiled the film man genially.

"And my two friends?"

"If you can vouch for them. We've got to be careful of trade spies, you know."

It was the District Officer's turn to chuckle.

"I think I can vouch for them," he said.

"Then we'll call it a date," said the film man briskly. "Meet here at a quarter to three. Maybe you would like a little talk with Max Murren."

"I certainly would."

"Much in common, eh?"

And with a chuckle Julius Saxiss dismissed them all.

Only outside that lavishly decorated office did Captain Marchmont reveal his interest in the shirt-sleeved man who was to project the film.

"Baker," he said quietly, "I've half an hour to spare and I'm tremendously interested in picture projection. Got a little set of my own, you know, in Nairobi. Now I would like to see one of your five-thousand-dollar Wardour Street projectors."

"You would?" said the shirt-sleeved man enthusiastically. "Come along, sir, I'll show you a beauty."

IT was a vivacious little group in that Wardour Street office that turned round as Captain Marchmont and his two friends were announced at a quarter to three.

Joe, in his frock coat, was dispensing cocktails, and the two ordinary-looking men who accompanied the District Officer promptly faded into his vicinity, leaving Captain Marchmont to be introduced to a slim, beautiful girl, Sheila Lane, and a big pepper-suited man, Max Murren.

"I've heard a lot about you, Miss Lane," smiled Marchmont, taking her hand.

"From film fans?" she asked, raising her white face from beneath a big grey hat.

He shook his head.

"No, from black men," he replied. "I heard your beauty discussed in every kraal of my area in Northern Kenya. They call you the 'White Lily of the Jungle.'"

"Nice of them," she said, with a little shiver, turning away.

"D'you hear that, Joe?" cried Julius Saxiss, his fat face wreathed in smiles. "'The White Lily of the Jungle.' There's a good publicity angle for you!"

"Sure," nodded Joe, his eyes on an array of bottles.

"But, of course, I heard about you, Captain Marchmont," broke in the gruff Teuton voice of Max Murren. "I was so sorry that we did not meet in Kenya. But I was told you were away on your duties, six hundred miles distant."

"I also was sorry we did not meet," nodded Marchmont. "Very sorry indeed."

"Still, better late than never, *hein?*"

"As you say, better late than never."

"A cocktail, Captain Marchmont?" interposed Julius Saxiss. "We like to launch our pictures well, you know," he added with a chuckle.

"Sparing no expense?" grinned the District Officer.

With a waggish wave of a fat forefinger, the film manager hurried back to the bottles.

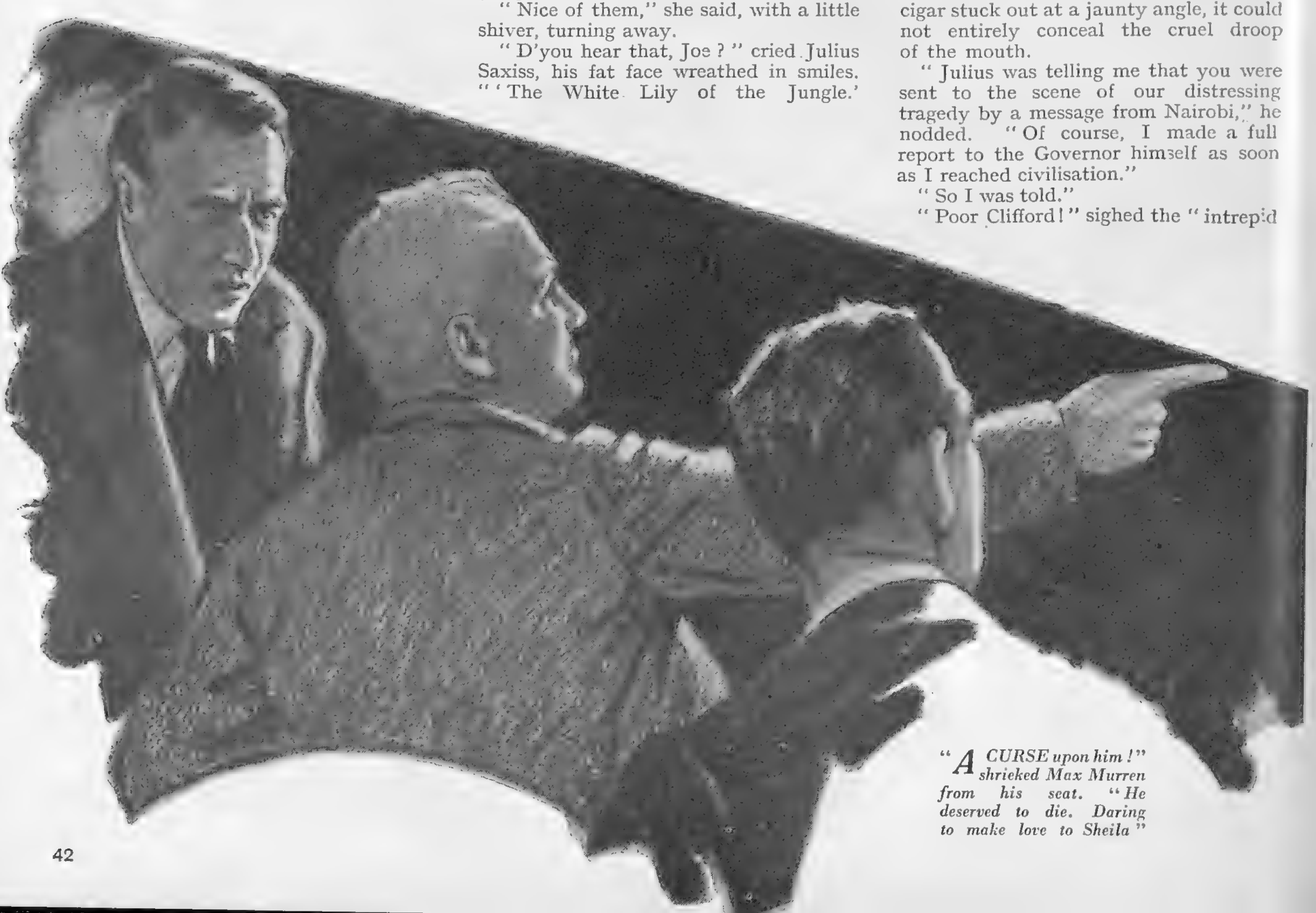
Max Murren, drawing himself up, buttoned the pepper-coloured coat over his fattening girth. The District Officer knew him as a man who had exploited Africa with a cinema camera. He had heard those gruff, Teuton tones bellowing the excitements of big-game hunting through more than one talkie film. These film flamboyancies appealed to the town-bred audiences which had never seen a lion except in an atmosphere of sawdust and steel bars. They knew that Max Murren would give them their money's worth in blood and excitement

"The most intrepid hunter with a camera of modern times" was how they billed Max Murren. And now the District Officer was meeting the owner of that gruff voice. Steel blue eyes, a high forehead, fair hair *en brosse*, and, for party occasions, a monocle clamped against his red face. But although an expensive cigar stuck out at a jaunty angle, it could not entirely conceal the cruel droop of the mouth.

"Julius was telling me that you were sent to the scene of our distressing tragedy by a message from Nairobi," he nodded. "Of course, I made a full report to the Governor himself as soon as I reached civilisation."

"So I was told."

"Poor Clifford!" sighed the "intrepid



"A CURSE upon him!" shrieked Max Murren from his seat. "He deserved to die. Daring to make love to Sheila"

hunter." "He was a man in a thousand. A great loss to our expedition, Captain Marchmont."

"A great loss to Africa," was the reply.

"I would have liked to have stayed there and talked with you on your arrival," went on Max Murren. "But, alas! I was not my own master. The picture was practically finished, and to keep to my contract I had to hurry to the coast. Sheila, too, was in a bad state of health. I did the best I could for poor Clifford. We buried him decently."

"Yes, I saw his grave."

"I wish Clifford had never left the camp that morning," said Murren. "It must have been before dawn that he opened the flap of my tent and called out that he was going into the bush to photograph some lion. I was very drowsy, grunted out something, and let him go. Later, I had breakfast, and went out myself."

"With a camera?" asked Marchmont.

The monocle glittered at him.

"No, with a rifle. I wanted to shoot something for the pot. The 'boys' had been complaining of a lack of fresh meat."

"I understand."

"Well, I came back about lunch time. Clifford had not returned. Apparently he was still out in the bush. I developed a few films in the afternoon. At dinner time, sunset, Clifford was still away in the bush. But I was not seriously concerned. After all, a night in the bush was nothing to Tom Clifford."

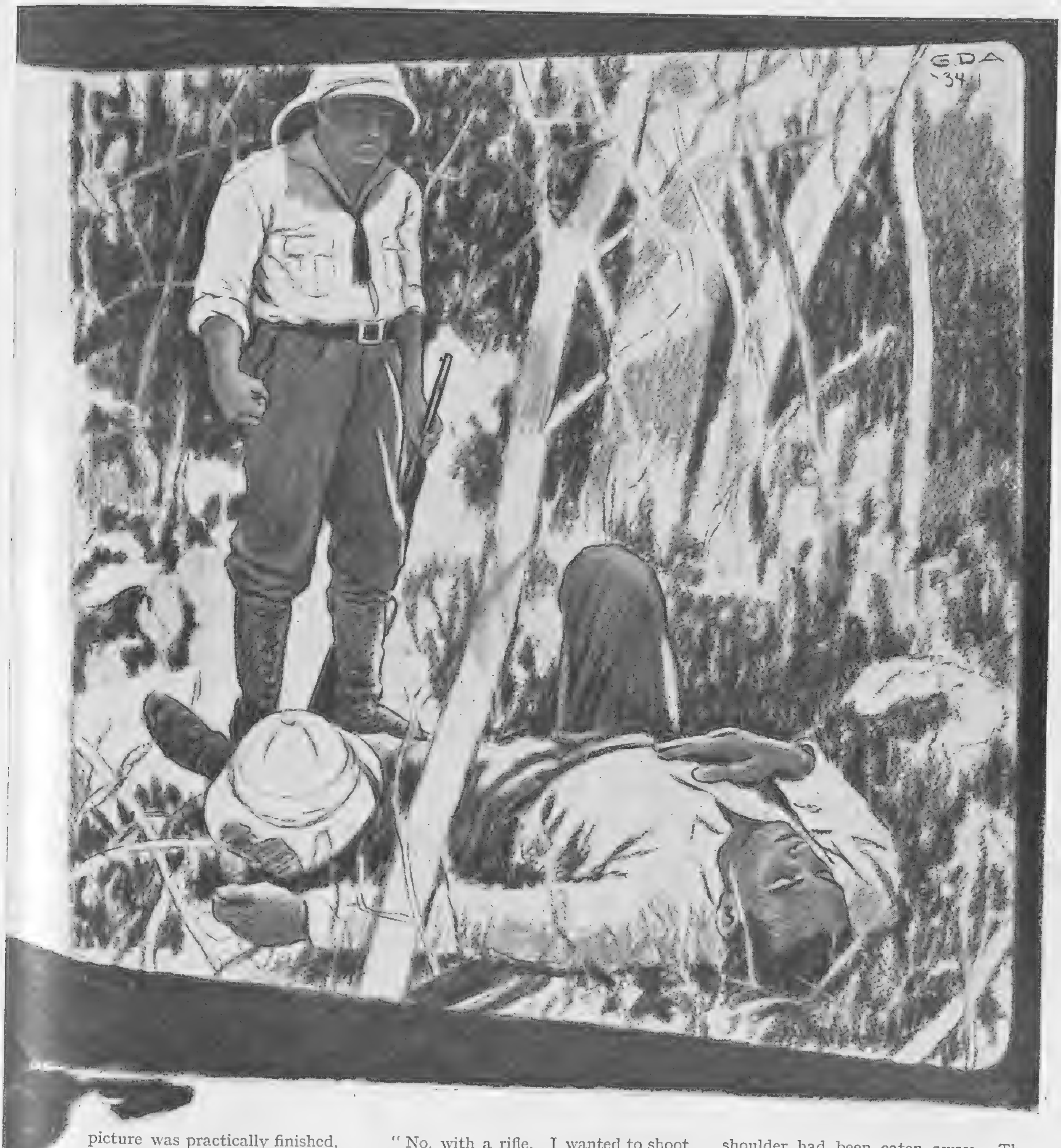
"Nothing at all."

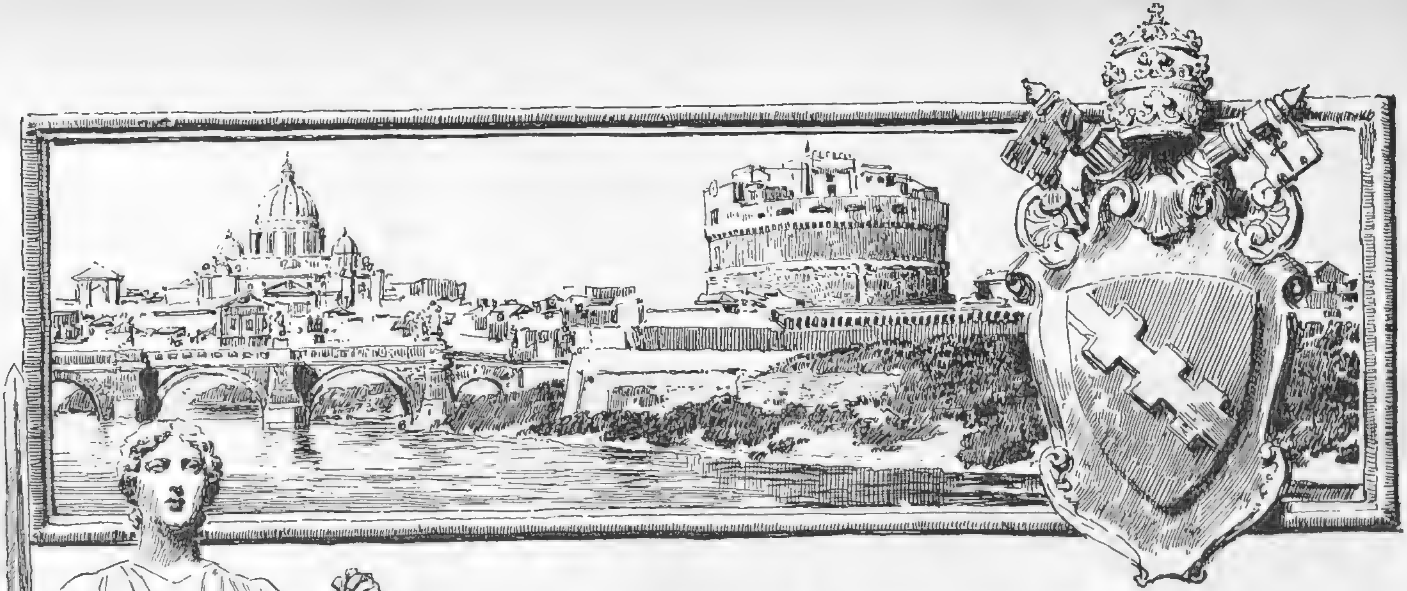
"But the next day, when he was still missing, I went out with a party of 'boys' to search for him. Well, you know what we found. Poor Tom Clifford was lying in a clearing, dead. Half his shoulder had been eaten away. There were claw marks on his body. A ghastly sight!"

Sympathetically Max Murren took away his monocle and polished it. The steely blue eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Oh, why talk about the horrible business?" shrilled a voice.

Both men turned. Sheila Lane was standing there, (*Continued on page* 104)





Old Tales Retold

Written and Illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

BEATRICE CENCI

Victim—Murderess—Heroine

A Tale of Papal Injustice and Parental Iniquity

ROME was the stage where this memorable trial took place. Rome . . .

Rome of the XVI century, in the heyday of Renaissance brilliance. A succession of ruling Popes—rather rulers than Popes—had protected the immortal artists whose talents had embellished mediæval Rome with an extravagance that rivalled the Rome of the Cæsars. The social life of the aristocracy, the high, fell deeds of the knights, had, with the influx of the new wealth, become a mad paradox, which, unfailingly as pride, is forerunner to a fall.

There was never sufficient money to glut the greed of those in power. Justice, vested largely in the hands of the Church, was relentless—towards the poor. Elastic as ever under pressure, her blindfold eyes saw obliquely: her level scales tipped at touch of a golden coin.

If a man were rich or an aristocrat (usually the two terms were synonymous) he could laugh at the courts; his birth or his gold would quash a sentence, if it did not reverse a verdict inevitable on the facts.

At a distance of about 15 centuries (if one can believe in reincarnation) Caligula, monster of Classic Decadent Rome, was reborn in the Renaissance.

His name was Francesco Cenci . . . son of the unscrupulous Cristoforo Cenci, who had amassed tremendous wealth.

Almost since childhood Francesco's life of dissipation and depravity was as notorious as his brilliant intelligence was famous.

He intimidated everyone with whom he came in contact. He cared not a fig for public opinion. He had waxed fantastically bold. He had succeeded in creating the conviction in everyone that it were wiser to serve—or indulge—than to oppose him.

The facility with which he squandered his fortune attracted a band of courtiers—velvet-clad bandits—around him: a lawless, licentious herd ready to support him in every enterprise no matter how morally depraved, how legally criminal. He had not only thrown to the dogs every rule of decent living, but had conceived the most unnatural enmity for his own family: not only was he a debauchee quantitatively transcending the normal, but qualitatively he was a pervert obsessed with a passionate cruelty directed against those he should have loved: the second wife of his own bed, the children of his own seed.

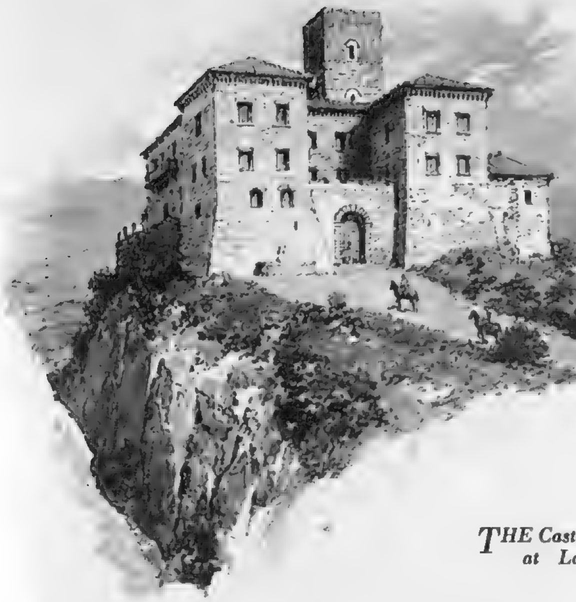
THREE of his grown-up sons had been sent to a Spanish university. There, penniless, he abandoned them, until at last they were, owing to lack of means, forced to return.

His house had become a den where orgies were carried out, while his wife and children were shut in their own apartments for weeks on end—orgies so fantastic in their more than Neronic horror that they not only cannot be described, but I hope, having read of them, cannot even be imagined by decent folk.

Often Justice closed on him with her iron claws, but he forced them apart with a lever of gold and slipped away unscathed. Once, however, the bribe was not effective—through the momentary poverty of the criminal or the inviolate honesty of the judge—and he was flung into prison.

Taking advantage of this heaven-sent opportunity, his tortured family sent a petition to the Pope Clement VIII (Aldobrandini), a petition backed by the most brilliant names in Rome, asking His Holiness to intervene and protect the unhappy family from the excesses of that monster.

But the " justice " of the Vatican found a plausible, technical pretext to unbar the cage and let loose again the ravening beast.



THE Castle of Cenci at La Petrella

AMONG the children of Francesco Cenci burned one gem, a pearl of beauty, a diamond of intelligence—Beatrice.

She was fifteen years old, but an Italian fifteen, a Renaissance fifteen—full-grown to the stature of luxuriant womanhood. Her shining eyes, the splendour of her golden hair made her the toast of Rome.

Her beauty and the strength of her character might—and should—have made of Beatrice one of those conquering personalities of her epoch during which everything that was beautiful, in paint, in word, in marble, or in thought, has remained imperishable.

But the tyranny of Francesco was relentless in isolating his unfortunate family: partly to conceal the horror of his action and intention, partly to immunise them from the few hands that dared to stretch out to them in succour or sympathy. The faithful few came in secrecy to their rooms in the palace: their very correspondence was clandestine.

Revolting examples of dishonesty and immorality distorted the minds of the boys and led them inevitably towards libertinism. The distrust and contempt between father and sons degenerated into a sordid sequel of quarrels and legal actions. Each separate occasion as it arose seemed to transcend its predecessor and stand as the climax to the cataract of horror that was the life of the Cencis, but there was always worse to come.

From February to June of 1594 Cenci was submitted to a trial for unnatural vice.

Corrado Ricci, repeating the particulars from the authentic records, says:

"How to repeat here what he said and what the other witnesses confirmed? How set down the record of the unspeakable actions which Cenci had not only committed, but committed without any attempt at concealment, in his own house, and with the full knowledge of the servants and of his own sons, still but boys?

This much is certain: he had abandoned himself to the most unchecked and bestial acts of lust—with low women (among others, with the well-known Maria of Spoleto), with filthy ragamuffins of the street, and with the lower servants of his own household.

Our repugnance for this beast and his obscenities is such that during the reading and transcription of the trial, sheer disgust has several times interrupted the task; we have been induced to resume it only through our sense of the high duty of an historian."

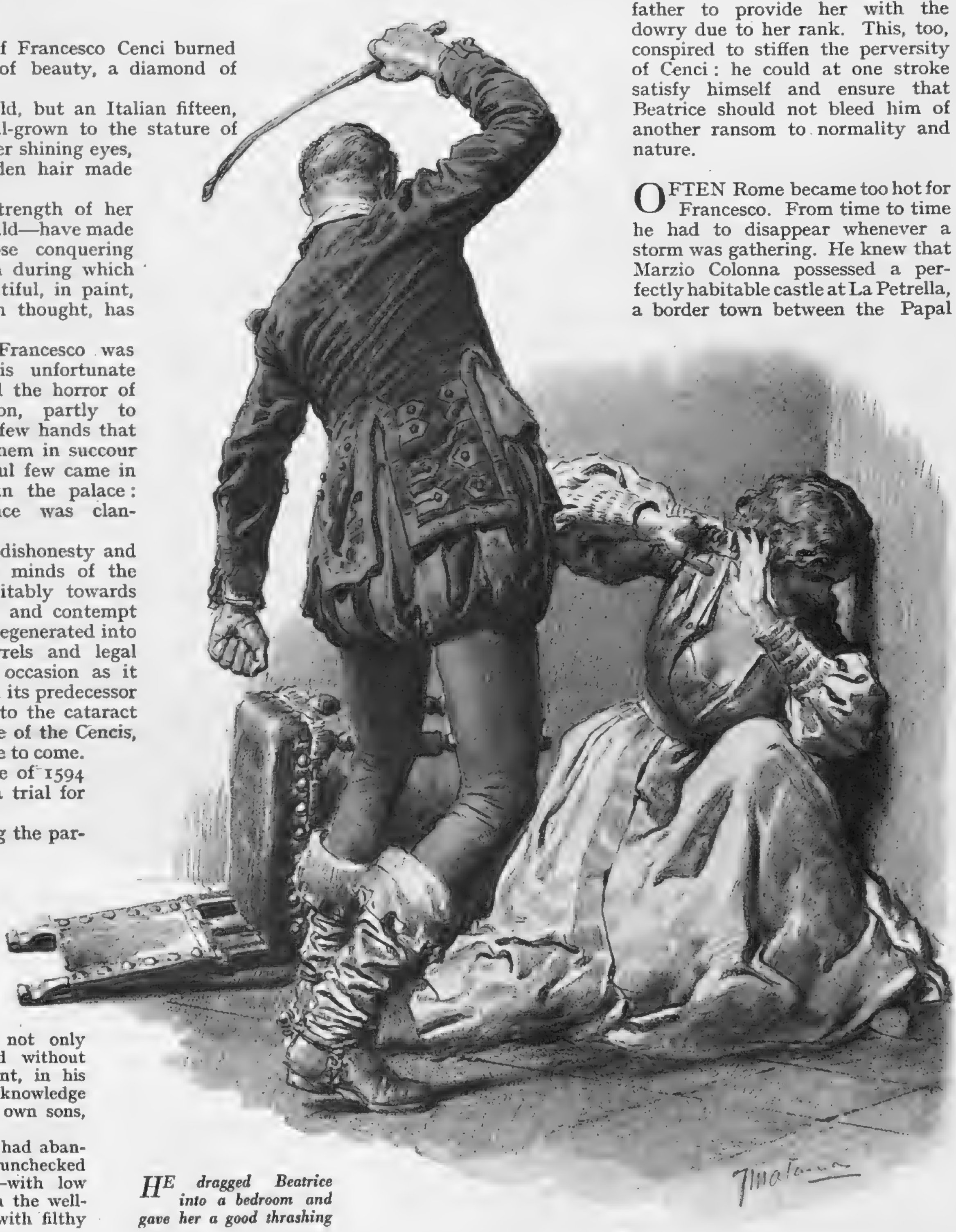
Further petitions, denunciations and pleas for protection poured into the Pope. The beautiful Beatrice sent an appeal to His Holiness imploring him to have her taken away from that house, through the means of a mortal marriage, that immortal wedlock symbolised by the Convent. For a girl with the blood of the Cenci in her veins, such a request shows to what depths of desperation Beatrice had been depressed.

Again, despite the fact that these petitions were endorsed by nobles and notables, they reached the Vatican only to die away, not only unanswered but even unacknowledged: and, to crown the cup of infamy, the signatories were all brought to the notice of Francesco, whose cruelty to that hellish household intensified to monstrosity.

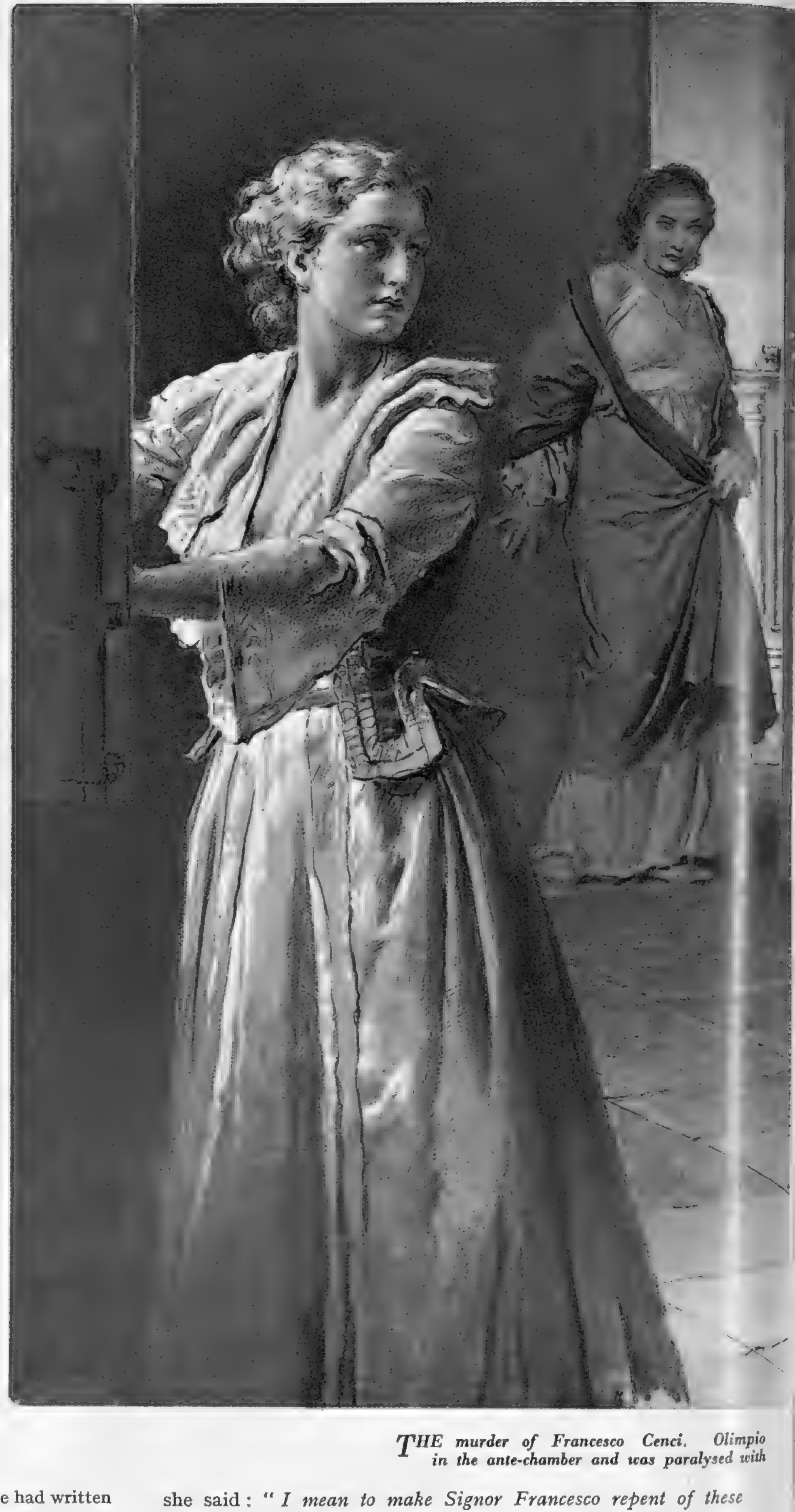
WHENEVER it was possible, Monsignor Guerra, an old friend of the family, with the help of one Marzio, a servant who loved his mistresses, crept into the palace of Cenci to behold, at every visit, the high spirit of Beatrice one degree less exalted.

Through heroic efforts, the little faction succeeded in extricating from the grip of Francesco Beatrice's elder sister. She was married. The Pope compelled her father to provide her with the dowry due to her rank. This, too, conspired to stiffen the perversity of Cenci: he could at one stroke satisfy himself and ensure that Beatrice should not bleed him of another ransom to normality and nature.

OFTEN Rome became too hot for Francesco. From time to time he had to disappear whenever a storm was gathering. He knew that Marzio Colonna possessed a perfectly habitable castle at La Petrella, a border town between the Papal



HE dragged Beatrice into a bedroom and gave her a good thrashing



THE murder of Francesco Cenci. Olimpio in the ante-chamber and was paralysed with

States and the Kingdom of Naples. He managed to secure this refuge on the excuse of a pleasure trip for him and his family.

So, in April, 1595, Francesco Cenci, Lucrezia, his wife, and Beatrice, left on horseback for La Petrella.

Destiny, on a sable steed, led the way.

The castle was built on the top of a rock towering above the little town. It was an old fortification. It contained sumptuous apartments. It was completely unapproachable from three sides, owing to deep ravines.

The road that led to it was a succession of steep ascents; of torrents and rivulets to be forded; of woodlands tangled with thorn and underbrush.

The fortress was in the middle of a great amphitheatre, ringed with peaks, cloven by valleys, framed like a jewel in a setting of mountain grandeur.

Unconsciously, the two hapless women, guiltless of offence, reached their prison, from which, after three and a half years, they were to go with bloodstained hands. . . .

On their arrival they were greeted by Olimpio Calvetti, castellan and seneschal of the castle, at the service of Marzio Colonna.

That day marked the fate of this Olimpio, who was to play a leading part in the tragedy to come.

He was a handsome man, tall, well-built, in the prime of life. His age was about forty-five, but he appeared much younger.

As a soldier, under Marcantonio Colonna, he had taken part in many battles during the campaigns in which Cervantes had served. His haughty, impulsive nature had involved him in a series of escapades from the consequences of which the protection of his master had invariably preserved him.

Always well-dressed, he maintained his position of castellan with dignity. His prompt energy and dogged resolution made him an efficient defender of all that was entrusted to his care.

What the women thought was going to be a short holiday became, for them, a perpetual prison. Francesco not only refused to take them back to Rome; he took every precaution that they should not escape. The position was not improved by his few temporary absences: the servants, terrorised by their master, faithfully executed his orders while he was away.

In three years Francesco Cenci visited Rome three times, and during those trips he lodged—supremest of ironies!—in monasteries lest some of his many enemies should poison him.

He stayed away from La Petrella altogether for twenty months.

The way in which he spent the rest of the time might be better described by the authentic evidence given later: by the servants who shared the unhappy lives of their mistresses.

One of them, Girolama, recounted what happened after Francesco had intercepted a letter sent to Rome by Beatrice. The servant, Marzio, was the messenger, who was thrust in gaol for his share in the disobedience. Girolama says:

> "Signor Francesco did this: he took a bull-pizzle which he had there. He dragged Signora Beatrice into a bedroom. He gave her a good thrashing with that fine bull-pizzle, saying to her that she had written to Rome and also sent a petition.
>
> "Signora Beatrice denied it.
>
> "He kept her shut up in that bedroom for two or three days. He himself brought her food. He would open the door of the bedroom, and put it on the floor, and he would go away at his good will.
>
> "The food was a little bread and a little wine."

The thrashing had been so severe that, while she was defending herself, she put up her hands. The whip caught the tip of the little finger and tore off the nail and part of the flesh.

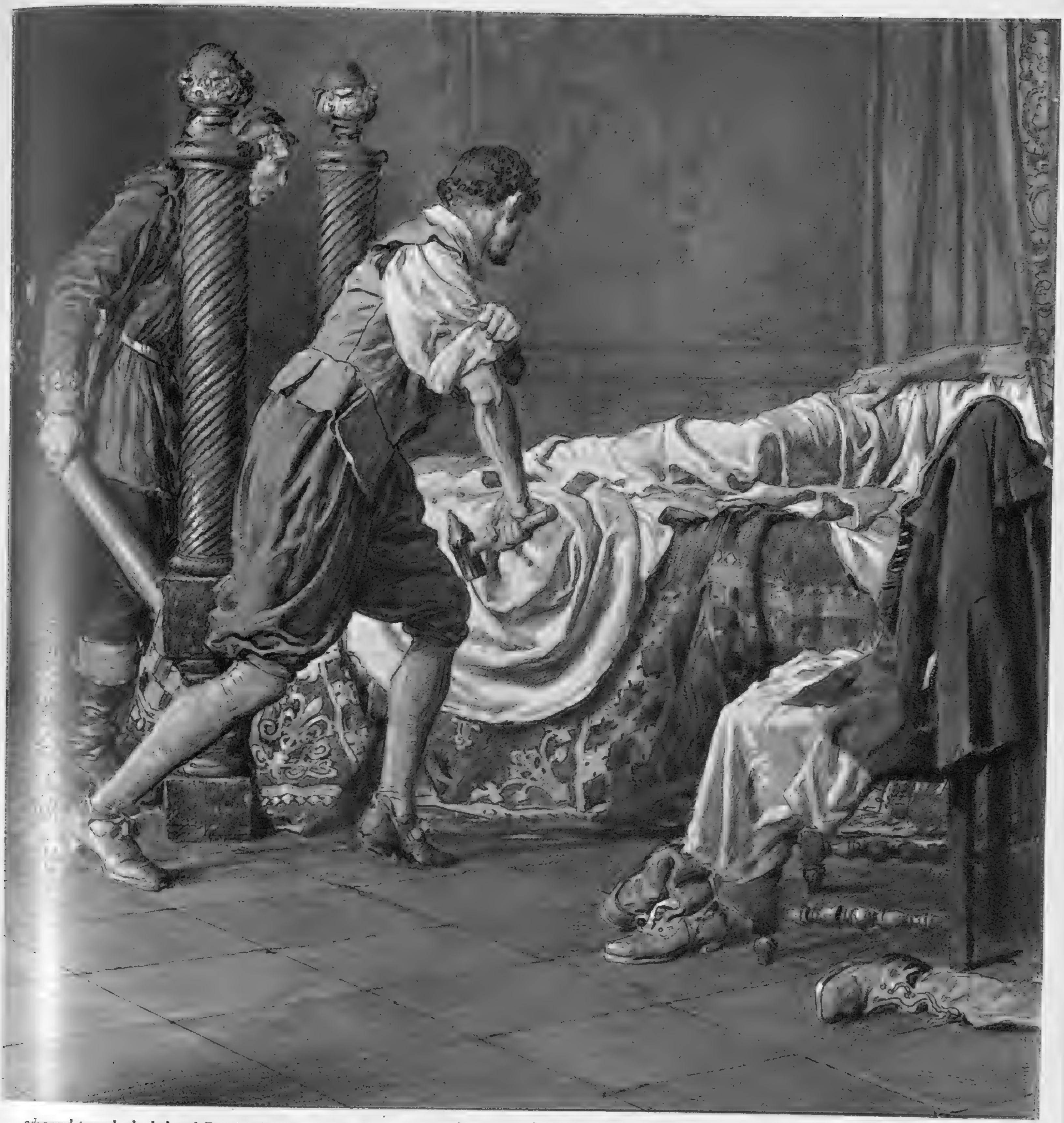
Beatrice's only fault had been to ask to be taken away from that dreary solitude, to be married, or shut in a nunnery. Raw and aching from the blows dealt her, seeing no way out, vengeance began to dawn in her tortured mind.

When she was allowed to join her powerless stepmother, she said: "*I mean to make Signor Francesco repent of these blows he has given me.*"

Those words, pronounced by one of the Cenci, could easily prove to be—as, indeed, they became—sentence of death.

In addition to the unprintable description of Cenci's mode of life, his promiscuity, the humiliating, degrading services shamelessly imposed on all, including Beatrice, Calidonia, another servant-deponent, adds:

> "I left the service of Signor Francesco because of the very great cruelty and evil he did me. I could never get a penny of my wages until the last day when I left. It was a shocking thing to see me: all my clothes were torn and my flesh indecently showing. I was going naked and unshod.
>
> "When I was cold owing to my nakedness, he said: 'There is a fire there, you can get warm.'
>
> "And for that I swore that I would never work for gentlemen again.'



advanced towards the bed and Beatrice flung wide the casement to give more light. Lucrezia remained terrified. They heard the old man roaring, "Hola! What is this?" Then furious blows, then silence

These declarations were fully corroborated by the statement of Girolama. She said:

"On Christmas Day I said that I wanted to leave for good. But I had to draw lots to see if I should leave first or my companion, Calidonia, who went about naked and her shame uncovered. It was winter, and the cold was great.

"There was nothing left for him to do but to kill me and to have me robbed on the journey of the money he had given me, after all the evil treatment he had done to me while I was there.

"I was set free and set out for Rome, when this Signor Francesco leaned out of the window of the castle and shouted: 'Hola! My women are going away and carrying money!'

"This he did because the village was full of bandits, so that they could rob me on the road and murder me."

* * *

Human souls always need to react in one way or another against misery. Beatrice needed a friend. Olimpio had constantly offered that friendship with glances of his piercing eyes. Difficulties and restrictions were, as they have always been, quite powerless against the love that was growing stronger every day in Olimpio's heart.

Soon his resourcefulness found a way of reaching Beatrice's window. He would disappear into the room unseen by anyone outside. He succeeded even in escaping the vigilance of his wife, who also resided in the castle. If there were any who discovered their secret, no word was ever mentioned: a kindly human tolerance veiled the liaison.

Beatrice had given all that a woman can give, and had gained in exchange a complete power over the will of her lover.

In Olimpio's heart two conflicting emotions began to assume gigantic proportions—love for Beatrice and the hatred for her father. . . . What must he have felt when, one evening, Cenci flung Lucrezia out of her bedroom and pulled Beatrice in? A shudder of horror convulsed those who remained outside. Terror mastered their tongues—but not their memories.

This was the ultimate iniquity. It removed any hesitation from Beatrice's mind and precipitated the conspiracy to which Olimpio's mind and mood were already attuned.

Beatrice's first project for having her father put out of the way was to have him fall in the hands of bandits by inducing him, through a forged letter, to leave the castle.

TWO circumstances encouraged this idea: one, that a numerous band of outlaws was stationed in the vicinity; another, that their servant, Marzio Catalano, was on good terms with them.

But, after some useless pourparlers between the parties, the plan fell through, for reasons still unknown.

A confession later obtained under torture from Marzio runs as follows:

> "Signora Beatrice wished to get her father killed. She said that in no wise would she any longer lead her hideous life. So she began to treat with Olimpio Calvetti to kill her father or to have him killed."

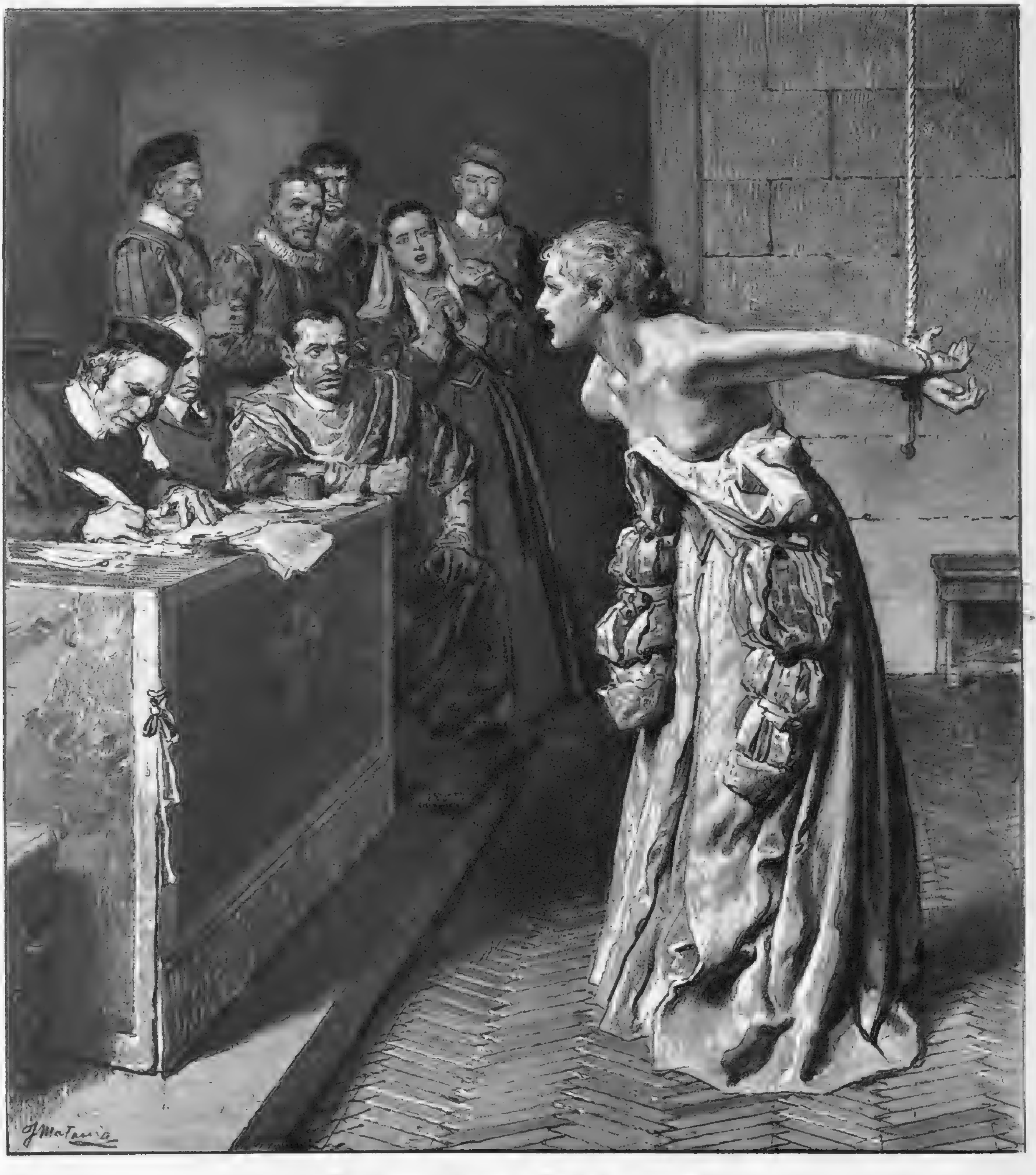
Later he adds:

> "Olimpio told me that he would sooner commit any murder than lose the love of Signora Beatrice."

A few days after the failure of the first plan, a serious and unexpected complication supervened. Olimpio Calvetti received an order from Marzio Colonna which Francesco Cenci made no secret of having provoked: to leave La Petrella and take up his residence in the baronial palazzo of the Colonna.

This brusque expulsion from the castle of his keeper was surely due to the discovery on the part of Francesco of the liaison between Olimpio and his daughter. If he had had any suspicion of the plot, he would not have stayed another minute at the castle.

In the meantime, Olimpio's departure was bound to deprive Beatrice of her only hope of salvation. The obsession to act quickly had poisoned everybody's mind.



THE torture of Beatrice. When the rope dislocated her beautiful arms, her attitude remained unchanged

Now, for the first time, the supreme power of Beatrice made itself apparent. With the dynamic eloquence of blent outrage and inspiration, she reviewed the cataclysms of which they had all been victims.

She bared the bruises on her white skin, scars incurred in an iniquitous defeat. She reminded them of the endless list of innocent girls who had been ruined, of the boys debauched in mind and body.

She felt that she represented the sole vengeance implored in vain by all who had shed the bitter tears of helplessness before the Cenci might. She deemed it her supreme duty to redress all the weakness of the law; to repair the impotence of society; to replace with righteousness the wickedness of the ultimate authority of the state.

She put herself above the law. She ranked herself above the Pope. She was going to strike a blow that, in her mind, was more than just.

The expulsion of Olimpio was so sudden that for the moment everything was suspended. But so frantic was the haste of Beatrice that she succeeded in sending Olimpio to Rome to confer with her brother, Giacomo, and decide with him which was the safest way to achieve the object.

Giacomo asked nothing better. His hatred of his father, which had already provoked him to dreadful threats, if not to deeds, found in the hatred of Beatrice and Olimpio a spirit kin to his own. He advised the latter to do " the business " thoroughly, since Francesco had " as many lives as a cat."

OLIMPIO was back at La Petrella provided with poison in his pouch, but Beatrice vetoed such means. Her father, justly suspicious of the world, forced his daughter and his wife to act as his " poison-tasters." They had to taste his food and wine before he risked his own life. Olimpio wanted no accomplice. He feared that the garrulous and scant-witted Catalano would divulge the secret. But the two women insisted: first, because they thought that Olimpio alone might not succeed in his attempt; second, because Catalano, already acquainted with the fell purpose, would not be so likely to speak if he were directly implicated in the crime as if he had a merely academic knowledge of the intent. Eventually Olimpio surrendered to argument. He threatened Catalano with death if he should breathe a word, and promised him extravagant rewards if he held his tongue.

Later, when Catalano tried to explain to Beatrice the enormity of the proposed crime, she replied: "That is between myself and God: no other."

In any case, Marzio, for all his good advice, agreed to participate in the crime.

On the night of September 8th the ladders which had been the stairway of love were to be the escalier of death.

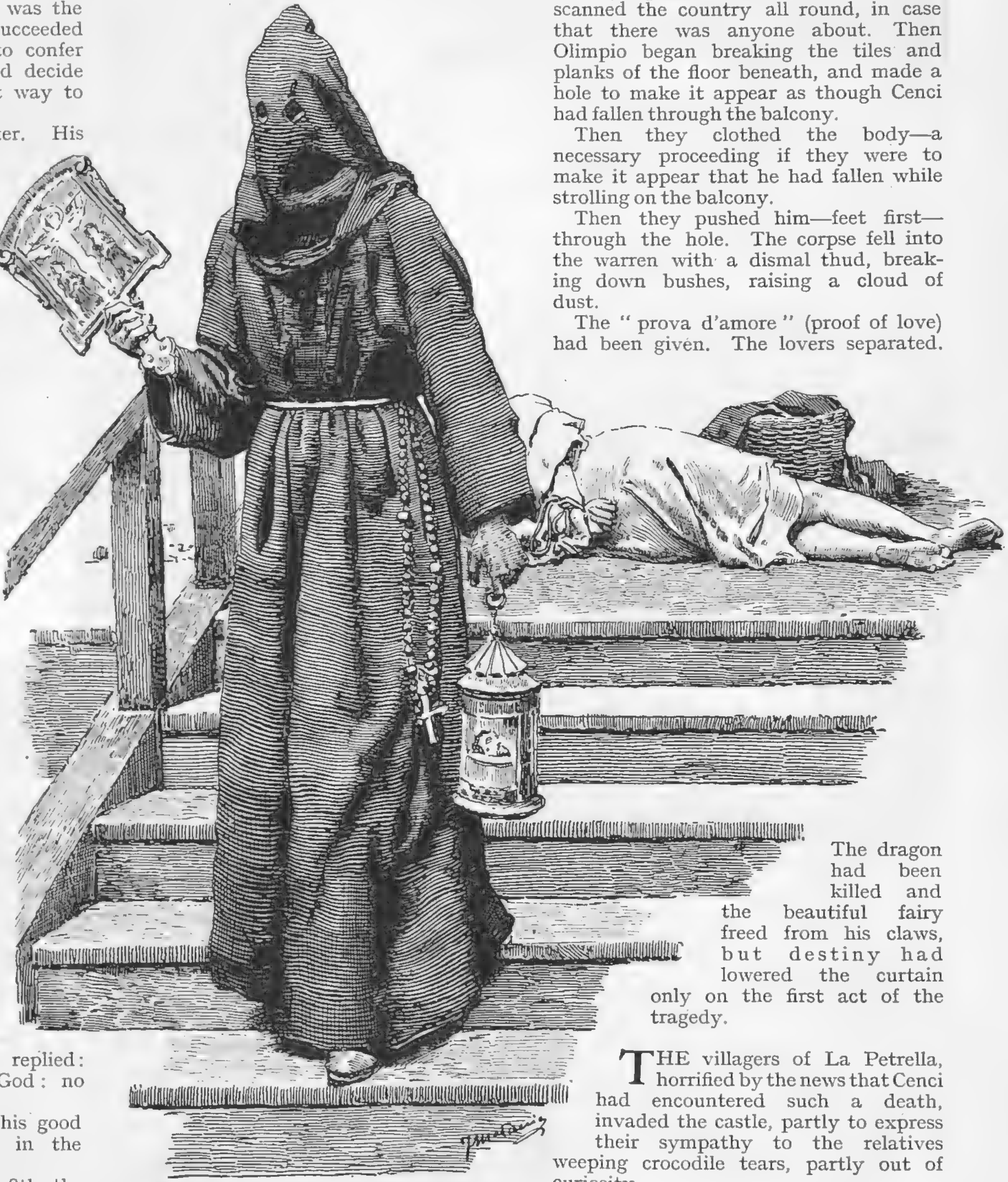
Directed and helped by Beatrice, the assassins reached the room of their victim, when a fit of coughing seized Olimpio. He withdrew and left the castle. Still coughing, he disappeared in the distance with a companion. There is no doubt that in a moment of vacillation he had resorted to that pretext.

The next day a terrible scene ensued. Beatrice went out on the Piazza. She berated her lover, heaping insults upon him, reproaching him with cowardice, telling him that he should never see her again.

In her fury, dangerous words slipped out. Olimpio was not more cautious. Oblivious of all but his terror and his rage, he addressed her in the familiar second person singular, a form of speech used only among lovers, an endearment he should have kept for their most intimate moments:

" Thou dost wish to make me do what I cannot do," he cried. " Yet if thou dost wish that I go to hell, thither will I go."

At four o'clock in the morning of the next day, Olimpio rose from his bed and knocked at the door of Marzio's house. He had made up his mind.



BEATRICE executed. Even the friar—of the order of St. John the Beheaded—who had held the Host before the dying eyes of Beatrice, crept slinking back to his cell

A few minutes later they were at Beatrice's door and knocked softly. She took some time to open. She was in bed and must dress. It was full daylight.

The three went to Francesco's room, pausing in the antechamber until Lucrezia opened the inner door. When she appeared, they did not wait, but burst in.

Olimpio knew the room well. He had spent his honeymoon in it. He advanced towards the bed. Beatrice flung wide the casement to give more light, then rushed from the room. Lucrezia remained in the antechamber, and was paralysed with terror.

They heard the old man roaring " Hola, what is this ? "

Then furious blows. Then a scream.

Then silence.

Olimpio and Marzio sought the women. " It is all over," they said....

They passed the balcony. They scanned the country all round, in case that there was anyone about. Then Olimpio began breaking the tiles and planks of the floor beneath, and made a hole to make it appear as though Cenci had fallen through the balcony.

Then they clothed the body—a necessary proceeding if they were to make it appear that he had fallen while strolling on the balcony.

Then they pushed him—feet first—through the hole. The corpse fell into the warren with a dismal thud, breaking down bushes, raising a cloud of dust.

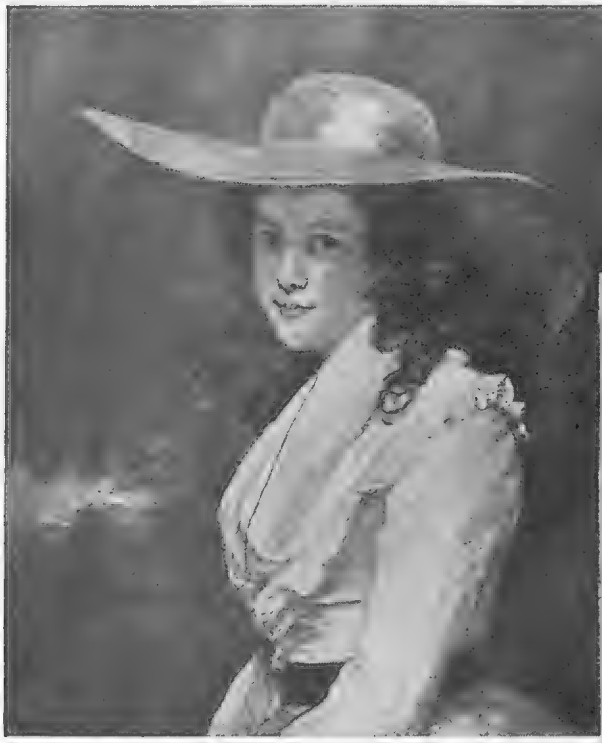
The " prova d'amore " (proof of love) had been given. The lovers separated.

The dragon had been killed and the beautiful fairy freed from his claws, but destiny had lowered the curtain only on the first act of the tragedy.

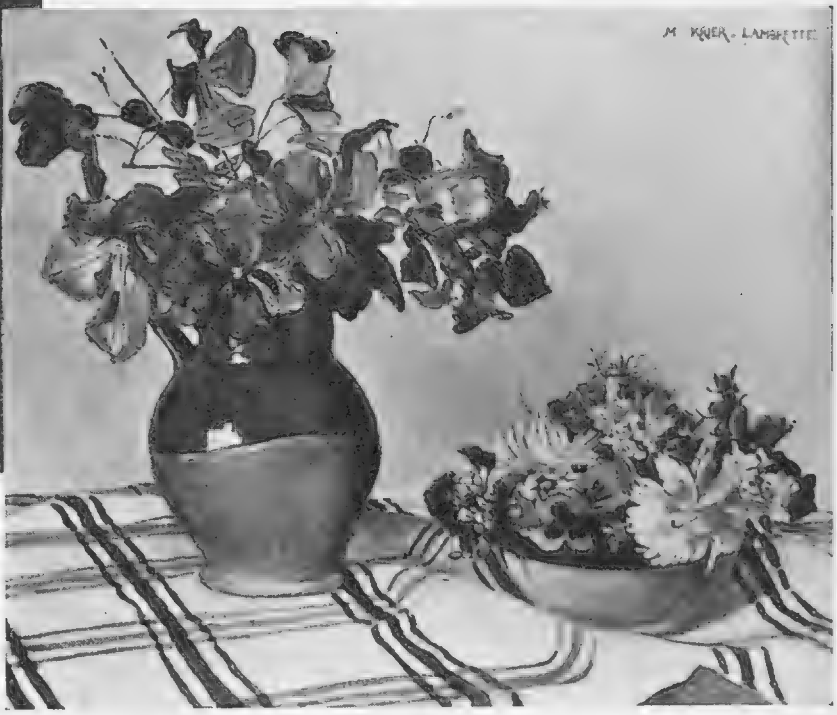
THE villagers of La Petrella, horrified by the news that Cenci had encountered such a death, invaded the castle, partly to express their sympathy to the relatives weeping crocodile tears, partly out of curiosity.

The crime had been committed in haste; and everything done to obliterate the traces had (*Continued on page 92*)

TESTS of



THE lady in white is posed against a background of sombre strength. Her muslin gown, the whole expression of her delicate charm, is accentuated by contrast with the setting. Rich though the colouring of this portrait is, one emphatic note of colour emerges in the blue ribbon on the hat. Light reflected in the silky texture of this ribbon dominates the whole composition of the picture

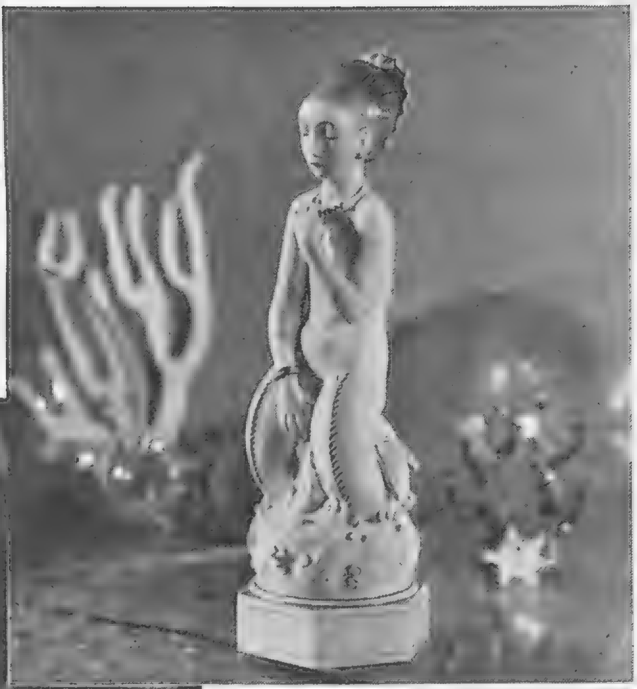


THIS very typical example of the modern school of painting has a vivacity largely centred in the interpretation of light falling upon a slightly disorderly group of homely objects. The white tablecloth has a bold check design of sombre blue, and the flowers, carelessly arranged in the pitcher, mingle their tones of blue, green and purple against a background of light. Pictures by courtesy of Liberty

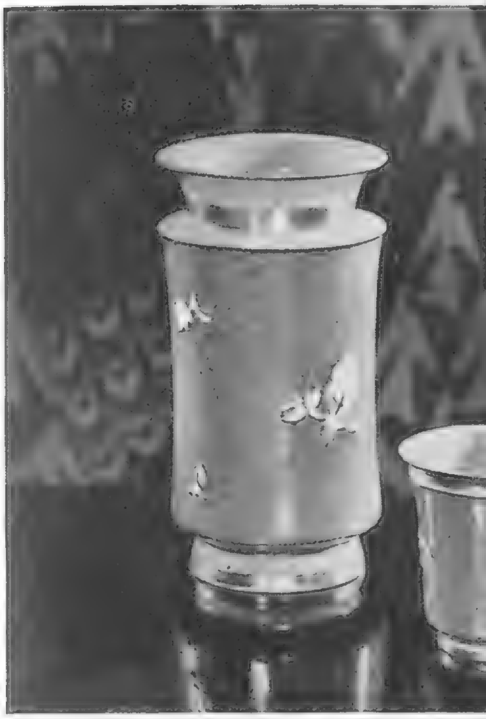
SILVER for the table, while serving an eminently practical purpose, has always provided the ideal medium for decorative craftsmanship. In this pictured example of the modern silversmith's art the modern taste for "form" without extraneous ornamentation is expressed. The second example in this group is also modern, though not so advanced in conception as the group above. Both are such as one meets with in the average home and represent those important details which signify the consistent good taste, or otherwise, of the owner. Silver by courtesy of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

TASTE

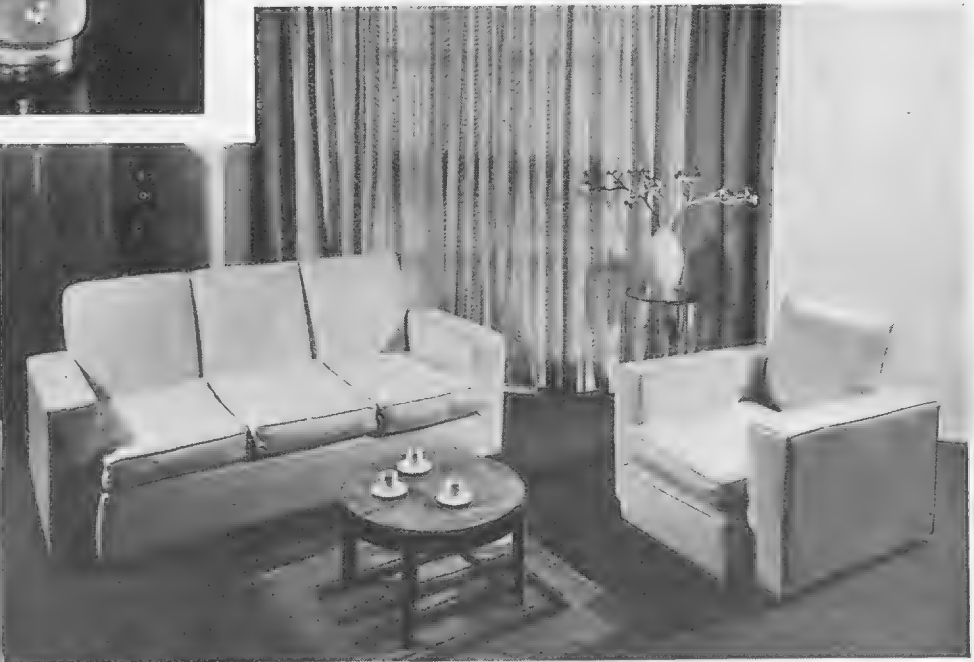
HERE, in groups of two, are some specimens of decorative craftsmanship. It may amuse you to make a choice from each group of the object which, of the two, appeals most to your sense of taste in design, craftsmanship and artistic effect. Then turn to page 119 and compare your decision with that of the expert who has also given his opinion



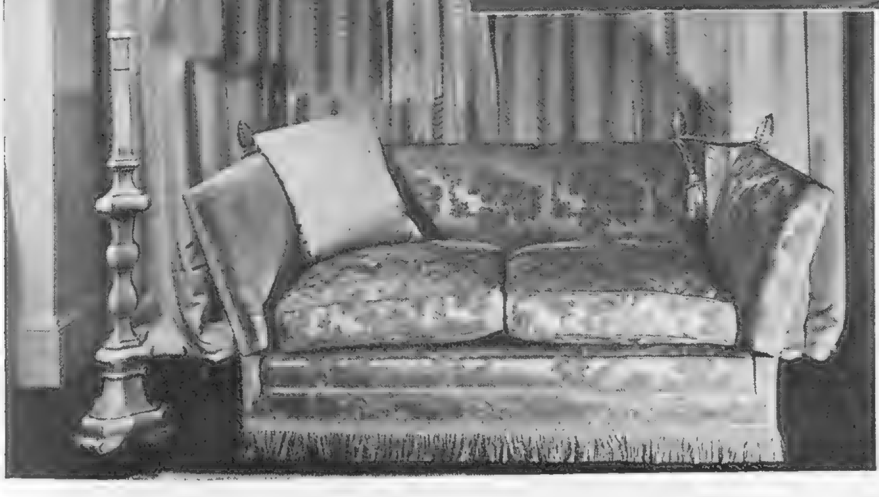
" ORNAMENTS " in the old sense are with us no more, but the object of real æsthetic beauty, either of glass, porcelain, silver or any other medium, still has an immeasurable influence in the decoration of the home. Here is a work of art in porcelain in which even the unpractised eye must recognise the hand of a true artist



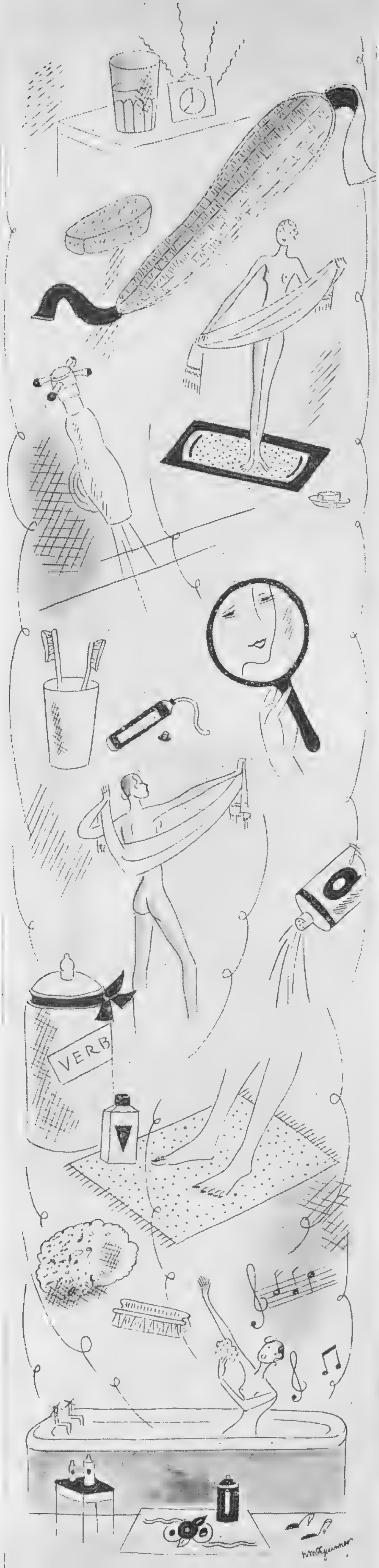
TWO rarely beautiful vases of Craquéle porcelain, displaying exquisite grace, together with perfect form and colouring. The porcelain figure and vases are by courtesy of Royal Copenhagen Porcelain



NOW a more practical phase of decorative art, but equally demanding artistic skill—interior decorating. The room shown is decorated, according to the most modern formula, in white. White upholstery and dead-white walls. Wood of rich, red-toned mahogany and floor covering of havana brown strewn with " oatmeal " rugs



MODERN, though reminiscent of the past, this room is decorated in a shade of pale green, almost cream. Walls and window drapery are matched exactly, so also is the damask covering of the settee and the lampshade. Variety of tone is left to the play of light upon textures of varying depth. Interiors by courtesy of Waring and Gillow



Personal Hygiene

Water-ways and other means to absolute cleanliness, internal and external, which are essential to the maintenance of Health

AT first sight my title and subtitle may appear slightly offensive, a suggestion that readers are not quite clean. In point of fact few of even the most scrupulously bathed and the antiseptic addicts could be "passed" as immaculate, inside and out.

It may be only a scrap of tartar on a tooth, the unseen stain of nicotine on the membrane of the lungs, that inherited or acquired trace of uric acid in the blood which occasionally manifests itself in a twinge of pain; and even less attractive aspects of the presence of toxins and impurities in the system.

It would not do to be fanatical on the subject, but it is well to take precautions to be as free from all sources of infection as is humanly and hygienically possible. Even such small matters as those I have specified may lead to serious troubles and undermine our constitutions, sapping the joy in living which is the concomitant of health.

AN old country doctor, who had, locally, the not unjustified reputation of being a healer, once told me that no one was really clean unless he cleansed from the inside outwards, and that the labourer who earned his living by the sweat of his brow—and his back—was constitutionally cleaner than the sedentary worker who laved the skin of his body in hot water.

He added that a brisk rub down after a bath to stimulate the pores to action was more cleansing than the bath itself.

We all know that the famous spa treatments are all devised for the elimination of toxins and adipose tissue. The patient imbibes quantities of the "magic" waters, is bathed and hosed and rubbed and exercised to purify his system and stimulate his functions.

We cannot all afford and do not need this intensive purification, nor is it necessary if we regularly observe certain rules in our daily life and ablutions.

I recently re-read an interesting book on rheumatism by Mr. Clement Jeffery, M.A., whose personal experience and practice have given him absolute faith in the curative powers of *water*, inside and out, as well as manipulation and exercise.

We have already said that an ordinary soap and water bath is not sufficiently cleansing. But add to the water alkaline and oxygenated salts (which are comparatively inexpensive) and the water then has all the virtues of those famous spa waters.

The pores of the skin open, impurities and acid are drawn out and the dead scales of outer skin which clog them are loosened, and can and should be rubbed away with a loofah or rough towel after the bath.

The addition of eau-de-Cologne to the friction is a stimulant, which circulates the blood, closes the pores, and thus assists the natural eliminative action of the skin and increases resistance to disease, chills, and so on.

If there is any weakness or relaxation of the secretive glands, causing over-action and uncomfortable moisture, the frictions after the bath will tend to counteract this. There are excellent lotions, with tonic properties, which will check undue perspiration.

I am thinking of two lotions, one for general use, and one prepared specially to refresh and tonic the feet.

In this connection I may, perhaps, mention a really good deodorant powder that has recently become available, and has also tonic and curative properties.

Apart from these special preparations, for one's own sense of personal comfort and freshness, a dusting with a really pure and fragrant talc powder is both pleasant and salutary.

THE rest of the prescription for perfect cleanliness is simplicity itself; it is merely to drink *plenty* of water, especially at night, and in the morning and between meals.

It is of the greatest importance to keep the mouth scrupulously clean, and the gums firm and in good condition.

This does not mean merely brushing the teeth: it means frequent new toothbrushes, passing dental floss between the teeth night and morning, the choice of a good antiseptic dental cream, and one which will strengthen the gums, also the use of an antiseptic mouth wash.

It also means frequent and regular visits to the dentist.

I have not specified which of the many preparations on the market I have in mind as being, in my opinion, the most beneficial, but will be happy to do so if any readers are interested or in difficulties about their respective merits or how to obtain them.

A Woman is as Young as her Eyes

The newest eye treatment is actually the oldest, brought to England by a famous beauty specialist from Vienna

By
"Chrysis"

THESE are famous eyes. Do you recognise them as Greta Garbo's? They are beautiful, enigmatic, lustrous and—most important of all to a film star—healthy

I ONCE called eyes "the speedometers of the years," and it is painfully true that they are the first features to betray age or fatigue.

To begin with they are, perhaps, the most expressive feature; frowning, laughing, even smiling exercise muscles and cause temporary lines around the eyes which, in time, may become permanent, unless special precautions are taken, long before the horrors of deep wrinkles and sagging muscles manifest themselves.

Therefore eye treatment may be said to be the first principle in the cult of youth and beauty. But the very fineness and delicacy of the skin around the eyes, which makes it most vulnerable, calls for very special and scientific treatment and care.

Vienna, as we all know, is the birthplace of beauty culture. The beauty and *chic* of Viennese women, their wonderful complexions, figures and agelessness, were world-famed even before the war.

Theirs was a cultivated charm and beauty before we, in England, had been initiated into the rites of beauty culture as it exists to-day.

And now a beauty specialist who, for many years, has been the most famous guardian of youth and beauty in Vienna has placed her inimitable recipes and systems at the service of Englishwomen.

Her name is not a byword, but a password—to the Halls of Admiration—on the Continent, and many of her preparations, such as the revivifying strawberry mask and a marvellous vitamine cream, are unique.

I propose to deal, at the moment, with her eye treatment, firstly because it was, I believe, the original *special* eye treatment to be evolved; secondly, because of its general importance; and thirdly, because of its special and topical importance at this time of year.

During and after holidays, when one has or should have benefited by rest, sunshine and fresh air, it is often more than disappointing to find that one's eyes look definitely older than before.

There are fresh lines or puffiness beneath them and horrid little frowning lines on the brow.

The explanation is simple: in strong sunlight nearly everyone screws up the eyes protectively, or frowns, and the winds encountered travelling by road and air and sea are adverse and impoverishing in their effect.

The words that occur to me to describe this particular and marvellously effective treatment are suave and persuasive.

Its principal components are a special eye cream, an astringent lotion and herbal sachets; there is also a cleansing and soothing lotion for eye baths, while this specialist's famous muscle oil plays a helpful part in the treatment.

You have probably heard of all these things in connection with eye treatments before, but their combined efficacy lies in the nature of the preparations.

The basic theory of the treatment is to soothe and ease strain, to nourish and restore natural fats to the skin and the delicate tissues and then to tonic, brace and revitalise.

For home treatment, after removing all cosmetics, and having a refreshing eye bath, the cream, which is soluble and penetrative, is applied and gently patted in all round the eyes. In the morning you do the same again, and follow it by the application of strips of cotton wool saturated with eye astringent, which should remain on the closed eyes for five minutes.

If the eyes are inflamed, tired or puffy, sachets containing beneficial herbs and flower petals, steeped in hot water, work wonders if applied after the cream and before the astringent.

The special eye treatment at the Salon is a delight and takes only 25 minutes, although it virtually includes a facial treatment and make-up.

First, the whole face and the eyes are cleansed with a liquefying cream, allowed to stay on for a few minutes; muscle oil and eye cream are massaged with marvellously suave and deft movements into the skin, under and at the corners of the eyes, lids and brows.

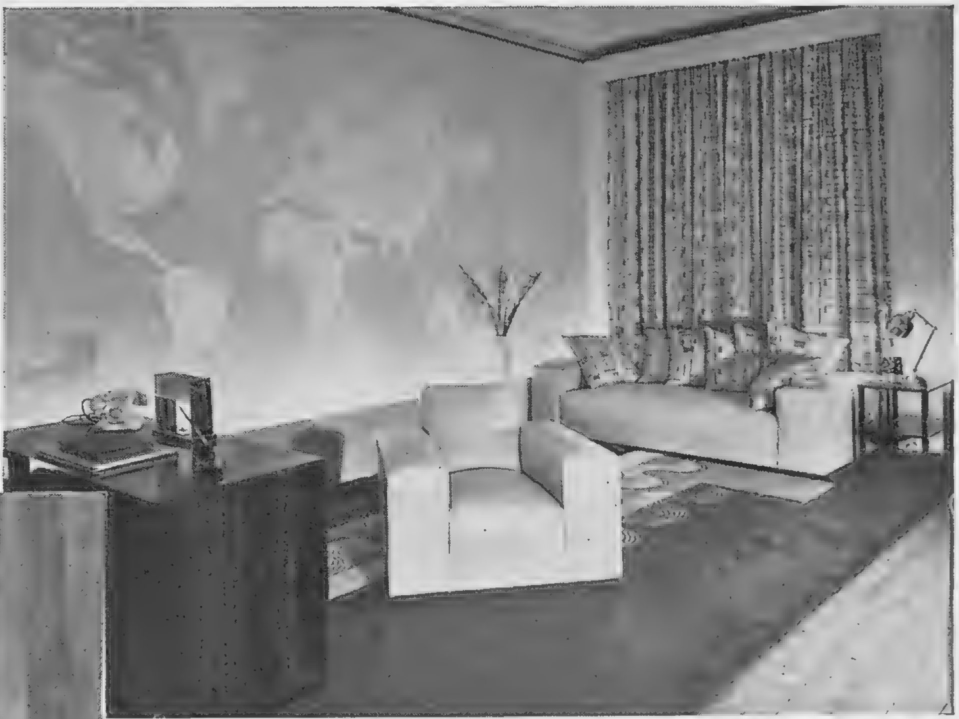
Eyes and face are covered with a mask of ice-cold, thin cotton wool, steeped, for the face, in a tonic lotion, and for the eyes in the special eye astringent. A bandage is put under the chin to hold up the face and to enhance the bracing effect of the tonics.

After wiping with tissues. the appropriate cosmetics are applied and one faces the world with a new face and bright, untired eyes.

This occasional treatment, in conjunction with the home treatment, banishes all fear of those tell-tale lines and puffs.

Light *by* NIGHT

THIS simple table lamp is chromium plated and has a parchment shade of soft pink colouring. From Ediswan



WHITE, for interior decorating, may seem a little cold, but throw some light on it and you have performed a miracle of comfort. The shaded white walls of this room with their amusing geographical decorations are floodlit by lighting diffused from wainscot level. Arundell Clarke

A GRACEFULLY symmetrical corner lamp which gently diffuses the light upon its surroundings. Although modern in form, this lamp could be quite happily introduced into any simple scheme

ONE of the most interesting things about lighting is that *bad* lighting hardly ever costs less than *good*. So, if you have been bearing with mere illumination when you might have been enjoying the comfort and decoration that lighting can confer, don't blame your pocket.

Naturally, we can't all have floodlit gardens—though this more often is because we haven't got the gardens than because we haven't got the money. It costs a few pence an hour to meet the cost of floodlighting the garden, they tell me, so unless you spend the whole night showing off in this particular way you can't spend much.

As for lighting indoors, one is truly living in the dark ages unless electricity has ceased to be a mere means of seeing one's way about and has become a really important part of the character and comfort of your house.

Those people who are still tolerating a disconsolate bulb hanging on a string from the ceiling have no idea what their rooms are missing. Careful lighting can make the dreariest room seem warm, the most uninteresting corner arresting and, believe me, it can cast a perfect glamour upon shabby furniture if you know what you are about.

It is true that elaborate systems of decorative lighting cost money (though not nearly so much as you'd think, if the work is undertaken at the time of building, or when redecorating is in progress), but by taking advantage of even the simplest lighting system much can be done towards improving the appearance of a room.

Distributed in one way, the lighting of a room may be thoroughly commonplace, in another it may easily become the means of infusing new character into the furnishing scheme.

A remote corner of the room, discreetly lighted, immediately assumes importance and increases the apparent size of the room. Three 40-watt units cost no more to run than one 100-watt unit, yet the light is more effectively distributed and the possibilities of decorative effect enhanced by more than half.

Colour-sprayed bulbs use no more current than uncoloured ones, but they perform miracles of effect and harmony in a furnishing scheme.

Take windows. When the sun falls on a charming curtain treatment its effect is much enhanced, but at night this effect is lost; so why not produce it artificially?

The cost of installing a simple lighting unit under the pelmet is not worth worrying about, but the effect of tinted lighting diffused downwards upon the drawn curtains is quite dramatic. One would only attempt this form of decoration with an important window, naturally, or when the curtain fabric is of rich texture. The play of light and shade upon velvet is interesting and beautiful, *Discusses the decorative and practical aspects of lighting in the home*

By Winifred Lewis

and the lovely variations of colour achieved by throwing a tinted light of one colour upon a fabric of another are endless.

Light-coloured walls absorb less light than dark ones, so fewer lighting units are necessary in a room with light painted or papered walls than in one which is, say, panelled in some dark wood.

Local lighting is an important addition to comfort and what an important service it renders to the sight !

Here are some quite serious statistics supplied me by experts on the subject of vision and lighting. See what they have to say to you :—

(1) The pupil of the eye becomes smaller with age. Consequently older people need more light.

(2) If your child is holding print closer than 14 inches from his face, his eyes are being strained. The remedy is eyeglasses, better lighting, or both.

(3) Sewing is generally harder on the eyes than reading—therefore much more lighting is needed for this.

(4) It takes three times as much light to read a newspaper with the same ease as it does a well-printed book.

(5) You can light a bridge party for an entire evening for half the cost of a packet of cigarettes.

(6) You can use a 60-watt lamp in a table standard for three weeks for the cost of a quarter of a pound box of chocolate.

But perhaps you'd rather have the chocolate !

IN this cheerful corner are two interesting varieties of wall lights: a modern chromium-plated floor standard and an unusually attractive table lamp. Supplied by the G.E.C.

DON'T overlook candle-power in the decorative scheme. As a table decoration this form of lighting is almost unrivalled and candleholders are full of variety too. The silver candlestick is from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

MILDLY reminiscent of a street lamp, this floor standard extends from 3 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft. 6 in. in height. It is chromium finished and sprayed with colour. The cost is 32/6 without the shade. From Best & Lloyd, Ltd.

THE charm of this homely setting is very much enhanced by clever lighting. Notice the glass-panelled sides of the recess through which light is thrown upon the shelves, also a similar arrangement over the entrance

The BUSYBODY'S *Notebook*

THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects, and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems, write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page

I'VE just reluctantly returned from a holiday that was heaven. But while enjoying myself I also picked up some useful information about various toilet matters from three women I met on the beach, and hasten to pass it on to you.

Though it was given me by outdoor women, it concerns things which *every* woman ought to know and profit by the year round.

Tip number one was supplied by Coral, who spent so much time in the water that I suspected her of being of mermaid origin.

Now I had seen her having breakfast in bed and knew that she was naturally without any colour, though most adorably tanned.

Yet there she was, in and out of the water all day long, with the most lovely glowing flush on her sunburnt cheeks and rosy, natural-looking lips.

No amount of immersion ever seemed to have the slightest ill effect on this colour, which I *knew* must be artificial. So I begged the secret from her and found she always used a wonderful rouge and lipstick which are actually beneficial to the skin and also absolutely permanent and waterproof.

Not only could she bathe, secure in the knowledge that neither sea nor sun could alter her appearance, but she could also enjoy hot or cold drinks or satisfy a healthy appetite without having to use a lipstick immediately afterwards.

And almost best of all, as the colour was so completely natural, she always looked "just right" either on the beach at midday or on the dance floor at night.

MY next bit of treasure trove I collected from Billie, whose favourite haunt was the tennis court. No matter how hot the sun or how hard the set, Billie always came off the court as sweet and fresh as she went on. No trace of dampness spoilt the appearance of her dress, and never, never did the least hint of body odour mar her charm.

These desirable results she achieved by the use of two harmless and antiseptic preparations, one a powder which completely prevents body odour and the other a liquid which checks perspiration.

The powder is both fine and soothing and does not clog the pores, and it can be used on the face and neck as well as on the body, which makes it a boon for the enthusiastic sportswoman or dancer. Also it can be applied after shaving or using a depilatory.

The liquid should be applied every day for a week or ten days—after that twice a week is all that is needed. As it is free from dangerous chemicals, it can even be used on the face and hair. Think of the joy of this in hot weather, when a perspiring head so often spoils a well-set wave. It should not, however, be used after shaving or a depilatory.

From the same source comes a grand camomile lotion which brings out all the lights in dark hair or revives the lustre of faded or lifeless fair hair. To use this, the hair should be wet all over and then combed and set in the ordinary way.

VERONICA intrigued me, and everyone else too, by the delicious fragrance which enveloped her, and which was scattered on the air with every movement she made.

It was sweet and yet not cloying, subtly exotic and very definitely alluring. It was not till my last day that I summoned up courage to ask what it was, for the average woman stubbornly guards the secret of her perfume.

However, Veronica was so proud of her perfume that she told me its name without any persuasion, and it turned out to be as attractive as the scent itself, for it has for namesake a small, picturesque Oriental village, famous for its flowers and for its devotion to the joys and pleasures of life.

And, as if a divine scent and captivating name were not enough, it comes in the most enchanting round, carved bottle, which is held in place on its ebony base by four scarlet lacquer feet.

Incidentally Veronica shocked me by her lavish and, as I thought, extravagant use of eau de Cologne. But she explained that the kind she uses is a new and most economical one made by the same people who make her perfume.

She initiated me into nearly a score of different ways in which it can be used.

Did you know that it makes *the* perfect body friction after a hard day's work or exercise, giving you restful sleep or sending you out refreshed on another round of work or play? That it will help a cold, bring relief to rheumatism if used for massage, lend wings to tired feet and act as an antiseptic? Or that it can be used as a delicate mouth wash, to cure a headache and to clean and set the hair? All these different functions it fulfils to perfection, and I for one intend never to be without a large bottle of this economical and wonder-working eau de Cologne.

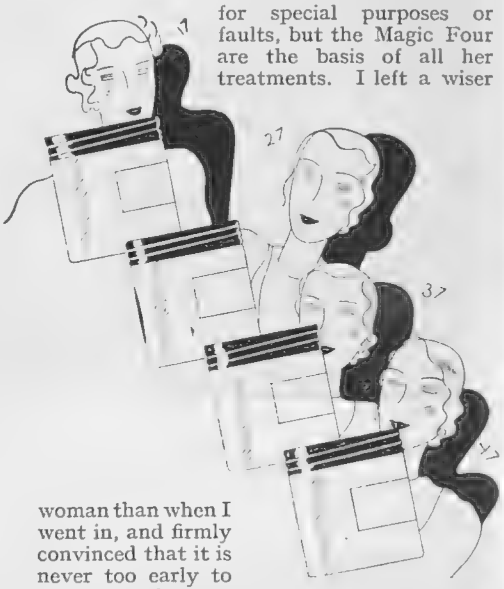
IT is difficult to rid oneself of old-fashioned prejudices which seem born with one. This reflection is prompted by the shock I got the other day when I saw the lovely eighteen-year-old daughter of a friend calmly cleaning her face with the same cleansing cream her youthful-looking mother uses.

I am afraid I was rather pompous and talked a lot of nonsense about plain soap and water being best for young girls, and altogether was so exasperating that I was promptly taken off to call on the maker of the cream in question.

Here it was explained to me that *every* age requires a beauty and cleansing treatment specially adapted to it, and that it is just as foolish to neglect a young skin as to expect a middle-aged one to look after itself.

Then I was introduced to the most scientifically graded treatments, which consist of four creams for the four ages of beauty: the 'teens, twenties, thirties and forties.

Besides these the same specialist makes other creams and lotions for special purposes or faults, but the Magic Four are the basis of all her treatments. I left a wiser woman than when I went in, and firmly convinced that it is never too early to begin to take care of one's complexion, and that to continue this same care through the advancing years will rob them of all the terror of waning good looks.



WHEN I got back to town from my holiday and looked in my mirror I decided that something had got to be done at once to make my complexion look a little more suitable for town life.

While I had been away I had hardly used any powder at all, and I now discovered that my usual shade made me look rather like a dissipated Pierrot with a dirty face, for it was shades lighter than my carefully acquired tan.

So off I went on a voyage of discovery, and the first thing I found was that my pet makers of face powder had visualised my difficulty and just produced the most ravishing new suntan powder, which they call Gipsy. This is a lovely warm berry shade which is more becoming than the more usual yellow brown suntan shades, and it gives the skin the most radiant outdoor look.

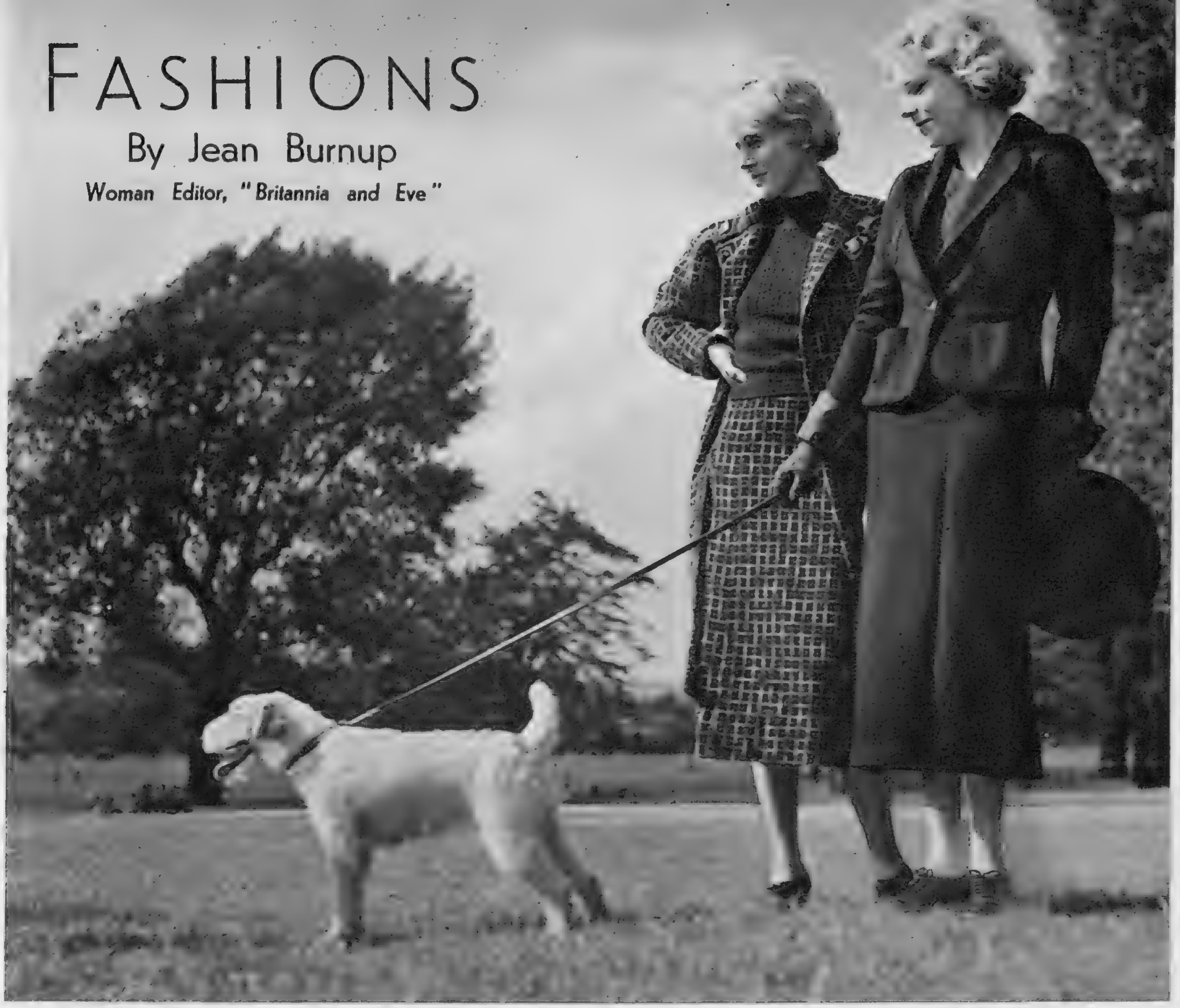
It blends into one's own tan and is the perfect solution to the returned holiday-maker's face powder problem.

But this is not the only bit of good news I have for you. The same firm have also another delightful shade of powder which is intended to bridge over the tiresome period as tan wears off.

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

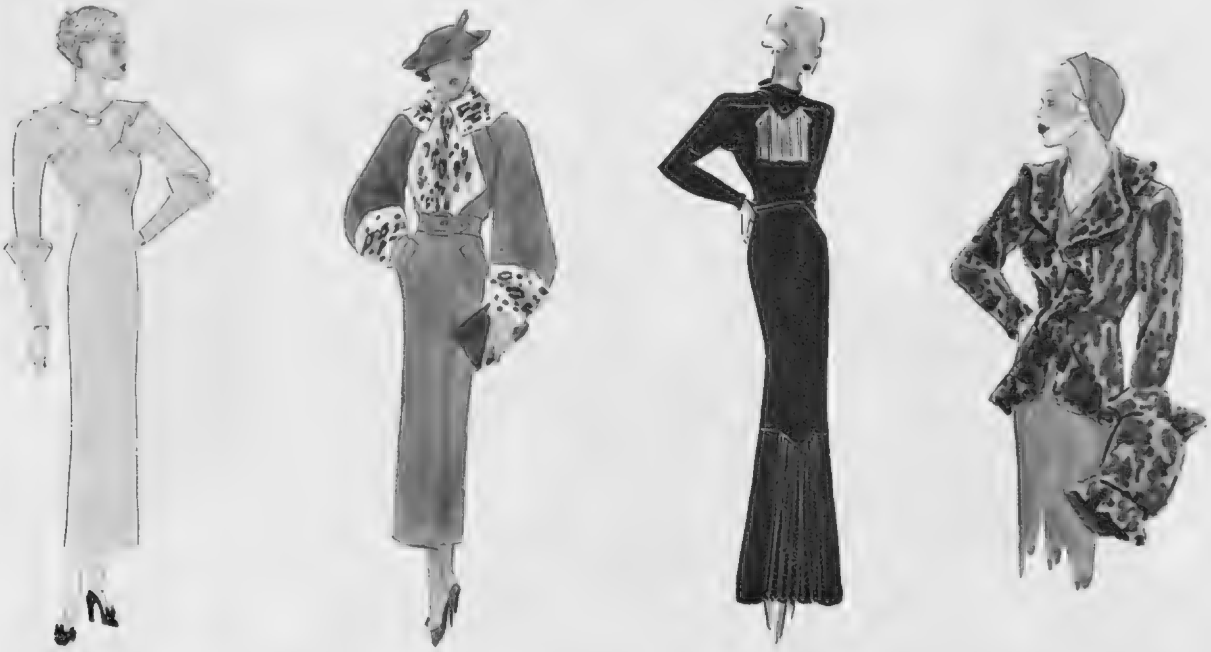
Woman Editor, "Britannia and Eve"



Geoffrey Gilbert

BLONDES IN BLUE

MRS. LANCE SIEVEKING and Mrs. John Tilley take the air in Regent's Park in smart new autumn tweeds. Mrs. Sieveking's suit is rough bright blue, checked with white. The coat, which does not quite reach skirt length, hangs straight, with no swagger. The shoulders are slightly squared. It has the right, casual air, but is impeccably tailored as Burberry's know how. Mrs. Tilley's tweed is navy, light-weight with the tailored collar and revers gently rounded. Four pockets trim the short tight-fitting coat and bulge slightly to begin with, so that they can really be used, without spoiling any line. The skirt is gored and a little flared. Fortnum and Mason

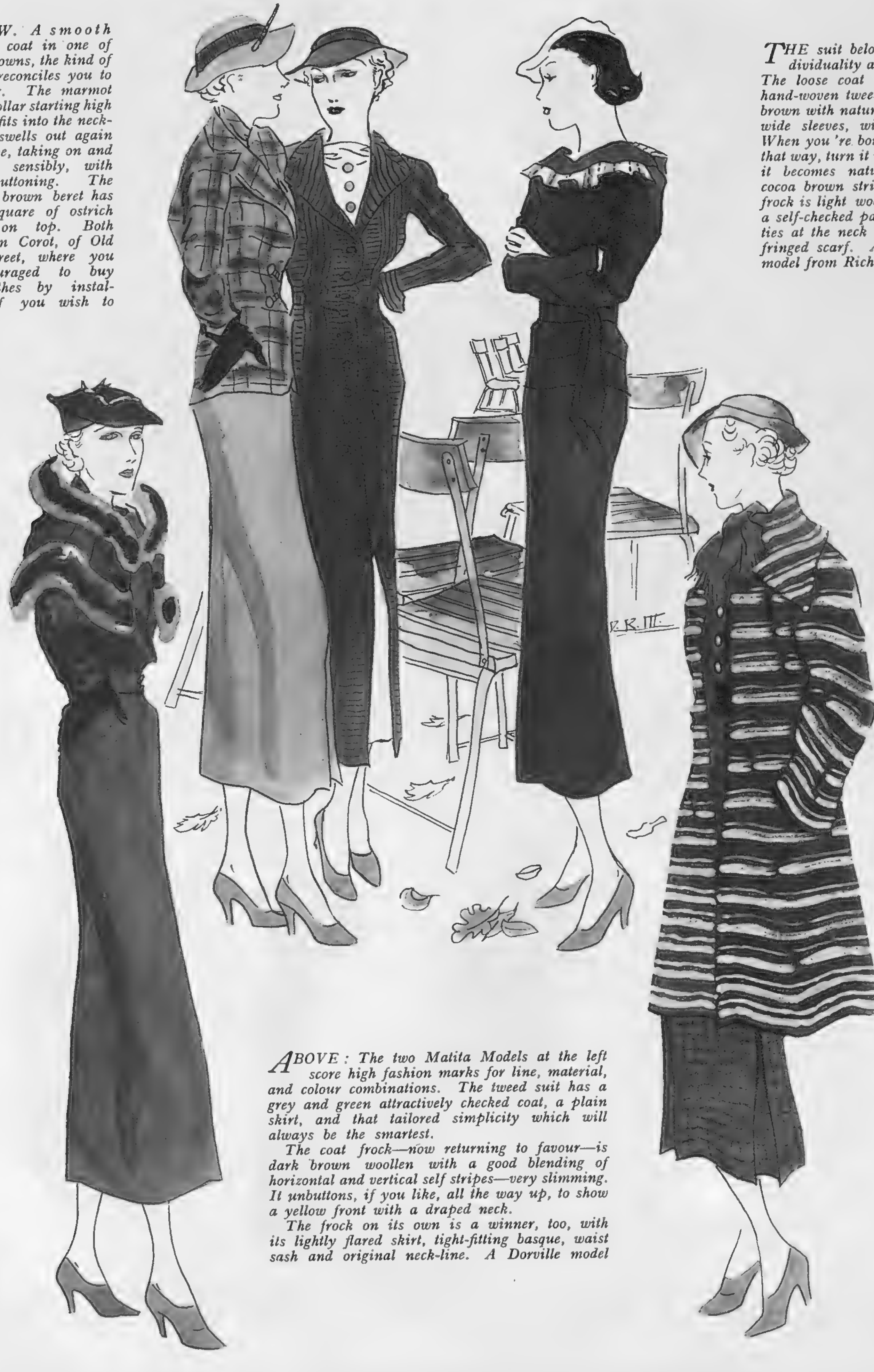


A FEW advance suggestions from Paris for the winter wardrobe: Left to right. Fine woollen in a warm burgundy red, with a white porcelain hand-fastening at the neck. Dark apricot duveteen, flat collar, bib and cuffs of ocelot. Black marocain with waistline, drooping slightly at the back. Jacket and muff in black broadtail, self-flouncing to trim

Suits, Coats and Dresses That Go with Falling Leaves and Remind Us that Englishwomen Look Their Best in Autumn and Winter Tweeds and Woollens

BELOW. A smooth cloth coat in one of the new browns, the kind of coat that reconciles you to the winter. The marmot trimmed collar starting high and cosy, fits into the neck-line and, swells out again into a cape, taking on and off, most sensibly, with clever buttoning. The attractive brown beret has a little square of ostrich feathers on top. Both come from Corot, of Old Bond Street, where you are encouraged to buy your clothes by instalments, if you wish to

THE suit below has individuality and charm. The loose coat of striped hand-woven tweed is cocoa brown with natural stripes, wide sleeves, wide collar. When you 're bored with it that way, turn it inside out, it becomes natural, with cocoa brown stripes. The frock is light woollen, with a self-checked pattern, and ties at the neck with short fringed scarf. A Dorville model from Richard Sands



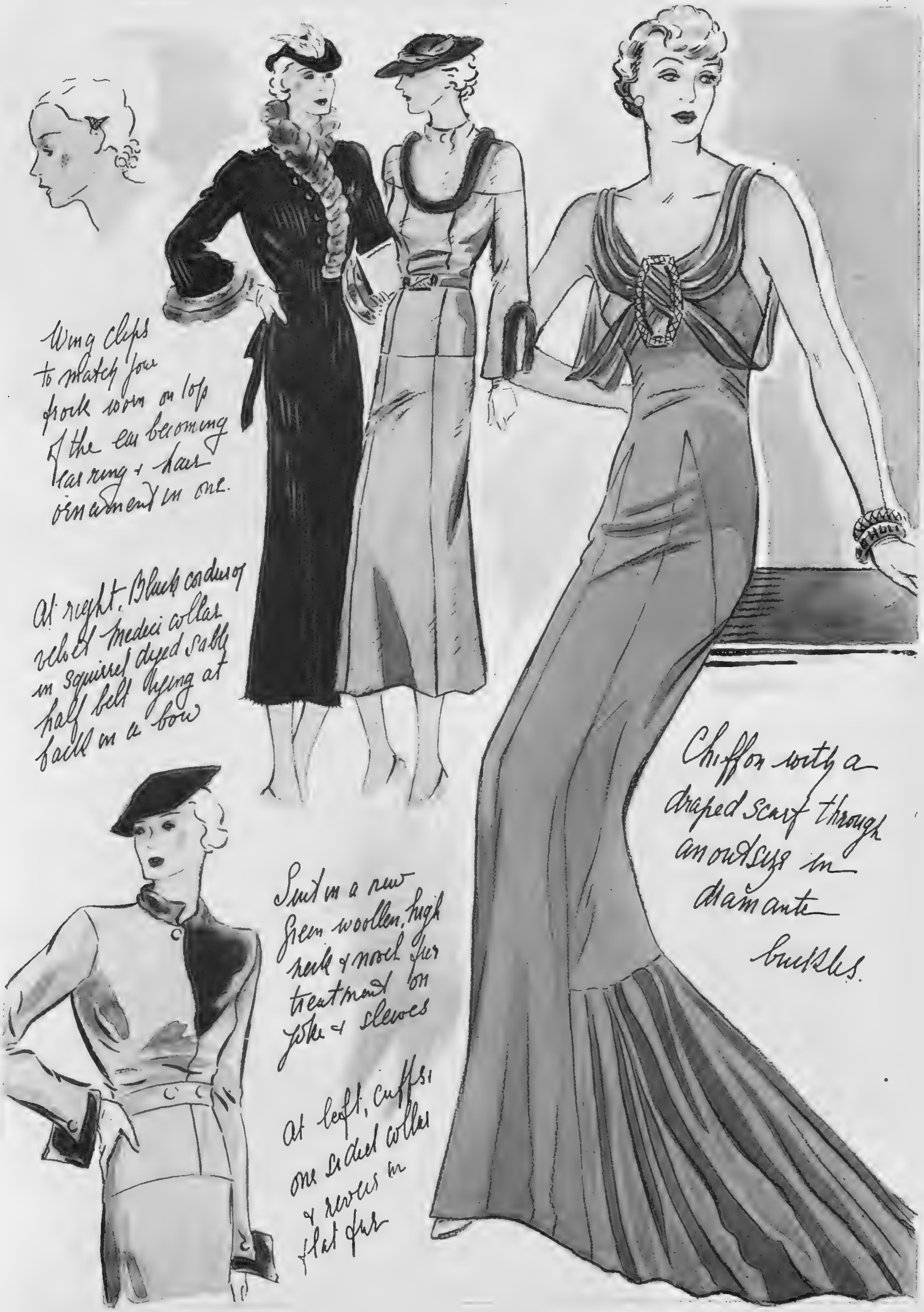
ABOVE: The two Matita Models at the left score high fashion marks for line, material, and colour combinations. The tweed suit has a grey and green attractively checked coat, a plain skirt, and that tailored simplicity which will always be the smartest.

The coat frock—now returning to favour—is dark brown woollen with a good blending of horizontal and vertical self stripes—very slimming. It unbuttons, if you like, all the way up, to show a yellow front with a draped neck.

The frock on its own is a winner, too, with its lightly flared skirt, tight-fitting basque, waist sash and original neck-line. A Dorville model

LOOKING AHEAD . . .

Sketches from Paris which foreshadow Autumn and Winter Fashion Highlights



Wing clips
to match your
frock worn on top
of the ear becoming
ear ring + hair
ornament in one.

At right. Black corduroy
velvet Medici collar
in squirrel dyed sable
half belt tying at
back in a bow

Chiffon with a
draped scarf through
an outsize in
diamante
buckles.

Suit in a new
green woollen, high
neck + novel fur
treatment on
yoke + sleeves

At left, cuffs,
one sided collar
+ revers in
flat fur

MATERIAL MATTERS

There are enchanting Fabrics and Designs for your New Autumn Clothes

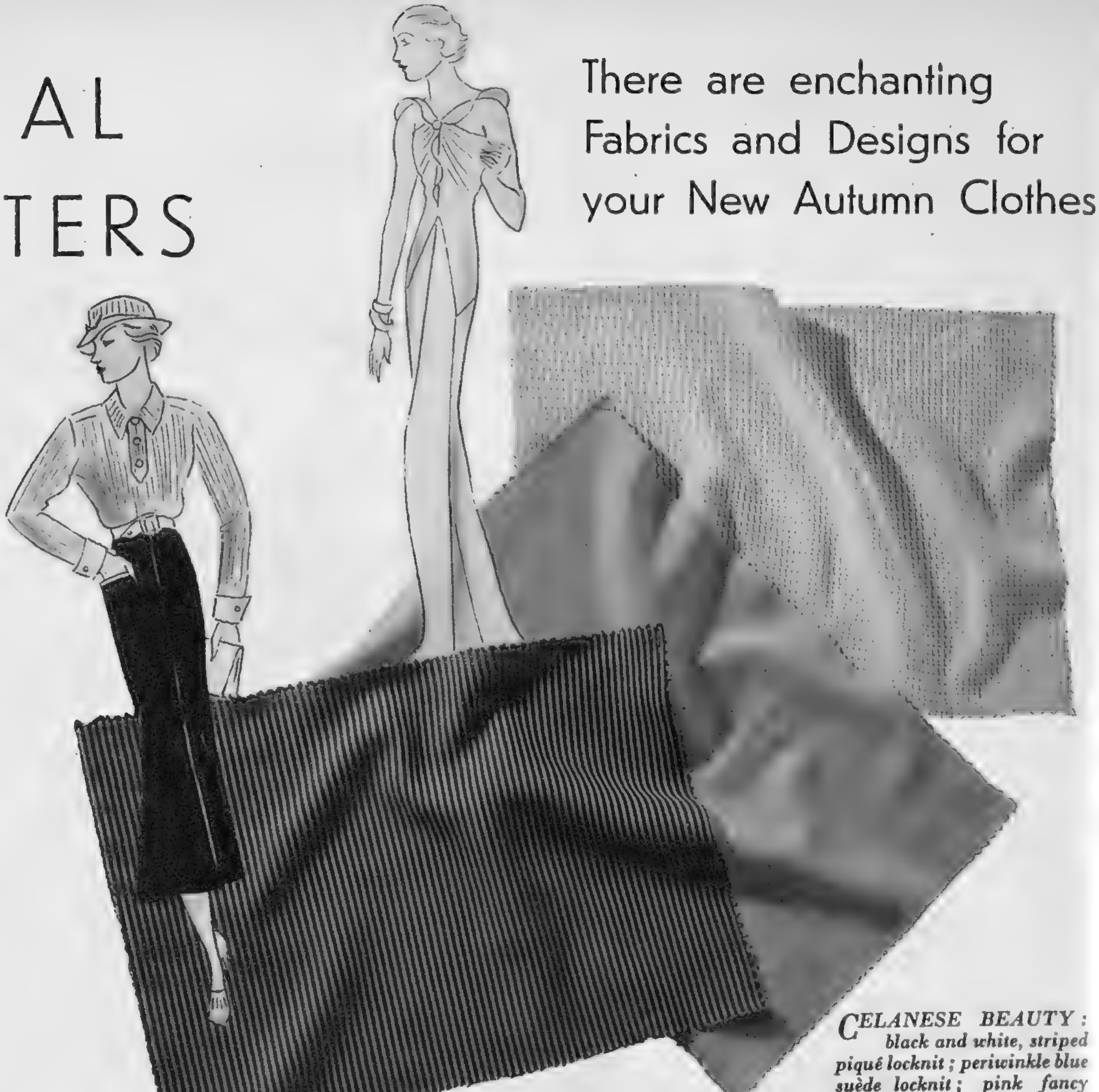
The VIYELLA Group below:

YOU could make an attractive frock in the slimming, diagonally-patterned and supple fabric on the left, in brown and grey, with a vertical cream stripe

OR a jaunty sports suit in the light yet warm, flawlessly woven check in the centre, which, like all Viyella designs, is made in a delightful range of colours

THE third pattern is grey-blue, with regular, knubbly knots of cream silk forming the design

IF you favour bolder designs, there are some inspiring checks and tartans in red and beige, three greens or brown and beige



CELANESE BEAUTY: black and white, striped piqué locknit; periwinkle blue suède locknit; pink fancy locknit

WE still say lingerie, though this is almost a misnomer since we abandoned cotton night-gowns and cambric petticoats.

Many people call their underwear Celanese and leave it at that. But Celanese to-day means a lot more than underwear.

Although it inevitably suggests pyjamas for night, morning or evening wear, and ineffable, clinging cami-knickers, pants, and petticoats, deliciously soft and fashionably imperceptible, some of the new Celanese materials can give plenty of ideas to the imaginative woman, for the rest of her wardrobe.

She could make elegant little shirts, to wear with her new autumn coat and skirt, out of the striped pique locknit in grey and black or the pink fancy locknit, two very good-looking fabrics.

There is a soft, satiny material, with an attractive self check design, for evening wear, in palest oyster and blush rose. And the suède locknit in periwinkle blue is almost identical with a material used by Schiaperelli for one of her clinging evening-gowns.

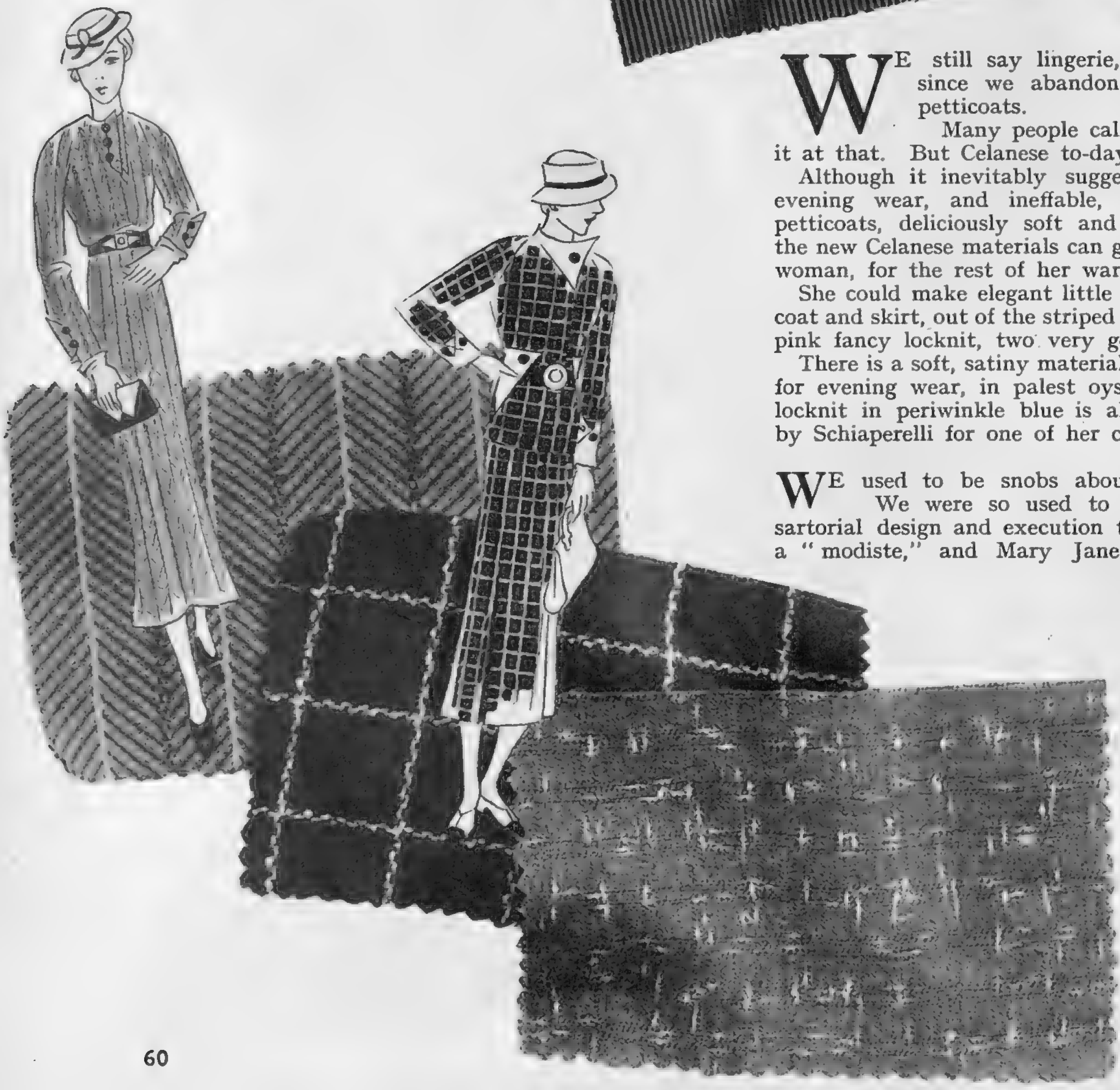
WE used to be snobs about fashion.

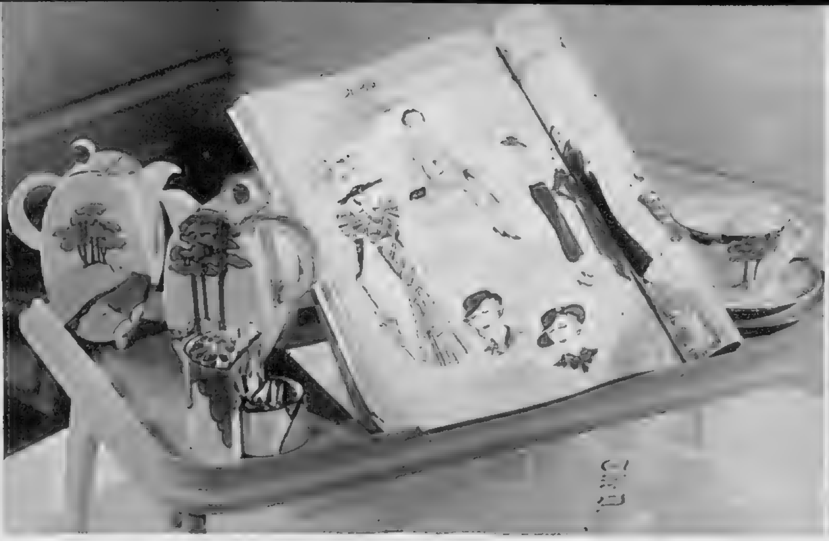
We were so used to thinking of Paris as the centre of sartorial design and execution that the smallest dressmaker became a "modiste," and Mary Jane had to write Marie Jeanne over her door.

But, thank goodness, we are beginning to realise, as foreigners have for years, that English looms produce some of the best materials in the world.

Famous Parisian fashion-houses use Scotch tweeds and English woollens, and now that artists are employed to design fabrics, the new season's patterns show a versatility and richness of colouring that defies competition.

Viyella always has been and always will be ideal for children's clothes, day and night, but among the infinite variety of their newest products, there are materials that are ideal for smart autumn frocks and suits.





BREAKFAST in bed. A coffee set for one on a bed tray with an adjustable reading-rack. The tray, in various colours, from Gorringes, 14s. 11d. Coffee set designed by Clarice Cliff

EMERGENCY work-box, with needles, pins, scissors, all coloured cottons, silks and wools

R.S.V.P.

Suggestions for the spare bedroom . . . little inexpensive extras for the comfort and enjoyment of your guests, which will publicise your hospitality and enhance your reputation

A LUMINOUS clock (27s. 6d.) and a reading-lamp (26s. complete) will be appreciated

SOME people feel hungry and thirsty in the night, or want smoke. The biscuit barrel (5s.), jug (8s.), beaker (3s. 6d. and cigarette container and ashtray in one (3s. 9d.), come from Liber

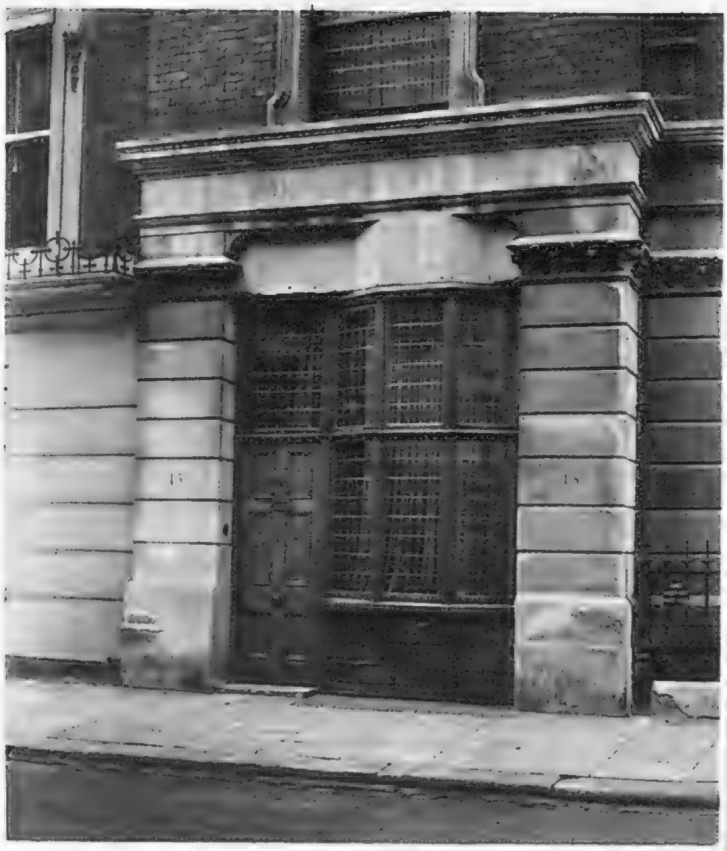
Lavender
DLEY
LAVENDOMEAL
THE NEW BATH LUXURY

Above:
A FEW toilet "spares" for the dressing-table

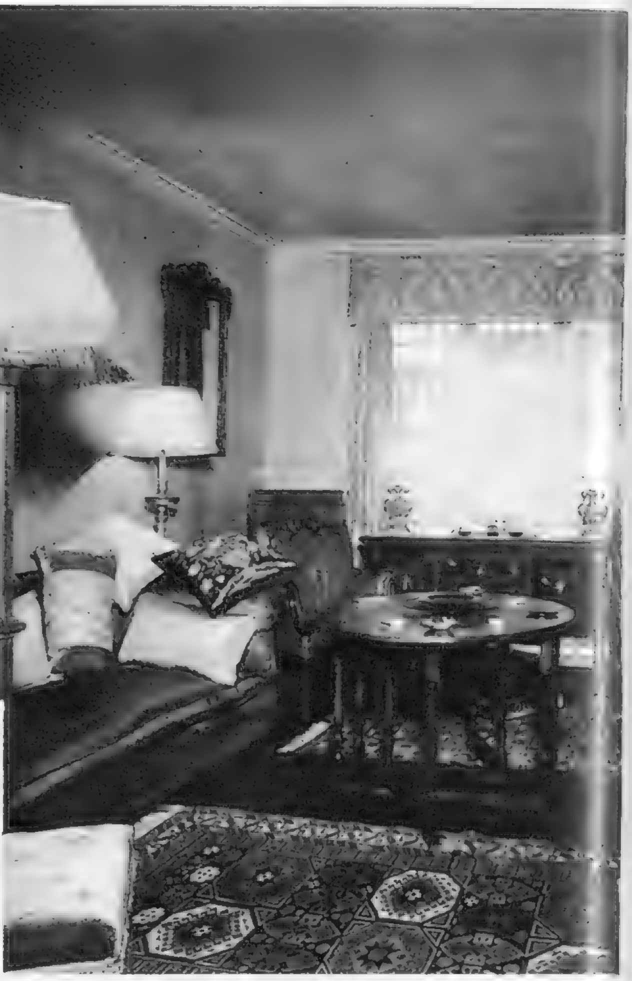
Left:
TIME-TABLE and adequate stationery, decorative pen, inkstand and blotter, 15s. 6d. the set

Other People's

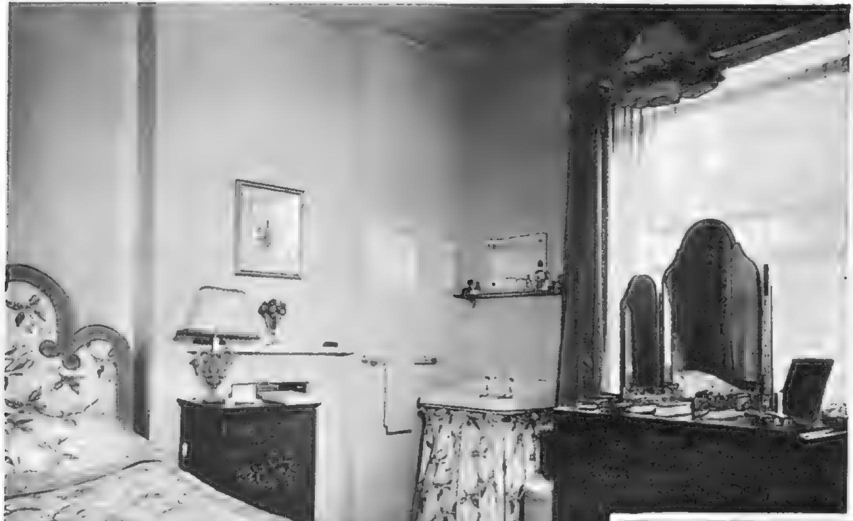
15a, Cumberland Place
Home of Mr. and Mrs.



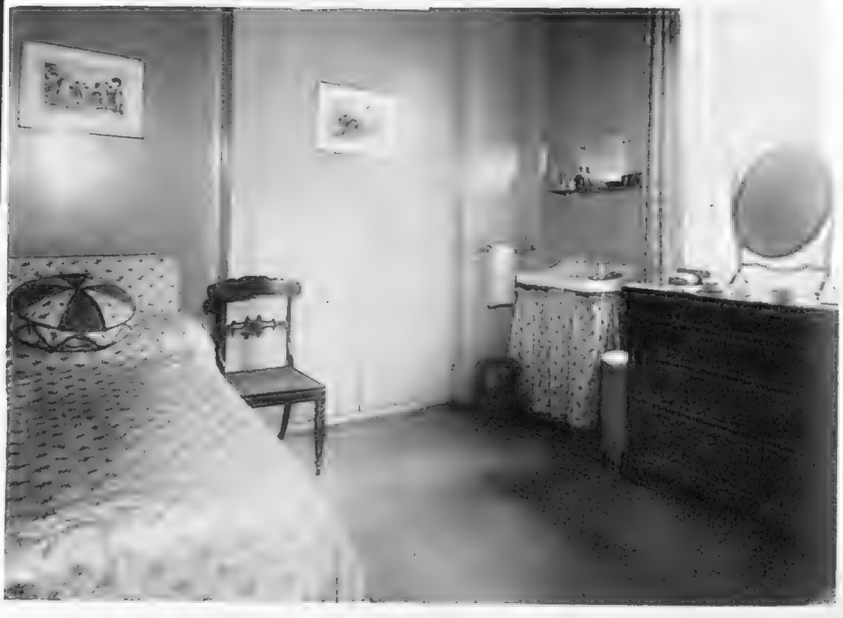
THIS is the exterior of Mr. and Mrs. Iain Murray's unique home in Mayfair. Once a garage and a couple of haylofts, it has been cleverly converted into a compact and easily-run modern home with a distinctive charm that is noticeably absent from many contemporary London houses



REST, comfort and hospitality are reflected in every aspect of the tiny drawing-room with its lovely Persian rugs, well-upholstered furniture, and generous complement of cushions. It is panelled in light oak and can be shut off from the main living room by drawing the brocaded curtains



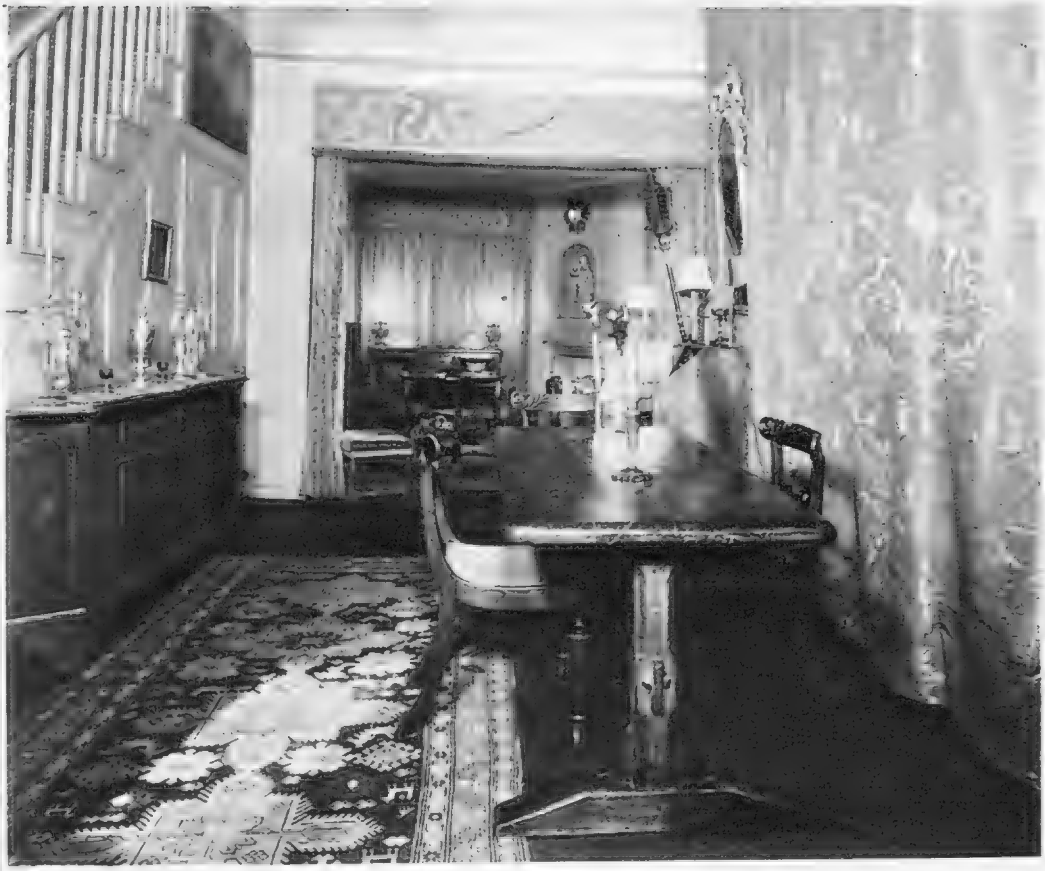
WHERE hay was once stored in a loft, Mrs. Murray now sleeps in a room decorated and upholstered in a restful shade of apricot pink, a scheme which is extended even to the sheets and towels



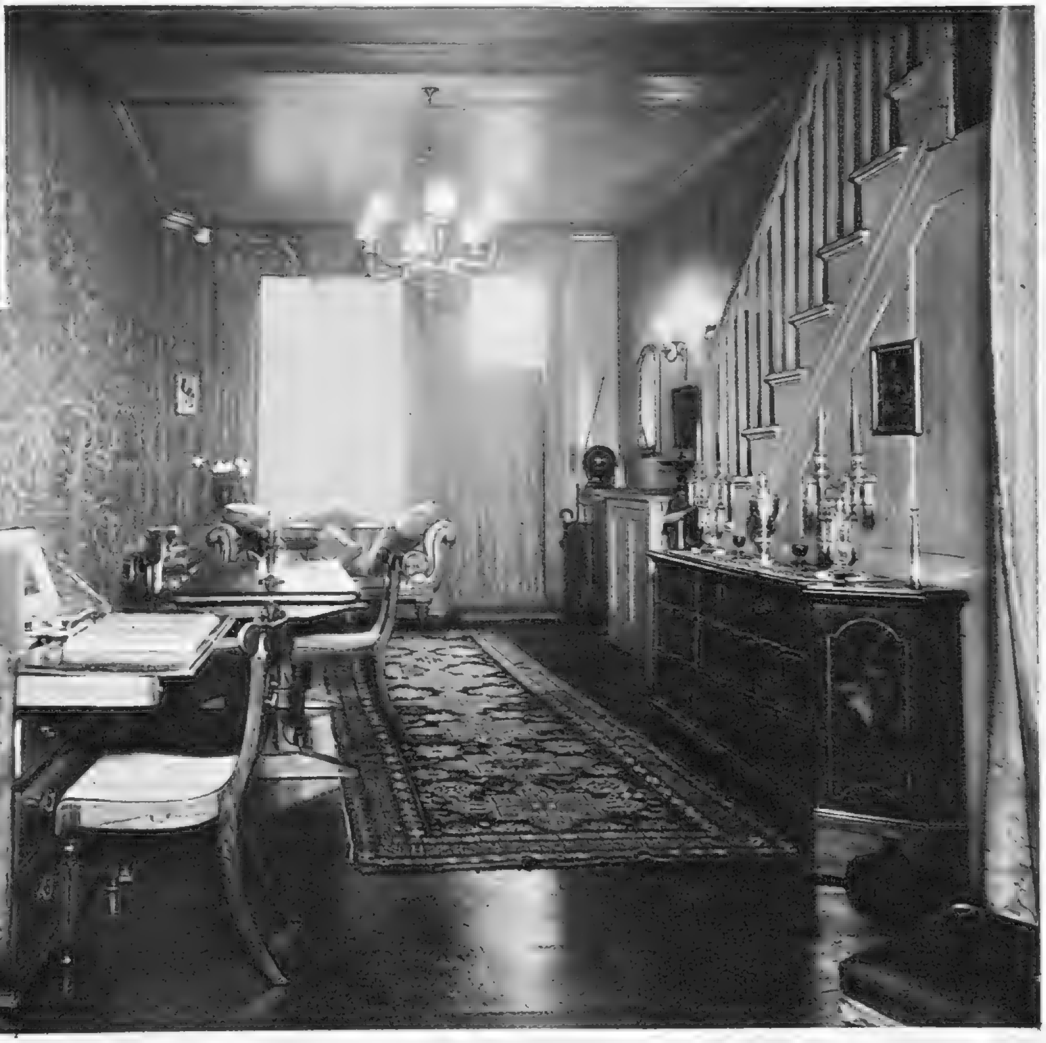
MR. MURRAY'S bedroom is decorated in a refreshing shade of pale green. A large window lights and ventilates it, and the absence of any furniture other than is necessary makes it an ideal room in which to rest

Houses

The London
Iain Murray

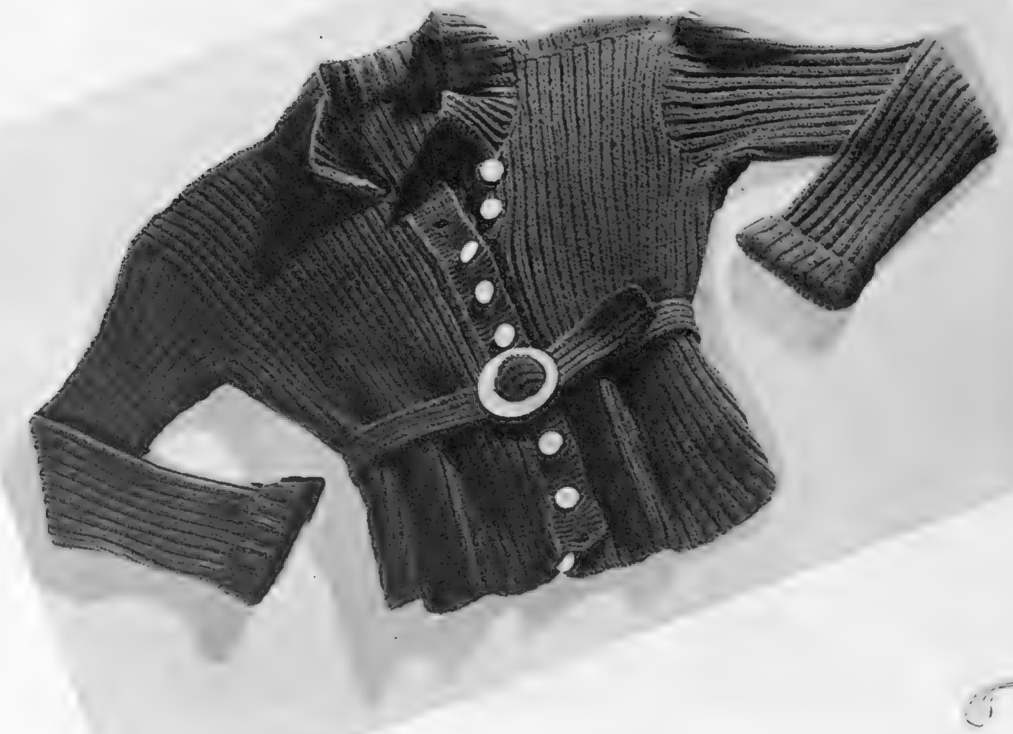


HERE is a view of the big living room, at the far end of which a glimpse of the small drawing-room may be seen. The beautiful ruby red brocade with which the walls are hung comes from old Portuguese churches. The antique refectory table and most of the furniture is also of Portuguese origin



ANOTHER view of the living room, which has been evolved from the actual garage. One enters this room straight from the street, and the stairway leading out of it gives access to the bedrooms above. A lovely Persian runner blends fittingly with the rich brocade wall-coverings

An Easy-to-Knit Cardigan



THIS is a truly practical garment—a well-fitting cardigan that can be worn as a jumper or used as a golfing jacket.

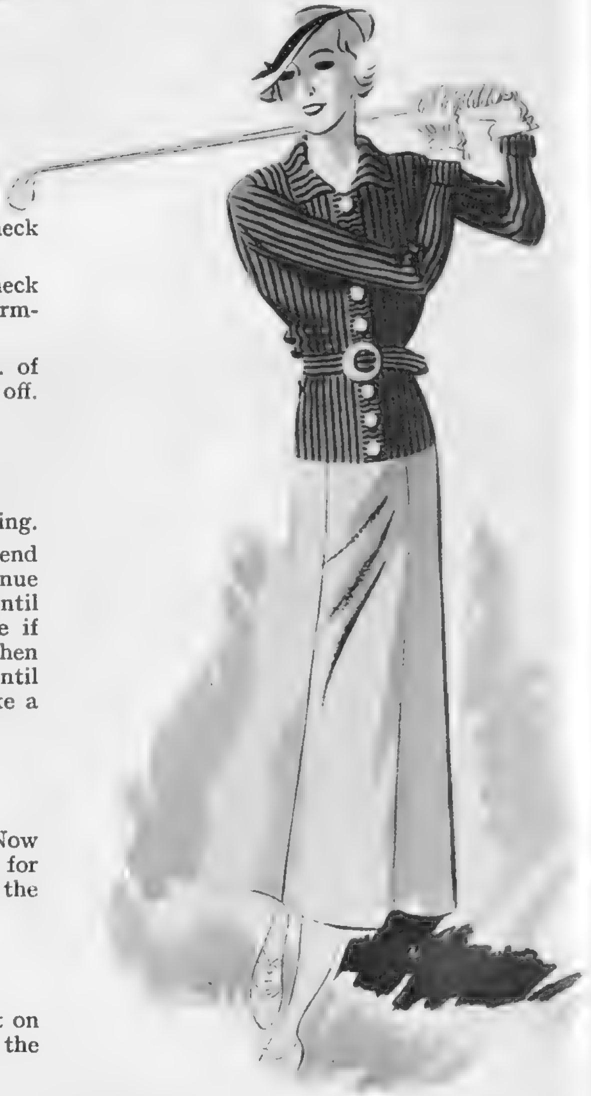
The original was made in dark maroon and trimmed with natural wood buttons and buckle to the belt.

Materials: *12 oz. dark maroon "Sirdar" Sunshine yarn.*
No. 10 and No. 12 needles.
Nine natural wood buttons.
Buckle to match.

Measurements: *Length from top of shoulder 20 in.*
Width all round at under-arm, 36 in. (unstretched).
Length of sleeve, 21 in.

Abbreviations: *K.=Knit plain; P.=Purl; tog.=together; sts.=stitches.*

The cardigan is worked on No. 10 needles in ribbing of 2 knit 2 purl with a plain knitted border for the buttonhole strip, on No. 12 needles.



The Back.

Cast on 160 sts. and work ribbing for 11½ in.

Next row: Cast off 10, then work across.

Next row: Same as previous row.

Next row: K.2 tog. at beginning and end of row.

Next 9 rows: Same as previous row. Now work 6 rows.

Next row: Rib for 50, cast off 30, rib for 50. Now work each shoulder piece separately.

Next row: Working from the neck edge, work to within 10 sts. of the armhole edge, turn. Work back.

Next row: Work to within 20 sts. of the edge, turn, and work back.

Next row: Work right across all sts. Cast off. Work the other shoulder to match.

The Fronts.

The knitting is reversible, so both fronts are the same, but take care to match for length. The buttonhole strip is worked separately and sewn to the right front afterwards.

Cast on 88 sts. and work ribbing for 11½ in.

Next row: Cast off 10, then work across.

***Next row:* Work across row, then K. last 2 sts. tog.

Next row: Work first 2 sts. tog., then work across row. ** Repeat from ** to ** twice more. Now work straight for 26 rows.

Next row: At the neck edge, cast off 10 sts.

Next 8 rows: K.2 tog. at the neck edge.

Next row: Working from the neck edge, work to within 10 sts. of the armhole edge, turn, and work back.

Next row: Work to within 20 sts. of the edge, turn. Work back. Cast off. Work the other front the same.

Sleeves.

Cast on 68 sts. and work 6 in. ribbing.

Next row: Increase 1 st. at each end of needle, then work 10 rows. Continue to increase after every ten rows until the sleeve is 16 in. (add 2 in. more if you want to turn back for cuffs), then K.2 tog. at both ends of the row until there are 36 sts. left. Cast off. Make a second sleeve the same.

Belt.

Cast on 20 sts., and work 29½ in. Now K.2 tog. at both ends of the needle for 6 rows. Cast off remainder. Sew the buckle to the other end.

Buttonhole Strip.

Work this on No. 12 needles. Cast on 12 sts., work a row into the backs of the stitches, then 3 rows plain.

Next row: K.4. Cast off 4. K.4.

Next row: K.4. Make 4. K.4.

Work 10 plain rows, then repeat the cast-off and cast-on rows. Continue to work like this until you have sufficient buttonholes. Nine were required for the original garment.

Making Up.

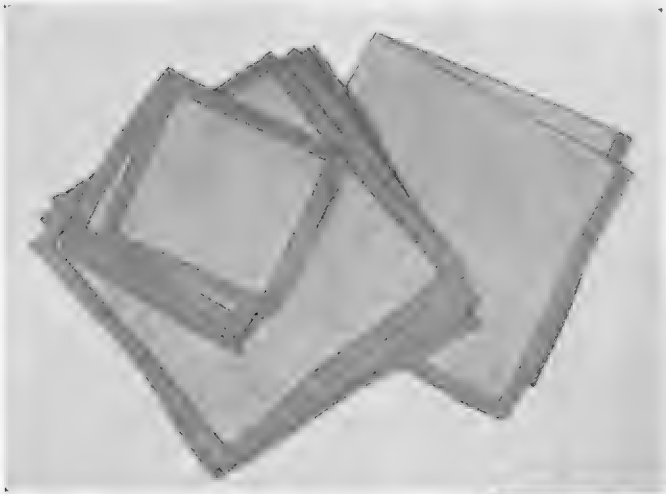
Ribbing should be steamed, not pressed. To do this, cover the knitting with a damp cloth, and hold a hot iron over this. The hot steam "evens" up the stitches, and the knitting can be slightly pulled out where desired.

Sew up the side seams, and shoulder seams with a narrow tape at the back. Insert sleeves, and attach the button-strip.

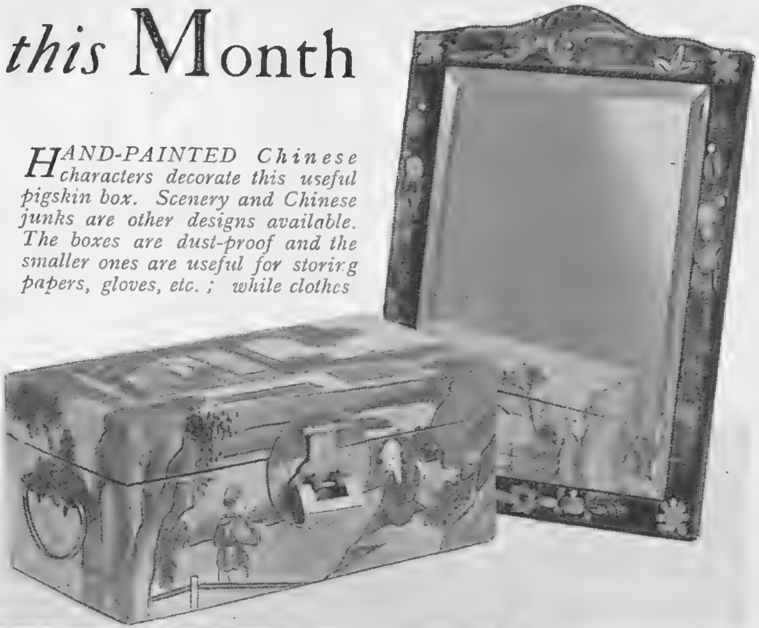
The Collar.

Cast on 130 stitches on the No. 12 needles and work ribbing for 3 in. Cast off. Steam this a little, and sew in position.

W*hat* I have Bought *this* Month



HAND-PAINTED Chinese characters decorate this useful pigskin box. Scenery and Chinese junks are other designs available. The boxes are dust-proof and the smaller ones are useful for storing papers, gloves, etc.; while clothes hats, and furs may be kept in the larger sizes. This one is 9s., and larger sizes vary in price up to 115s. The mirror of bevelled glass with lacquer frame of black and gold, red and gold, blue and gold or yellow will either stand or hang. 11 in. deep and 8 in. wide, it costs 11s. 3d.

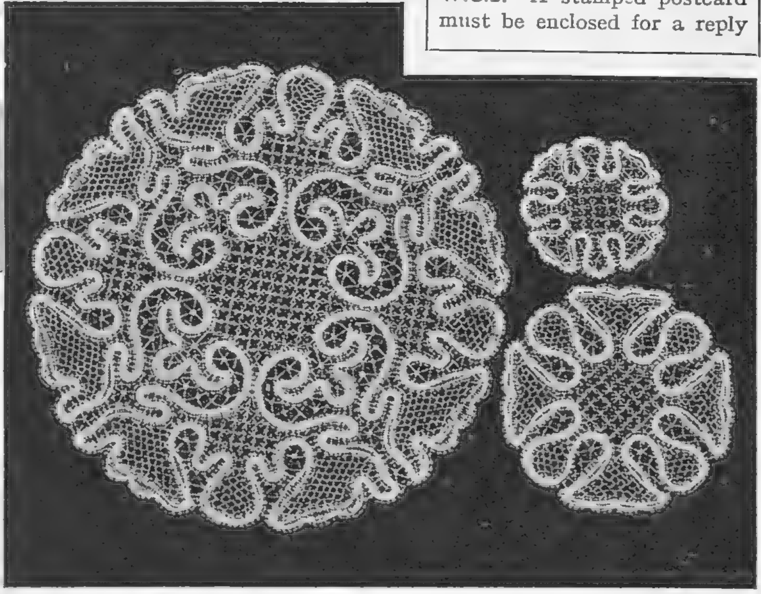


MADE of good quality self-coloured Irish linen with deeper toned hemstitched borders, this thirteen-piece luncheon set is available in green, blue, lemon/orange and beige/brown, price 5s. 11d. Similar sets of twenty-five pieces are 11s. 6d.

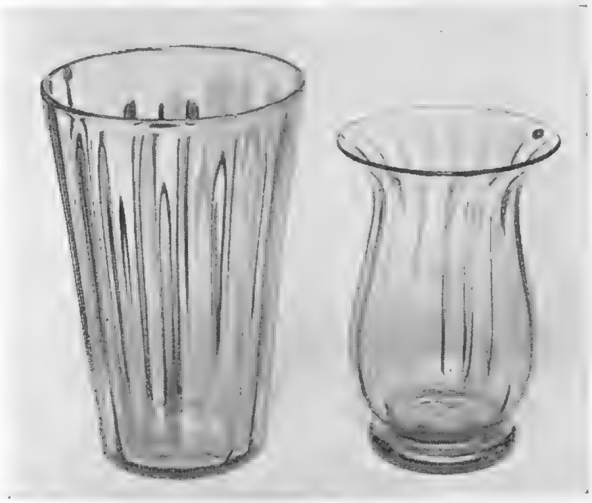
A BREAKFAST or supper cloth in pure Irish linen of fast colours in gold, green or blue is sold at the exceptionally low figure of 2s., and measures 45 in. by 45 in. Matching napkins at 3s. 6d. per dozen measure 14 in. by 14 in. Larger cloths, 52 in. by 52 in. and 52 in. by 70 in., are 2s. 11d. and 3s. 11d. respectively

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, *Britannia & Eve*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply

ENGLISH beaten pewter beer tankards will solve the eternal problem of what to give male relatives and friends this Christmas. The pint tankard is 5s. 9d. and the half-pint size is 4s. 9d.



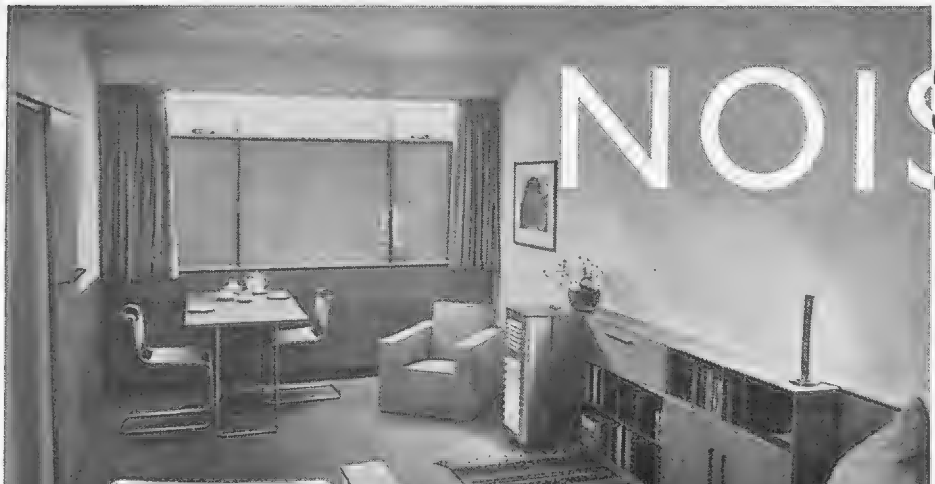
THIS charming thirteen-piece dinner set of hand-made ecru linen thread with delicate needle-point centre costs only 15s. 9d.



WHEN flowers are at a premium leaves will look charming in these large English glass vases made in a delicate shade of green. The tumbler shape, 9½ in. high and 6¼ in. diameter, costs 8s. 3d., and the smaller one, 8 in. high and 5½ in. diameter, is 5s. 9d.

NOISE!

It assails us all around . . . We cannot prevent it . . . but there are ways described here to keep it out of your homes



THIS living room in a modern flat at Hampstead is insulated completely against unwanted noise

By G. Baseden Butt

DOCTORS have frequently declared that the noise of modern life is a strain not only to the nerves but to the general health and vitality.

It seems difficult to escape noise to-day. Especially if we are town dwellers the sounds of commerce, of construction, and transport bombard our ears during almost all waking hours, as well as disturbing us subconsciously when asleep.

But no modern home need be noisy. With the aid of insulating and soundproof materials it is possible to banish unwanted sounds almost completely—no matter how intensely the tumult of human activity may rage outside.

No modern building constructed of reinforced concrete is ever considered complete unless properly insulated against noise.

Without this provision, not only is the concrete itself liable to cause disturbing echoes and reverberations; the steel rods giving strength to the structure may act as conductors and even amplifiers of sound. The result would be intolerably noisy.

Yet any good concrete building is almost always notable for its atmosphere of quiet. This shows how great a transformation can be effected if insulating materials are used scientifically.

The noiseless home is not impossible. But before complete quietness can be achieved, it is necessary to consider the sources of the various noises which have to be eliminated, noises being of several classes requiring different treatment.

First, there are street sounds, which come through the windows, or through the walls of the house if these latter happen to be thin or if the noises are particularly insistent.

Then, in town flats and semi-detached houses, there are neighbours' noises which may penetrate floors, ceilings, or walls. Gramophone, radio and dance enthusiasts provide the greatest problems of this kind.

There are also noises which have their origin in your own home and which may disturb by leakage from one room to another.

Sounds from these various sources can all be successfully resisted.

In dealing with noises from outside the house the solution, in many instances, is comparatively simple. The first necessity is to line the walls with soundproof compo wallboards costing from 3½d. per square foot upwards.

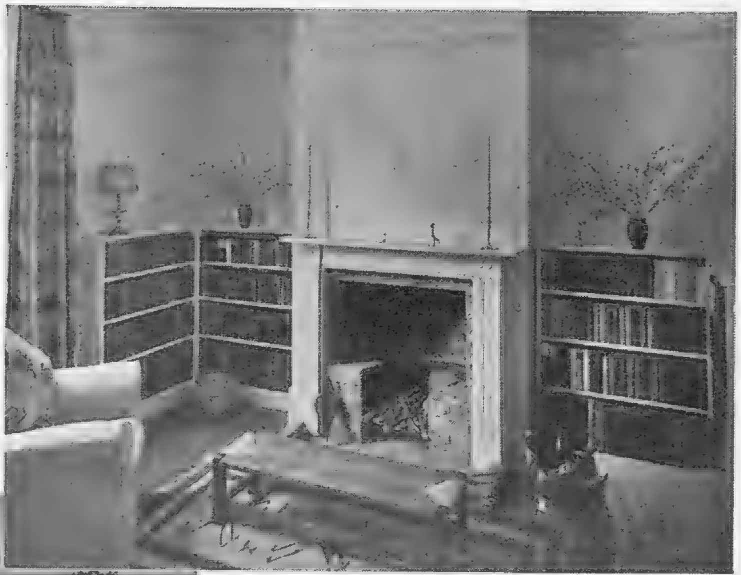
If the outdoor noises are very (*Continued on page 75*)

SOUND-PROOF plywood with a noise-resisting inner core has been used for this living room. A plain Axminster carpet and double glazed windows complete an interior which, though particularly modern in treatment, is essentially quiet and restful

IN a double sense this modern bedroom achieves an atmosphere of repose. It is effectively insulated, and the simple scheme is devoid of unnecessary and disturbing details

Your HOME and your Temperament

By Olive Rinder



BOOKS line the walls on either side of the fire-place, the mantelpiece has dignity and charm, and the whole has an atmosphere of restfulness

GEORGIAN chintz curtains and covers are in pleasing harmony with the general character of this charming drawing room

HIDE your real character from people if you wish to, meeting them casually. Take them home, and they will recognise you at once. Nothing shows you up to the world more clearly than your sitting-room.

Are you casual, intense, cheerful, niggly, gay, melancholy . . . your room will tell us, not only by your choice of furniture, hangings, upholstery, books, but by the way you use them.

It is no use a woman pretending to be anything else than an outdoor, hearty person who works for a living (this kind seldom pretends anyway) if her rooms are littered, as they usually are, with sporting books, trophies of her prowess, and several opened packets of cigarettes.

She smokes a lot of the time; her furniture is plain and serviceable, and shows signs of cigarette ash from the day of its arrival until it is almost burnt away; the stains of bottles, ink, and other things are left there.

She is entirely happy in her surroundings and wants nothing better than a lot of people about her and a gramophone or piano.

Yet she is busy, and in her spare moments does occasionally give a thought to her flat.

Her food, for instance, is very good, and if you stay with her she sees that your sheets are aired and that you have what you want.

Her bedroom, on the other hand, presents a very strange spectacle. In it she stows away all the bits of glass and china that are in the least valuable; she drags carpets and chairs from one room into her room for a party night, and there they stay. A litter.

On the other hand, every paper, every file is neatly at her hand. Ink pots are filled, blotting paper is clean, her work is her work, and she works hard. After that everything "can go hang," as she says.

A friend of mine who has a quiet, untroubled disposition, who never loses her head in an emergency, who is delightfully vague about minor details of living and insistent about those that are really important, took a new flat.

The sitting-room was a careless blending of the Oriental and the agricultural. The paper was black with gold and a wild profusion of plum or cherry blossom flung itself about in wild abandon.

The walls cramped the room, the mantelpiece was large and heavy. It was a monstrous room.

With very few alterations, and by spending very little money, she made it into a room which suited and revealed her temperament. Now the walls are pale primrose, the upholstery willow green, the hangings and cushions a large, easy pattern of these two colours; books are grouped round the fire-place, the mantelpiece has dignity and charm, and the whole has an atmosphere of peace and quiet, as you can see from the picture on this page.

She could never be happy in a room where the furniture was stained with cigarette ash and burnt patches. She does not like litter, yet she has not the fussiness of the proverbial spinster who goes about the house with a duster and who almost faints when ash is dropped on the carpet.

She likes the gramophone, but she does not leave the records all over the room; she likes people and parties, but they behave like normal human beings and the room on departure is a room that is untidy, but not dirty and slovenly.

There are women with little to do, and all day to do it in, who imagine that they have a gift for interior decoration.

I know such a one, whose flat varies as the climate, and who collects strange animals that are given away on gala nights at clubs, who sees little things in glass and buys them because they are "so sweet."

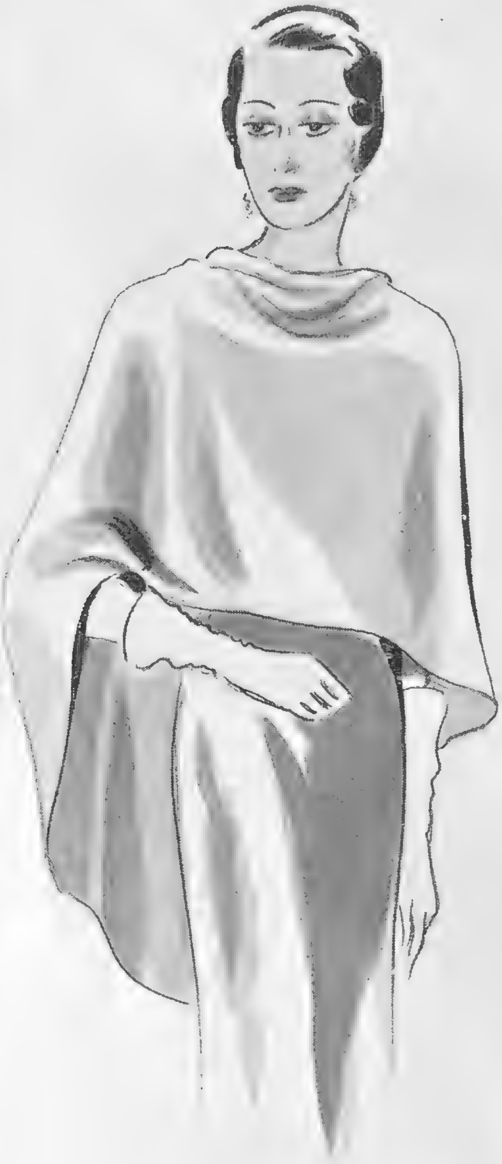
In this room I am always afraid to move—there is so much to knock about.

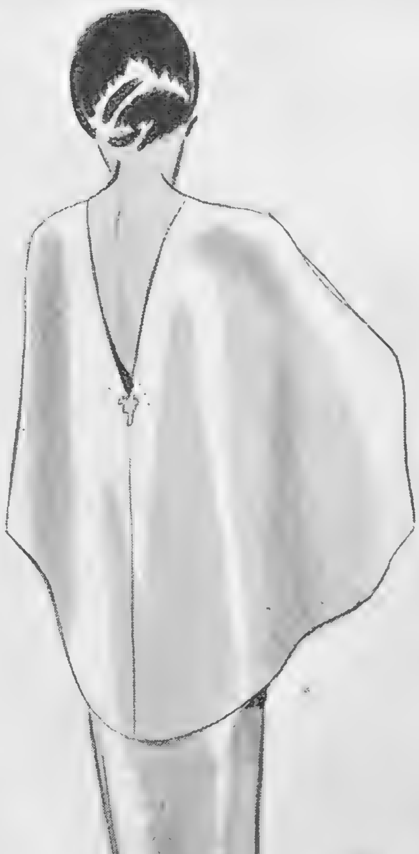
Yet she moves about all the time.

She is cheerful and to her the room

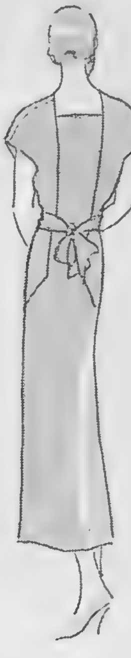
(*Continued on page 95*)

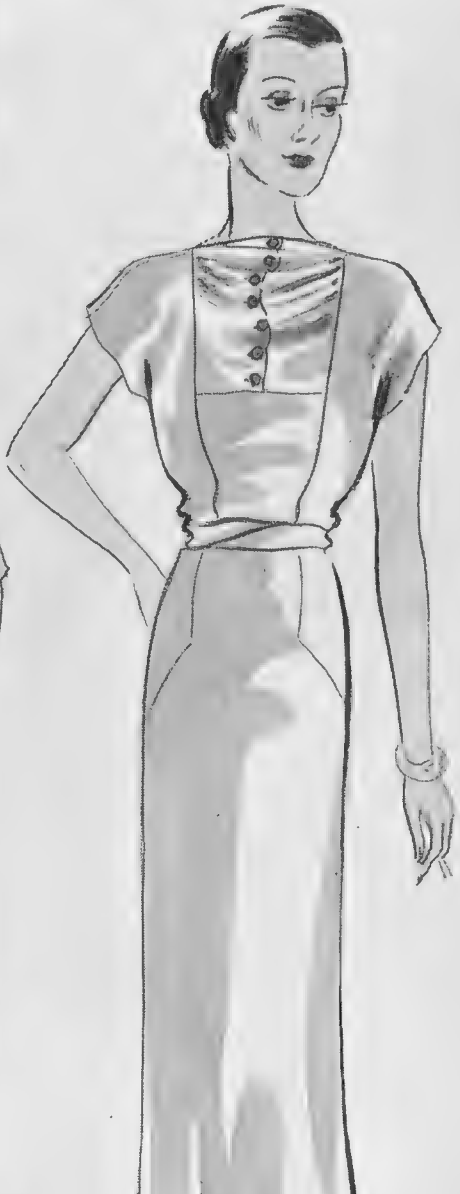
FASHIONS that will INTEREST



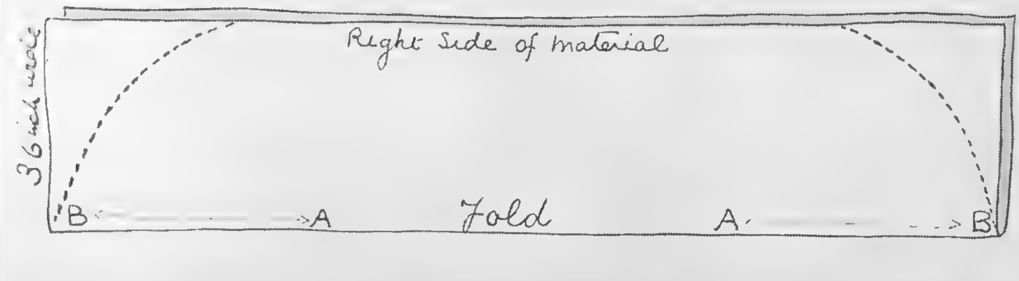


No. 432. *Exactly the dress for the casual come-in-to-eat-don't-dress invitation. It has the correct simplicity; it slims. The draped yoke goes straight across the throat and is lightly weighed down by buttons. It would attract attention made in heavy crêpe, in lipstick red, or become your favourite frock in black. Required: 3½ yards of 36 inch material. Price 1/-*

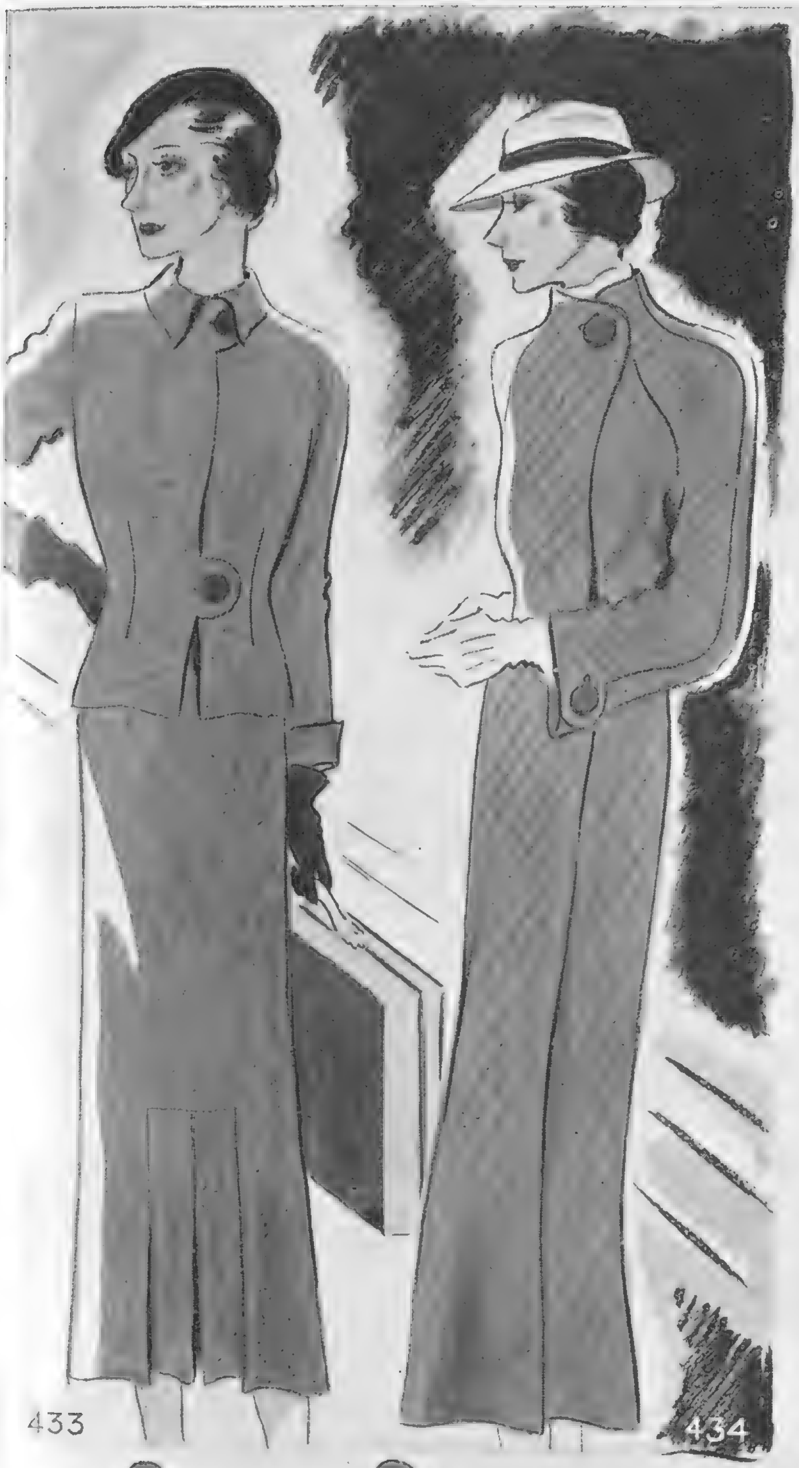




AN evening wrap that practically makes itself... The diagram is so simple to follow that it needs no pattern. Fold material right side outwards, cut round dotted lines, join raw edges all round by turning in and slipstitching. Fold from B to B. Join together from AA to BB. Required: 2½ yards of 36 inch material



the HOME DRESSMAKER



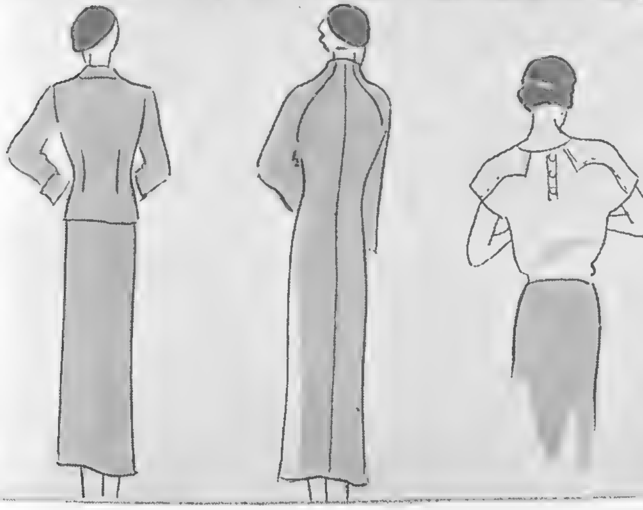
How to Buy

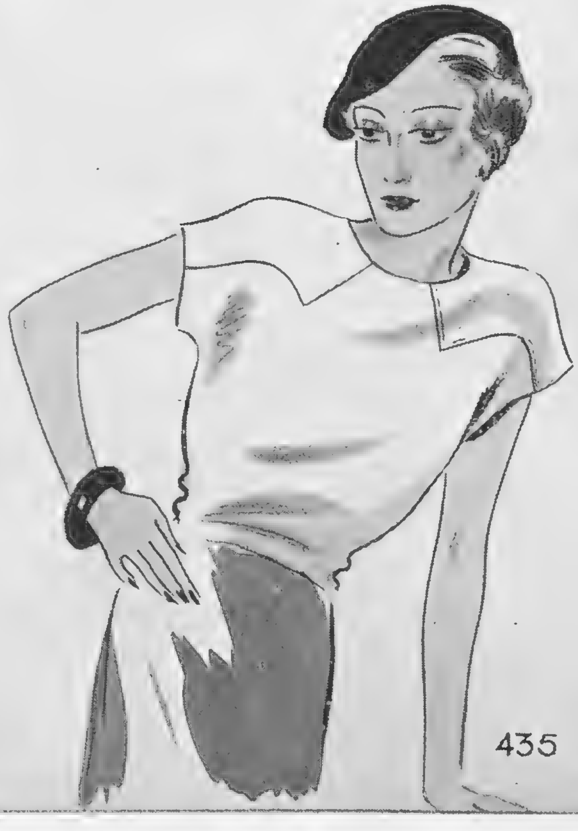
THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

No. 433. Simplicity is the theme of three patterns on this page, a theme that can never be improved on for smartness. One of the new light-weight tweeds makes the suit out of 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. Colour? There is prunelle, a lovely variation of violet; there is burgundy, which speaks for itself, two favoured shades for the autumn. Price 2/-

No. 434. The long coat is raglan sleeved, slightly waisted. The collar, when open, rolls smartly. In the same material as the suit it would be an outfit to cling to until winter coat time comes around. 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. Price 1/-

No. 435. The silk jumper below, with its attractive shoulder-line and snug waist-fitting (1¼ yards of 36 inch) might be duck-egg blue, always good with winey shades. Price 1/-





Vegetables that help to make your Scotch broth a success— —Turnips, carrots, onions, cabbage

The Best Dishes of Other Countries:

All Scotch

Bread, scones, porridge and whisky are better in Scotland than anywhere in the world. There are other excellent delicacies born up North, well known down South, but not always prepared in the real Scottish way

By A. H. Adair

MOST of us are back now, from seaside, mountain or moor, full of fresh air and fresh fare.

We can talk of nothing but where we went and what we did, what we saw and what we ate and drank.

Let us be reminiscent and write of our stay in Scotland: the land, if ever there was one, of game. . . *and* games. Playing a fish in a river (it will drop soon, dying at our feet) or a ball out of a bunker (will it, too, drop "dead" at the pin?); shooting grouse or tramping through mountains, we have brought away a store of memories, and new ideas for the menu.

Perhaps the most interesting thing we have learnt is that Scotland is not only the country of bread, scones and porridge, any more than the Scots are exclusively nourished on haggis and whisky. For, although these delicious things are better there than anywhere else in the world, they by no means complete the repertoire of an accomplished Scottish cook.

Of the dishes well known south of the Border, Scotch broth, Scotch woodcock, hotch-potch, cock-a-leekie, finnan haddock, all these appear frequently on Southern dinner tables, but not always as they would be served in the North; and as it is just as easy to prepare them as they should be prepared, here are the real Scottish recipes.

Scotch Broth

Put two pounds of neck of mutton into a large saucepan with a cupful of well-washed pearl barley. Add four quarts of cold water, bring slowly to the boil and throw in a pudding-spoonful of salt. By this time scum will begin to form, which must be removed frequently.

When most of the scum has gone, add vegetables—turnips, carrots, leeks, onions and half a small cabbage washed and cut into small pieces. Bring to the boil again, cover loosely with a lid and simmer gently for two and a half to three hours. Half an hour before the soup is ready remove the meat, add salt (if necessary) and pepper, also a seasoning of chopped parsley and a grated carrot.

To serve, a few pieces of meat with the fat removed can be put in the tureen with the soup poured over.

The rest of the meat will not, of course, be thrown away; it can be used up in many ways—especially as this is a Scotch recipe.

Cock-a-leekie

This delicious dish—half soup, half stew—is made with beef (two pounds), a "boiling" fowl and leeks. Quantities of leeks, at least two pounds.

Put the meats into three quarts of cold water with salt, bring to the boil, skim and add the leeks, washed and cut into pieces, also salt and pepper to taste.

Simmer for three hours, remove the beef and fowl and put back the best parts of the fowl cut into small pieces, before serving.

Scotch Finnan Haddock

Cook the haddock until quite soft, in milk seasoned with pepper. When it is done remove it and flake into pieces free from bones, fins and skin.

Now cook together a small piece of butter and a pudding-spoonful of flour until you have a smooth paste.

Add, little by little, all the milk in which the fish has been cooked, beating all the time with a fork, which will give you a smooth thick sauce.

Put back the flakes of haddock, stir well together and serve on a bed of plainly boiled rice.

Scotch Woodcock

This is *not* a dish of scrambled eggs placed on buttered toast spread with anchovy paste, as many restaurants would make us believe.

This is how to do it.

Having first made a smooth white sauce with flour, butter and milk, we add salt, cayenne pepper and grated cheese.

Now butter the toast, sprinkle with the chopped white of hard-boiled eggs, add a layer of the sauce and cover with the yolks passed through a sieve.

Place two fillets of anchovy crosswise over the top and serve as hot as possible.

Egg Surprise

Another very good Scotch egg dish is prepared in the following manner:

Have ready some hard-boiled eggs, one for each person, and shell them. Meanwhile mix together sausage meat, chopped parsley, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and bind with one whole raw egg.

Wrap each egg in the mixture, drop them into boiling fat and cook for five minutes, after which drain the eggs thoroughly and serve very hot as a luncheon entrée, or by cutting the eggs into four parts they could be served, on little *canapés* of fried bread, as a savoury, or for cocktail parties.

PEARS à la Reine (left) are as good to look at as they are good to eat

THE important part of making a soufflé—beat your eggs to a very stiff froth

Sweets

which *will be* remembered when the Dinner Party *is* Forgotten

By A. H. Adair

IT is often my luck to have a meal which begins well, with every sign of having been carefully planned and cooked, and ends with an indifferent and often frankly bad sweet.

It would seem as though the cook has spent all her talent and energy in the preparation of the first dishes, and, unable to stay the courses, gives in with a groan and sends up some trembling shape of an indistinct character and even vaguer taste.

Yet it is not always the fault of the actual cooking, for it often happens that the cook, however good she may be, is faced with a badly ordered meal composed of nothing but dishes requiring last minute attention.

You cannot expect her to send in a perfect *soufflé* if the dish which preceded it has kept her busy until the very last moment, nor can she make a successful elaborate cold sweet if she has had also to prepare other things in advance.

The obvious solution is to arrange the meal in such a manner that nothing can interfere with the perfection of each course. If you want to finish with a *soufflé* the main course should consist of something which is almost completed before the meal actually begins.

Planning a meal successfully is just as necessary as cooking it well, for the success of the dinner is equally dependent on both. The hostess is probably remembered as much by the last course as the rest of the dinner.

The following collection of sweets for party occasions has been chosen from various types, and should be calculatingly used according to the arrangement of the menu.

Chocolate Soufflé

Put two tablespoonfuls of chocolate powder into a small saucepan (if unsweetened, add two heaped tablespoonfuls of castor sugar; if sweetened, one spoonful) with a puddingspoonful of cold water.

Melt slowly over the fire until you have a smooth paste. Remove from the fire, add the yolks of three eggs, mixing them well into the paste, which you now put aside to cool.

Now beat the whites of four eggs to a very stiff froth, and fold the whites lightly into the chocolate mixture, putting in only half at a time. Have ready your *soufflé* dish greased with butter and sprinkled all over the inside with castor sugar.

Put in a moderate oven and bake for twelve to fifteen minutes. Do not be afraid to look at the *soufflé* while it cooks—in fact, you must do so. If you find that it is rising unevenly, release the part which is sticking by slipping round a flexible knife. Five minutes before the *soufflé* is ready, sprinkle the top with castor sugar.

Pears à la Reine

Take one medium-sized pear for each person, peel and cut in two lengthways. Remove the cores and put them in a saucepan with enough water to cover them, and a tablespoonful of soft sugar to each pear.

Add a flavouring of vanilla, bring to the boil and simmer until the pears are quite soft, when they should be removed. Let the liquid boil until half has evaporated; add a glass of port wine and two tablespoonfuls of apricot jam. Bring to the boil and pass this syrup through a fine strainer.

Meanwhile boil in milk a sufficient quantity of rice, a small handful to each person; sweeten to taste. When the rice is cooked, stir in two well-beaten eggs.

Dispose the rice in an attractive serving dish, the pears on top with the syrup poured over. Can be served hot or cold—if cold, let it be really ice cold.

Poires Gratinées

Cook the pears as described in the preceding recipe, making a syrup in the same manner. When they are done, put them in a fireproof dish, add the syrup and sprinkle the fruit generously with finely chopped pistachio nuts.

Brown in a hot oven or under the grill and serve either hot or cold with sweetened whipped cream handed separately in a sauce boat.

Peach Cups

Half fill some ice-cream cups or glasses with a layer of vanilla ice cream, and place on top of each half a poached peach.

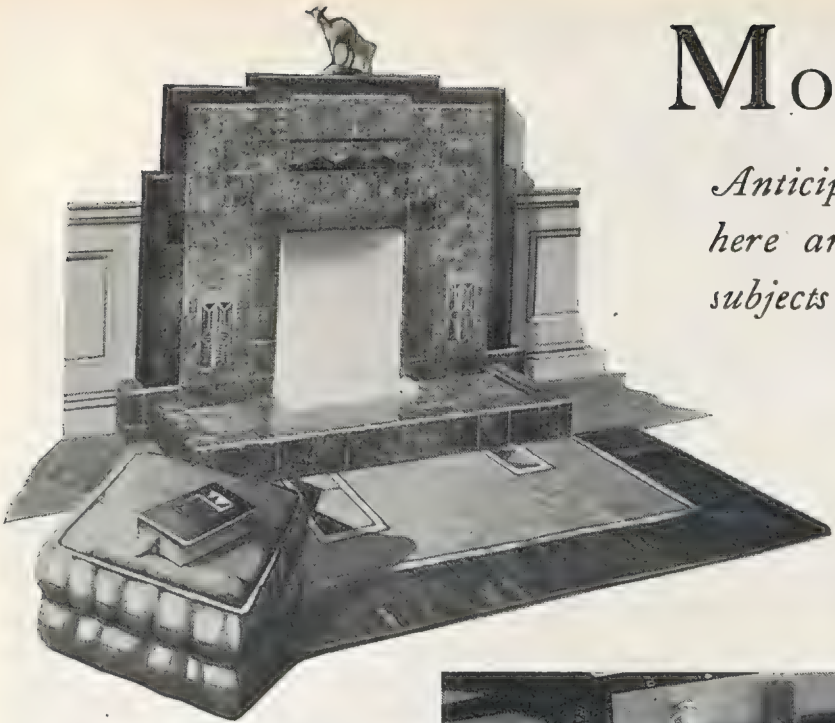
Meanwhile prepare the following cream. Put half a pound of raspberry jam into a saucepan and heat it until liquid, when you pass it through a fine strainer. When the juice is quite cold, add it little by little to some sweetened whipped cream. Place a little of this raspberry cream on top of each cup and decorate with nuts or hundreds and thousands or grated chocolate, according to fancy.

Ginger Cream

Place seven sheets of gelatine in half a pint of milk just warm enough to melt them. When melted add half a pint of cream, eight lumps of sugar, a wineglass of Stone's Green Ginger Wine and some finely chopped ginger (ginger in syrup). Put in a mould, and turn out when cold.

Modern Fireplaces

Anticipating the days of fireside comfort, here are some instructive points on the subjects of Looking and Feeling Warm



THE perfectly blended colourings of this tile fireplace are a decided asset to any decorative scheme, and a practical feature are the electric radiators on either side which can be switched into service on those emergency occasions when a coal fire is unjustified. A Bell Fireplace

THE union of the practical and decorative is a match for which modern designers can really claim the credit. Plain things in fancy dress appear at every turn in up-to-date houses. Sinks and scuttles have æsthetic as well as practical value and the fireplace is often the nucleus of a decorative scheme as well as a centre of practical utility.

There was a time when the choice of the "picturesque" had its penalties. One recalls the pseudo period grate—convincing enough in appearance until belching smoke blotted out its charms—and most of one's own as well.

But we have travelled a long way since then in achieving our ambition in the matter of effect whilst also improving the business end of the matter.

The modern fireplaces illustrated on this page are well worth attention, especially if one is building or contemplating the replacement of out-of-date grates.

AS a focal point the fireplace has immense importance in shaping the character of a room. This delightful Claygate brick fireplace is perfectly attuned to its surroundings of oak panelling and mellowed colourings

Period schemes have, and always will have, a firm place in our affections and the brick fireplace is of immense assistance in giving authenticity to a period scheme. Our native attachment to the hearth, in fact, persists to such a point that even the most modern rooms have brick fireplaces. Far from seeming incongruous, they bring just that touch of homely informality that makes the bleakness of modern schemes acceptable in our homes.

The soft tones of the briquettes, used in the Claygate fireplace shown on the centre of this page are typical of the products of these well-known makers. One of the advantages of these bricks, apart from their assistance in colour effects, is the fact that no cleaning is required other than occasionally brushing over with a soft-haired brush or wiping with a damp cloth. Occasionally they can be freshened up by the application of a little olive oil. Quarry tiles are recommended for the hearths as the briquettes are liable to stain from cinders. A tile hearth can be polished with beeswax or furniture polish.

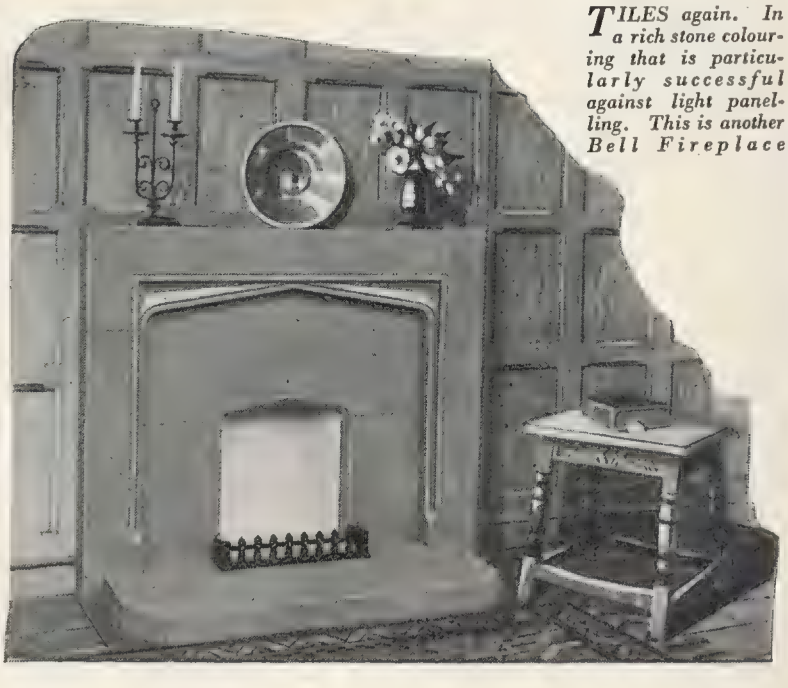
The illustrations at the top and bottom of this page show the versatility of tiles in fireplace construction. The lower picture shows a slightly period effect and, above, another on modern lines.

The Bell Fireplace Company, who are constantly introducing the latest developments in fireplaces, have lately completed designs for gas and electric fireplaces and also for coal grates supplemented with electricity for occasional use.

The gas fire built into a slabbed tile mantel is a welcome improvement on the old system which meant fixing the gas or electric apparatus in front of the disused coal grate. Absence of metal work on these fireplaces reduces labour to a minimum.

The mantel and electric fire built in one unit are ready for fixing anywhere. No flue is necessary and the whole thing can be fixed without tiresome structural alterations in a room where a firegrate has not previously existed.

Bringing a bedroom up to date, by installing a modern gas or electric fitted fireplace, becomes a simple undertaking in this way, and the cost is also satisfactorily small.



Below:
TILES again. In a rich stone colouring that is particularly successful against light panelling. This is another Bell Fireplace

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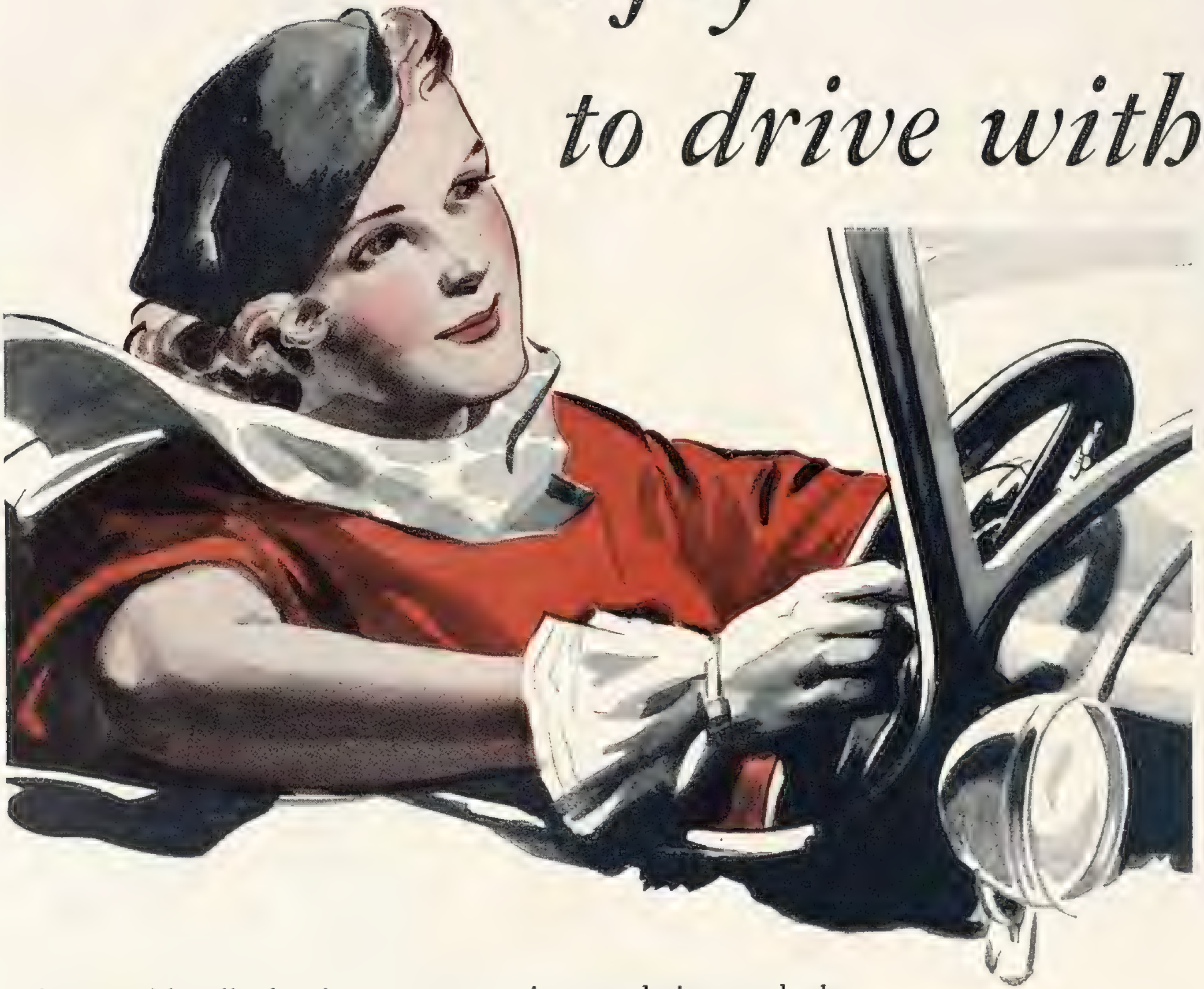

Even with all the improvements in car design, and the protection of traffic lights and signs, driving is more difficult to-day. Yet the woman driver is a better motorist than ever, threading her serene way through the maze of city traffic and on the hazardous highway, and showing sound discrimination in her choice of petrols, consistently using Pratts High Test petrol — a joy to drive with.

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Full Dress Uniform

(Continued from page 27)

have a way of disappearing and never, never writing and you've been a long way away. I don't know what this coming back means to her. She hasn't talked about you to me."

" Do you mean that ? "

" On my word of honour I mean it."

" Well, isn't that suspicious ? "

" Suspicious of what ? "

" You are not trying to help."

" Yes, I am. I see the possibilities of this thing as clearly as you do. One thing I must know. Do you love Lesley ? "

" Love her ? Good heavens, I don't care if I never see her again ! "

" Well, then . . . . "

" Yes. It isn't as easy as that. I only saw her yesterday. Well, I can fade out again. Otherwise, as you know, we are all dining and dancing to-night together and lunching to-morrow, and then there's the wedding. Will it disturb her ? Will it upset what Marshall has established in my absence ? Oh, go on, Betty, be a sport. Can't you see the quandary I am in ? What shall I do ? Stick it out, or disappear again ? Is it too late to disappear ? Hasn't she said anything about my coming back ? "

" Nothing, except how nice it was for Bob."

" And you don't know her feelings towards me ? "

" Honestly, Red, I haven't the foggiest. I think she's mad about Marshall."

" Has she seemed different since yesterday ? "

" Yes. No, no different."

" Shall I have it out with her ? "

" Good heavens, no ! On the eve of her wedding ? Don't be so stupid. You say you don't care for her ? "

" Not a hoot, my dear. Not a hoot."

" Well, then——"

" Yes, but she. She and Marshall ? "

" I'll tell her you tore the photograph."

" Yes, and it's true. Won't that be some indication ?"

" That you don't care ?"

" Yes."

" But if *she* does, that isn't going to help anything ! You'll have to go through with it and try and find out, and I'll try and find out for you."

They dined that night together. Betty wore blue, old Etruscan blue. She looked marvellous.

Dancing with her, Red MacMichael said miserably :

" Haven't found out anything, Betty ? "

" Not a thing. She's as close as an oyster. Doesn't avoid talking about you, but doesn't seem interested. I don't know whether that is still water running deep or whether it's indifference. She's nervy and excited, of course, but I don't know whether that is your coming back or not, or whether she is more nervy and excited than she was the day before yesterday. It's all very difficult."

" Ought I to show Marshall that letter ? "

" Good heavens, no ! Do you want to upset the applecart altogether ? "

" I don't want the applecart to upset afterwards. That's all I care about."

" Well, what do you want ? "

" I want," said Red, with extreme simplicity, " to marry you."

" Are you serious ? "

" I'm perfectly serious. But this has made such an atmosphere, such a disturbing, worrying atmosphere, that I can't even get on with the idea of marrying you."

" I cannot say," said Betty Benoke sombrely, " that that part of the programme seems very clear to me either. Shall we leave it and try and get this other cleared up ? I don't want my best friend to go to the altar loving you—— Oh, it is all very difficult and rather horrible really. We don't know what is in Lesley's heart, or in Marshall's heart."

" Or whether my coming back was the ugliest thing that one man can do to the other."

" Well, it isn't your fault, Red."

" No, it isn't my fault. Betty, suppose all this muddle was somehow, by a miracle, cleared away and we knew where the four of us stood. Would you ? I mean, could you ? "

" I don't know. I'm as nonplussed and miserable over the whole thing as you are, and I know as little as you do what is going on in their hearts. And they are to be married to-morrow ! "

" Try to find out for God's sake from Lesley whether she still cares for me."

" Have you ever tried to make an oyster sing the National Anthem ? "

" Yes. No ! But *you* are her great friend."

" Yes, but even great friends don't get confidences about one man just on the eve of a wedding to another."

" Does she seem disturbed ? "

" Yes, but then it may be the excitement of a big wedding. Women are like that."

" Yes, I suppose so. I don't know much about women."

" No, obviously."

On the morning of the wedding, Betty Benoke came to Red with all her poise temporarily swept away.

" Look here," she said. " I didn't sleep at all last night. I cannot go through with this, this marriage in the dark. I'm not going to be chief bridesmaid. I can't stick it. I didn't sleep a wink ! Chief bridesmaid and best man, and neither of us knowing—— Oh, it is impossible ! "

" You've got to go through with it, my dear. I didn't sleep, either. I never felt so worried in my life. Oh, I'd rather take a plane up in a raid than go through this. It's not knowing gets me down. What are they both thinking and feeling ? But we've got to go through with it."

" I can't, Red. It muddles things so between us."

" How between us, my dear ? "

" Well, I want everything square and smooth, and then I want to marry you. But there'll be all this under-tone and then not knowing. Look here, I don't think I care so frightfully about other people at the moment. I only care about myself. I can't be chief bridesmaid."

" Rubbish ! "

" Red, there must be ways of finding out. I mean, I'm not a fool about this kind of thing even if you are. Lesley's all alone this morning, just messing about and waiting to be married. There's only her mother there. She'd be delighted to see us both and we might get a line on it."

" What, now ? "

" Well, settle our own difficulties anyhow. I must know. If I don't I shall feel that, in a way, *you* are being married to her this afternoon."

" But, darling, that is rubbish ! "

" Yes, it may be, but I shall never know whether she wanted *you* instead of Marshall."

They drove round wearily to Lesley Harris's house. An elderly parlourmaid admitted them. Miss Lesley was up in her own sitting room.

Betty ran upstairs and knocked. She opened the door of the pleasant grey room. The white vases were full of orange azaleas and early orange and yellow Iceland poppies. The room seemed to glow with spots of sunlight.

Lesley rose from a deep grey sofa looking flushed and charming.

" Here's Bob," she said. " It's strictly unorthodox and you mustn't ever tell. Mother's so shocked she's walked out in a temper. Bridegrooms are not supposed to see their brides on the wedding morning, but Bob wouldn't wait."

She held out her hands to both of them and laughed.

" We wanted to see you," said Betty uncertainly, nonplussed. She stopped and looked as if she were about to burst into tears.

Lesley put her arm round Red's enormous frame and hugged him.

" I was just telling Bob about the photograph you destroyed," she said, bubbling with laughter. " A pretty compliment to pay a lovely bride, I must say. I should have thought you would have cherished it."

She turned to Betty and laughed.

" Do you know, I was crazy about Red," she said. " I cried my eyes out and thought my heart was broken when he went out East without asking me to marry him. I wrote and told Bob, told him the honest truth. Oh, I thought myself very romantic. Lot of notice Bob took, didn't you, my poppet ? He was round next morning, in that disgusting little snort of a car of his, to take me to Hurlingham. That's how much effect my dramatics had on him. What did you do with the letter, Bob ? "

The bridegroom flushed and looked vaguely uncomfortable.

" I don't know," he said. " I never dared own it. I read it and I put it down somewhere. I'm damned if I know where. I've often felt a little uncomfortable over that bit of evidence."

" But, Bob, it was a confession."

He picked her up and swung her off her feet.

" I know it was. That's what makes it so frightful ! I read it through and put it down somewhere and when I looked for it it was gone, and on my word of honour, Love, I've never seen it from that day to this ! "

Noise !

(Continued from page 66)

considerable, double windows are a necessity. These will have a secondary advantage in that they prevent condensation and draughts in winter caused through warm air inside the room coming too near the colder air outside.

Cavity brickwork, which is used for the great majority of houses nowadays, is, to some extent, a protection against noise as well as against extremes of temperature. But if the walls of the house are not of cavity construction, the defect may be remedied by fixing soundproof wallboards to the *outside* as well as to the inside of the house.

The boarding on the outside of the house should be finished with a rough cast, and it will then afford additional protection against the elements as well as effectively warding off noise.

If you should live in a house or flat where you are disturbed by sounds from neighbours living either above or beneath you, the floors and ceilings as well as the walls should be lined with soundproof compo boards.

The boards may be screwed or nailed in position ; and when used for walls they may be either panelled and finished with paint or distemper, or concealed with plaster or a suitable wallpaper.

As an alternative to wallboards, there is a soundproof artificial stone which is suitable for walls. There is also a material known as " quilt " which is made of eel-grass ; and there is a sound-absorbent plaster which, however, is used more for acoustic effects than for actual insulation.

This plaster is for clarity rather than silence, and is useful if the home includes a music-room.

It will be found in practice that these various soundproof materials will also contribute enormously toward the subjugation of unwanted sounds set up within the home itself, but to deal with these effectively special attention should be given to the various doors between rooms.

These should be of soundproof plywood, with a sound-resisting inner ply ; and when closed they should fit the architrave closely.

The service hatch between kitchen and dining room should be insulated ; and if the kitchen sink is lined with rubber, three-quarters of the noise of washing up will be eliminated, and chipped or broken china will be rarer.

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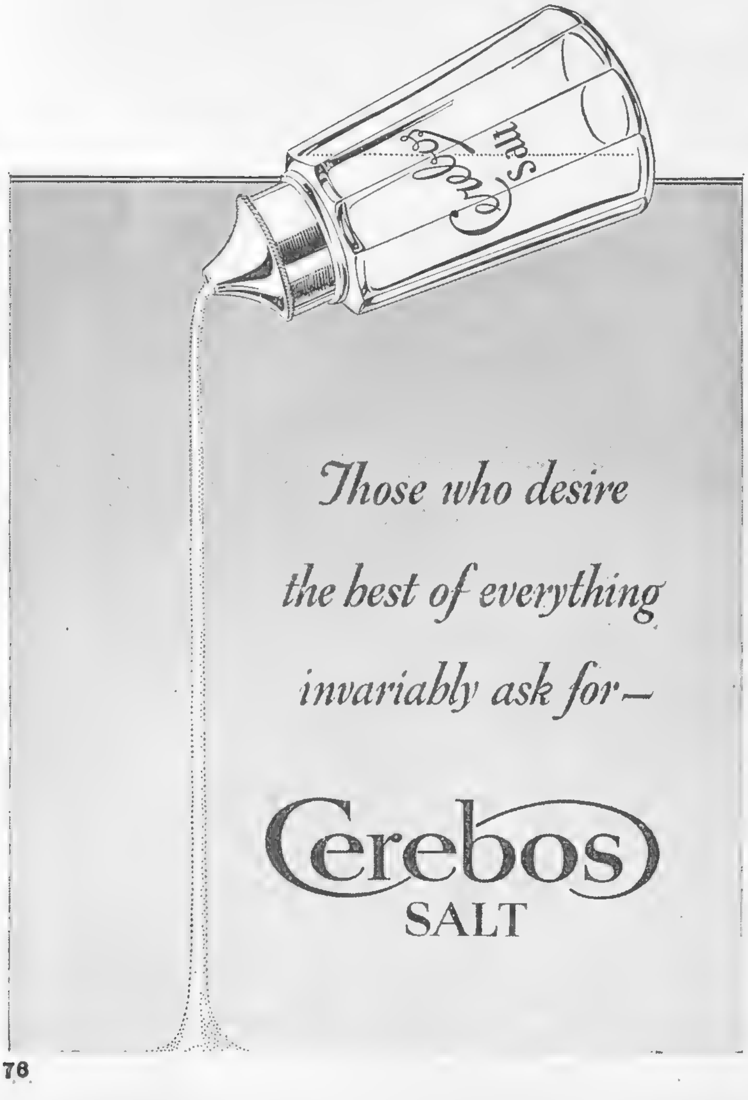

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A Remarkable *new* DAIMLER

The 25 h.p. Straight Eight

By The Earl of Cardigan

IN the history of British motoring there have been many mergers and amalgamations between leading manufacturers; but it is difficult to think of any instance which has been so wholly successful and so productive of good results as the alliance between Daimler and Lanchester. Once again, in the new 25 h.p. eight-cylinder Daimler, the best brains of both firms have obviously combined to devise a motor car of more than ordinary merit, possessing numerous attractive features, and leaving little or no opening for the critic.

The engine, in particular, represents a real achievement. It is amazingly smooth, very silent, and yet has quite impressive powers of acceleration. Best of all, from the point of view of the fast driver—it will run equally happily throughout its whole range of speed. At a 5 m.p.h. crawl, or when striding along at a good 75 m.p.h. on a main road, the same ease and refinement of running is always in evidence. For those who are technically minded, I strongly recommend a study of the overhead-valve gear employed. It is something quite out of the ordinary, both in design and likewise in behaviour.

Although the chassis has been built to carry seven-seater coachwork if desired, there is definitely more speed available than any average driver will be likely to find use for. In third gear, the very useful maximum of 55 m.p.h. can be reached. Even with the heaviest type of body, top gear is good for 75 m.p.h., and I should imagine that, with coachwork of a lighter and more streamlined type, it would be an easy matter to reach the 80 m.p.h. mark. For an all-purpose car, these must be regarded as remarkably good figures.

Excellent road-holding is another of this Daimler's admirable qualities. The steering is especially good. It is very light in action, very definite, and has that firmness of self-centring action which gives a driver confidence when travelling at high speeds. Moreover, there are absolutely no road shocks to be felt via the steering wheel. Here again we have a technical point which is worth studying—the manner in which one of the front springs is anchored. This is a novel feature, and produces wonderfully good results.

The springing likewise is most efficient, and enables the car to ride comfortably at all speeds. The braking is good and smooth, with four-wheel brakes of substantial, although not exceptional, power. The hand brake is of the traditional Daimler type, and is applied by being pushed forward. The idea behind this unusual arrangement is a good one. When the car is stopped, and the lever pushed forward, the offside door becomes completely unobstructed. Conversely, the driver's exit is impeded if he is so careless as to try to leave the car unbraked.

I HAVE, of course, left until last what is undoubtedly the chassis's most striking and original feature—namely its fluid system of transmission. This consists of an epicyclic four-speed gear-box of the Wilson "pre-selective" type, giving perfectly simple and fool-proof engagement, together with wonderfully silent running in the indirect gears. Working in conjunction with this gear-box is the Daimler "fluid flywheel"—one of the most revolutionary of recent motoring inventions.

Nowadays, everybody must have heard of this special fluid transmission; yet I still meet a number of motorists who are exceedingly vague as to exactly what its advantages may be. Let me therefore attempt to explain, very briefly, what the handling of a fluid-flywheel car is like.

Let us assume that we are taking over a car of this type, perhaps from Messrs. Car Mart in Piccadilly. We start the engine; but traffic is dense, and we cannot at once move off. Nevertheless, we can, and do, engage third gear—moving a small lever and giving a dab on the left-hand pedal. We may also release the hand brake. The car is now stationary, *in third gear*, with the engine gently ticking over.

The traffic now opens out, and we touch the accelerator. The car at once moves off—gently, smoothly, but with abundant reserve of acceleration. There is no gear noise, so that a passenger might suppose top gear to be engaged.

The traffic is held up, and we have to stop again. The foot brake is gently applied, and the car, *still in gear*, comes gently to a standstill. It does not matter what we do—stop, start, accelerate or crawl—only the foot brake and accelerator pedals need be used. We cannot stall the engine, nor can we place any undue strain upon it.

Of course we can, at a moment's notice, engage either top gear for more speed or second gear for more acceleration. It just happens that, with this 25 h.p. "eight," third gear is the most convenient one to use for general traffic purposes.

If the above is carefully considered, it will be seen that this fluid transmission is a real asset to any car and to any driver. It saves trouble, it saves fatigue, and it saves an engine from the results of careless handling. It was a wonderful invention when it was first produced, and it is supplied in even smoother and more efficient form today.

Any sort of coachwork can, of course, be fitted to the chassis of the "straight eight" Daimler. The car which I drove was carrying a most luxurious Hooper seven-seater limousine body, and, so fitted, was priced at £1,495.

The 25 h.p. Daimler in brief

ENGINE: eight cylinders, overhead valves, 25·7 h.p.; exceptionally smooth.

GEARBOX: Wilson pre-selective type, four speeds; completely fool-proof.

PERFORMANCE: top gear, 75 m.p.h.; third gear, 55 m.p.h.

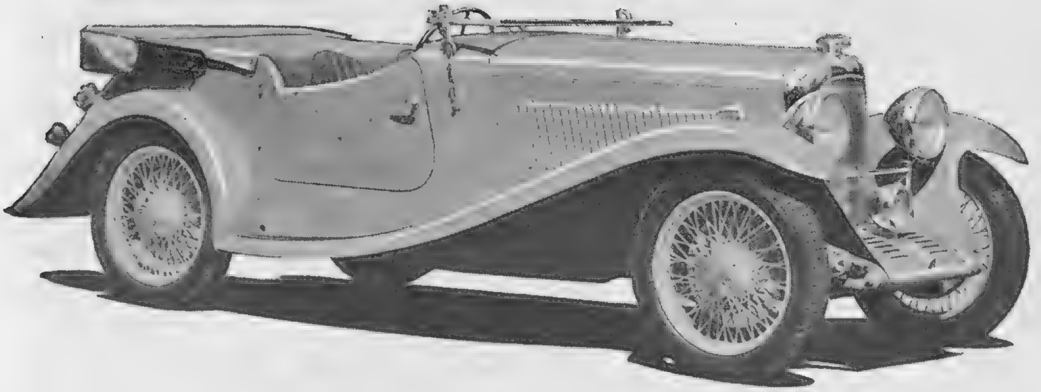
BRAKES: smooth, progressive.

SPRINGING: comfortable.

STEERING: remarkably efficient; no road shocks.

COACHWORK: ample body space for seven-seater types.

PRICE: chassis, £900; Hooper limousine, £1,495.



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The 10 h.p. Lagonda "Rapier"

By The Earl of Cardigan

As an example of 10 h.p. motor engineering possibilities the Lagonda "Rapier" is unquestionably something of a revelation

To those with comparatively short memories, there may seem to be something unusual in the Lagonda Company's production of a light 10 h.p. car. I can remember, however—it is not so very long ago—when the name of Lagonda was chiefly associated with cars of very modest size and power. These latter were sound enough propositions in their day; yet it would be distinctly amusing to compare the old 10 h.p. Lagonda with the new. As specimens of motor engineering in the 10 h.p. class, such vehicles would seem to differ from each other as chalk does from cheese!

The 10 h.p. Lagonda in brief

ENGINE: 10 h.p., four cylinders, overhead valves and twin overhead camshafts. Highly efficient.
GEARBOX: fool-proof pre-selective type; four speeds, controlled by normal type gear lever.
PERFORMANCE: third gear, 60 m.p.h. or more; top gear, 80 m.p.h.
SPRINGING: sports type, admirable at higher speeds.
BRAKES: smooth and powerful.
STEERING: excellent; good road-holding.
COACHWORK: comfortable; especially so in front.
PRICE: with open touring body, £368.

It is no mere figure of speech to state that, until very recently, a car such as the 10 h.p. "Rapier" would have been quite inconceivable to the imagination of the ordinary motorist. Let us consider for a moment the bare outline of its performance. It seats four people; it behaves on the road like a full-grown sports model; it will exceed 60 m.p.h. in third gear, and in top gear can reach 80 m.p.h.

Amazing though it may seem, all this is achieved with an engine paying a £10 tax, and rated at a mere 9·7 h.p. Naturally, such an engine is of exceptional efficiency, but, even so, the figures are those which one would associate with a good 20 h.p. car rather than with a "ten."

How is it done? In the first place, there are two overhead camshafts to operate the engine's valve gear. By this and other means, it has been found possible to reach an engine speed of no less than 6,000 revolutions per minute. It is difficult for the layman to appreciate exactly what this means; but it may be said that, formerly, 3,000 r.p.m. would have been considered a high engine speed, while 4,000 r.p.m. would have been reckoned very fast indeed!

More important, however, to my mind, than the actual engine speeds recorded is the smoothness with which such high "revs" are obtained. In this respect also, the new Lagonda is exceptional. It can be driven "flat out" in third gear, and, no matter what preposterous figure the revolution indicator hand may touch, there is never a trace of vibration, or any break in the smooth flow of power.

To drive one of the new "Rapiers" on the open road is therefore not only an exciting but also a uniformly enjoyable experience. If the gears are used as they should be, there is seemingly endless acceleration with which to sail past cars of a more sober type. There is all the speed that any sane driver is likely to require, and, if the ignition lever be used, there is a very fair degree of flexibility as well. It will be found that, in traffic, the ignition should be retarded fully, to be advanced again as soon as the next stretch of open country is encountered.

As to the way in which the "Rapier" "handles" when being driven at speed, it should be enough to say that it proves itself a very genuine Lagonda. By this I mean that it "sits down" on the road in a way which is only possible to a car of sporting ancestry. Its low build makes it remarkably steady on bends, and this quality, together with the firmness and precision of the steering, enables the driver to corner fast with entire confidence.

The gear box should be mentioned; for, although internally of the familiar Wilson type, giving completely fool-proof pre-selective gear engagement, it is worked by a gear lever of the conventional sort. This lever, working on a quadrant, is pushed forward, notch by notch, for changes "down," and similarly eased back for the changes "up." The effect is novel, but entirely satisfactory.

The springing is, of course, of the rather "hard" type such as most sports cars use. At very low speeds, it does not profess to be fully efficient. At medium speeds it becomes quite comfortable, and at high speeds is definitely good. The braking is at all times most efficient, the two important virtues of power and smoothness being well combined. The hand brake is of special racing type—that is to say, it releases itself instantly after being applied, unless the driver, by depressing a small button, chooses to bring the ratchet mechanism into action.

The car which was loaned to me by Messrs. Warwick Wright was fitted with an open touring body, and its general appearance was exceedingly attractive. The front seats were thoroughly comfortable, giving plenty of leg-room, and there proved to be a very fair amount of space for back-seat passengers as well. The hood, which I had occasion to raise, was efficient and neat, and my only criticism was that it left rather meagre headroom over the back seat.

At £368, this open touring model is by no means an expensive car. Indeed, when its performance is taken into consideration, it may be regarded as extremely reasonable. As an example of 10 h.p. motor engineering possibilities, the Rapier is unquestionably something of a revelation, and the small car enthusiast who omits to test its capabilities will have to blame himself for missing something of outstanding interest.

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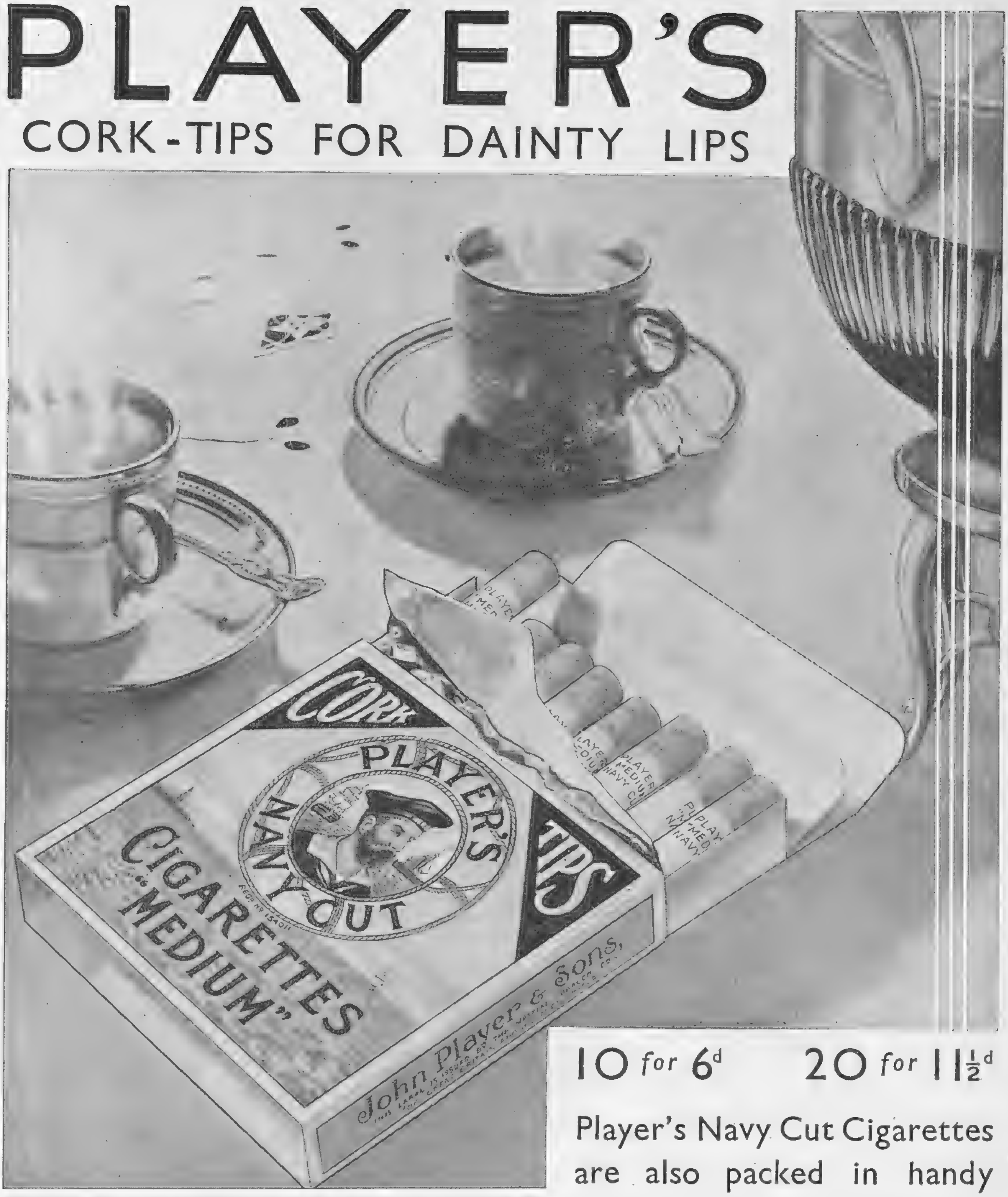
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The Romance *of* Petrol

THIS futuristic-looking installation is the Continuous Treating Plant at Fawley, which operates continuously in the extraction of undesirable components from petrol and makes for a highly refined High Test Spirit

AN aerial view of Fawley Refinery gives some idea of the immense area covered by the refining plant

THE central room of the Anglo-American Oil Co.'s laboratory. Careful watch is maintained on the refining processes by a staff of chemists

By the Earl of Cardigan

IN this highly civilised age, we are accustomed to take very much for granted many of the commodities which play an important, even a vital, part in our daily lives. This is a pity; for there is often both interest and romance in the manner in which such commodities are obtained and prepared for our use.

Petrol provides an excellent example of this tendency. Every motorist uses it; yet not one in a thousand knows the full history of the clear fluid which is pumped into his tank. Petrol is just petrol to the average man. Some brands are better than others, but most varieties will make a car go at least tolerably well. This is a lazy and unprofitable outlook; but it is lamentably common.

I will guarantee, however, that our average motorist would feel very differently if he could share an experience such as recently fell to my lot. I was invited to pay a visit to the Anglo-American Oil Co.'s great refinery at Fawley, on Southampton Water. One is inclined to imagine such a place as being rather an industrial blot on an otherwise attractive landscape; but my first impression of it was of a very different sort. One can actually drive through the village of Fawley, and up to within 100 yards of the refinery gates, without being aware that a £2,000,000 plant (for this is the colossal figure involved) is working in the immediate neighbourhood. For this camouflage and clever use of sloping ground, the Anglo-American directors deserve sincere congratulation.

Did You Know?

The importance of ignition timing

THE ignition lever is a control which plays a much more important part in the running of a motor engine than is generally realised. To take an extreme instance: if the ignition of a car is left retarded when the engine is running fast, over-heating will certainly result, and there will be a very marked loss of power.

The ideal setting for the ignition is that which is as far advanced as possible, while just avoiding the tendency to make the engine "knock." On this basis, a great many engines are habitually run with the ignition insufficiently advanced.

No sensible driver will ever permit the ignition to remain advanced too far. A good fuel undoubtedly reduces "knocking," but there comes a time, when an engine with advanced ignition is accelerated sharply from a low speed, when a definite "knock" will be caused. This is an unmistakable signal for the ignition to be temporarily retarded, or, alternatively, for a lower gear to be engaged.

Once inside the gates, one is chiefly struck by the enormous scale on which everything is done. For example, a barrel of asphalt can be sent by ropeway, and entirely untouched by hand, a distance of no less than 1½ miles from the centre of the refinery to the company's own jetty on Southampton Water, and into the hold of a vessel. As a further instance of the vast scope of the oil industry, it may be mentioned that Fawley is but one of a number of refineries owned by the Anglo-American people, and dotted here and there around the English coast!

The various refining plants set up at Fawley are perhaps too complex for description here. My own interest, I confess, was chiefly captured by the specimens shown in the laboratory. Here one may see the two sorts of crude oil from which the various Anglo-American products are derived. There is Mexican crude, which is heavy, dark and viscous. One of its by-products is asphalt, for which the company has a large sale.

There is also Peruvian crude, which is lighter, and somewhat like thin varnish in appearance. One may even see specimens of English crude oil, produced from a Derbyshire oil well. It is of excellent quality; but unfortunately the flow is not sufficient to enable it to be delivered in commercial quantities.

From these crudes, by various complicated processes, almost every sort of petrol, oil or kindred substance is derived. By-products of crude oil have innumerable uses, unsuspected by the ordinary layman. One may find such by-products in medicine, in cosmetics, in household polishes—in fact, in almost any "patent" substance.

Needless to say, however, the best known of Fawley products is Pratts petrol. This has a world-wide reputation, and it is not difficult, in these surround-

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Mr. Parlbutt and the Love Philtre

(*Continued from page 21*)

IT was less than three days later that Miss Spence stood at her employer's elbow with a square white card between her fingers. Startled, for a moment Mr. Parlbutt stared at it without comprehension, then his face cleared and he sprang to his feet like a boy.

"The philtre! By George!" Eagerly he scanned the card. "Madame Soronis, 34, Ethelbert Place. Love Expert."

Attached to the card was a small leaflet headed with a scarab in red. "Do you lack charm for the opposite sex? Then try Madame Soronis's famous Philtre. Ancient Egyptian receipt. Absolutely harmless, but results infallible." And in red letters at the bottom, "Come and see Me!"

For a moment a qualm touched Mr. Parlbutt.

"Are you sure it's all right?" he queried nervously. "I mean, she won't fill me up with some awful dope or other? I remember a fellow once taking some stuff . . . ."

"Certainly not," said Miss Spence crisply. "Read the other side. She's been visited by all sorts of crowned heads—and, best of all, your aunt, Lady Dinwiddy, recommended her."

Mr. Parlbutt's face showed his relief.

"That's all right—if Aunt Betsy knows her. But how? Aunt Betsy can't, at her age, be consulting a Love Expert?"

"I didn't ask," said Miss Spence primly. "But I made an appointment for you this afternoon—at four. And it's ten minutes to now. I think you'd better be off. And tell me all about it when you come back!"

In the taxi—since, on Miss Spence's sage advice, he was not using his car—Mr. Parlbutt found himself a prey to a thousand warring emotions. He wanted to go on—and he wanted to stop and turn back. He was torn by a vast curiosity and a vaster dread. He pooh-poohed his venture one moment and thrilled with excited belief in it the next, and so occupied was he with these unaccustomed emotions that he arrived at 34, Ethelbert Place far sooner than he imagined.

It was a small and dirty square in an unfashionable neighbourhood. Gloomy houses sadly in need of painting ran round an oblong patch of grimy garden, and a group of grubby-nosed children watched with interest as Mr. Parlbutt paid off the taxi, privately wondering where he would find another. He mounted the steep and rather dirty steps of No. 34, rang the bell, and waited in profound trepidation—which was not alleviated by the appearance of a scrubby maid with her hair in curl-papers who demanded the nature of his business.

On his producing Madame Soronis's card she nodded, however, and ushered him up a flight of shabbily carpeted stairs to the first floor and into a tiny room, dark and stuffy and positively bursting with furniture. Under the window a black horse-hair sofa covered with patchwork cushions offered him a convenient seat, and he sank upon it, staring about him. The mantelpiece bore two pink china vases with hanging glass lustres that tinkled in the slight draught between door and window; a huge marble clock whose hands stood permanently at one o'clock, and an array of birthday cards stuck into the red plush frame of the mirror on the wall behind. There was an upright piano with fluted green silk "fronts" behind the candle-brackets, a gas stove that smelt, dusty ball-fringe on pelmet and mantel-border, and a green serge curtain hanging on one wall behind a Victorian rocking chair with a worn brown velvet seat—but it was not merely a curtain. It concealed a door, and even as he sank upon the sofa the curtain was drawn aside and a lady entered. Madame Soronis!

A tall old woman leaning on a stick, wearing odd semi-oriental garments in reds and yellows and purples, quantities of beads and several startling large rings, with a yashmak of thick ochre-coloured silk drawn over the lower half of her face. At Mr. Parlbutt's startled stare she raised one wrinkled hand and patted the yashmak.

"Forgive me if I startle you wit' thees! I am a Turk by birth . . . and I am happier so. I always wear heem."

The voice was thick and guttural, the eyes over the yashmak outlined with kohl and mascara; there was a stifling odour of some Eastern scent—certainly Madame Soronis lived up to her name in no uncertain fashion, and Mr. Parlbutt felt an odd mingling of relief and disappointment. The usual sybil. . . . Seating herself in the Victorian chair, the strange being drew her draperies regally about her, and crossing both hands on the head of her stick, stared over her yashmak straight at her visitor.

"And now, my friendt. . . ."

"AND after that," Mr. Parlbutt said confusedly to Miss Spence, "I really don't remember *what* happened. I began to tell her all about it—and she took it up and talked and talked. Told me heaps about myself that I swear she couldn't possibly have known—even down to one time when I was a kid and got spanked by Aunt Betsy for stealing peaches from her orchard. I swear I'll never scoff at people who talk about second sight again! Simply marvellous it was. . . ."

"What else did she tell you?"

Miss Spence's tone was curious. Mr. Parlbutt shook his head portentously.

"I can't pretend to remember it all," he said impressively. "But I must say she was an amazingly intelligent woman! She was born in Turkey, but spent her girlhood in Thessaly, and it was there, she says, that she began to get interested in the old lore. And when she went to Egypt she went on studying—and here she is. Possessor of a secret she could ask thousands for, but she doesn't. Says it's against her teaching to sell it for more than just over the price of making."

"What does she mean by 'the old lore'?"

Mr. Parlbutt frowned. The mocking note in his secretary's voice did not please him.

"I think it will generally be admitted," he said pompously, "that the ancients had certain knowledge that is now lost. Knowledge . . . er . . . of various kinds. Of alchemy . . . of what we are pleased to call now Magic . . . of—er—astrology . . . of peculiar properties of light and heat and more than anything else, of the hidden secrets of certain plants and herbs. Do you know, Miss Spence"—his voice was impressive, and his hearer, sitting demurely on her accustomed chair, looked duly impressed—"that cactus-juice gathered under moonlight will cause forgetfulness so profound that a man may become as a newborn child in one night, forgetting his father and his mother and all else besides!"

"You've certainly remembered enough of what she said," said Miss Spence acidly. "I suppose after all this, she *gave* you something—the famous elixir of youth or something?"

Tenderly Mr. Parlbutt produced a bottle from his pocket. It was a quite ordinary bottle, but filled with a pinkish-looking mixture looking rather like hairwash, and smelling—Miss Spence inclined her neat little nose to the cork as Mr. Parlbutt withdrew it, made a face and sneezed—smelling most uninvitingly. Almost reverentially Mr. Parlbutt recorked the bottle and replaced it in his pocket—on his face was a fatuous smile, as he mentally reviewed the results of a steady course of the pink mixture, and Miss Spence's voice had an edge as she spoke.

"When are you supposed to take it? Or doesn't it matter?"

"Of course it matters! It must be taken just before moonrise, Madame Soronis explained—most interesting it was—how great an effect the moon has on human and animal life. How mankind once knew and understood this but forgot it, and how we are just now beginning to relearn the truth . . ."

"Well," said Miss Spence crisply. "You'll soon be able to prove whether it's a 'do' or not!"

As a rule Miss Spence avoided slang with a carefulness almost meticulous, but at the moment something appeared to have ruffled her professional calm. She slammed her typewriter-cover on, snapped her despatch case, donned hat and coat and gloves with a despatch almost vicious and, flouncing out, slammed the door after her with a vigour most unusual. But Mr. Parlbutt did not heed. He was sitting gazing at the pink bottle with an expression almost fatuous.

There was a cocktail party at Lady Dinwiddy's the next day. Miss Spence carefully refrained from making any remark when her employer announced his intention of going; he had refused the invitation when it came, a week earlier; but now, for some reason, he was moved to go. He did not acknowledge the secret hankering, half-ashamed yet undeniable, that was his, to try the effect of the first dose of Madame Soronis's infallible Philtre. Despite the stuff's tasting fully as unpleasant as it looked, the first dose had been swallowed down to the last drop just as the moon rose over the roofs of South Audley Street.

In vain he told himself it was absurd to expect the stuff to have any effect after only one dose. In vain he pooh-poohed the whole idea, told himself it was all a huge joke, that he had never taken it really seriously . . . but in spite of all at six o'clock Miss Spence helped him gravely on with his overcoat, handed him his top hat and presented him with a pink carnation as a buttonhole—a little favour which he accepted with a careless "Thanks, Miss Spence," never realising that the carnation had been bought out of the none-too-large salary she earned as his secretary. Miss Spence smiled wryly to herself as from the window of the flat she watched him walk smartly down the street.

"Poor darling!" was all she said. Which was, of course, an entirely improper manner in which to speak of her employer.

SHE waited eagerly for the next morning—and knew directly she slipped her key inside the outer door of the charming flat she knew so well that the Miracle had happened! The flat was filled with song, joyous, if untuneful—and Mr. Parlbutt's face as he turned to greet her was certainly as shining as the morning itself. He caught her by both hands with the eagerness of a boy.

"Miss Spence! I *can't* thank you enough for finding that wonderful, that *amazing* woman!"

"You find that stuff is already taking effect, then. Marvellous!"

Miss Spence's tone had just the right mixture of surprise and gratification. She took off her coat and hat, uncovered her machine and sat waiting, but her employer was far too excited to start work as yet. He must needs talk a little more . . .

"Effectual! I should think so. Do you know, I was such a success yesterday that I simply didn't know myself?"

Realising that he was perhaps exhibiting a somewhat childish exultation, he stopped awkwardly and went on in a more subdued tone.

"It's not that I want women to run after me, if you understand me, Miss Spence? I simply want to refute that disgusting statement in the paper—to prove Lonergan and his chattering friends wrong. And if things go on like this—I look like doing it!"

He laughed and rubbed his hands. Miss Spence glanced at him sideways from where she sat playing with the papers about her typewriter. As once before, her expression was enigmatic.

"Did they all cluster round you?" she murmured.

Mr. Parlbutt's answering chuckle was unashamedly triumphant.

"I should think they did! It was quite noticeable! Especially Nesta—Lady Pryde's daughter, you know—she was really quite foolish and kept asking when she was going to see me again. And

(*Continued on page 84*)

PERFUMER
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● When persistent parching sun makes water scarce, and dusty dryness frets body and soul, what a celestial blessing you will find in "4711". Better than a cooling shower, it will dispel heaviness and fag and will give you new sparkle and vivacity. "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne is the soignée woman's solace—but it must be "4711", for cheap imitations will do nothing but show the difference there is between the genuine and the counterfeit.

Original glass bottle, to sprinkle or pour, with screw cap, 8/9; half size, 4/9; watch shape bottle for handbag, 2/6; fancy decanters and wicker covered bottles from 7/6 to 52/6.

"4711" CREAM TOILET SOAP
8d. per tablet. Box of three tablets 2/-.
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Pamela Twyning *would* hold my hand and try to get me into a corner with her . . . "

Miss Spence slipped a sheet of paper into her machine, sent it home with a smart click and looked up at her employer with a faint curl of the lip.

"I never did think Mrs. Twyning brought that girl up well," she remarked acidly. "Shall we start working now or wait until later ?"

Recalled to the practical present, Mr. Parlbutt drew out his glasses and, settling himself into his favourite chair, began to dictate. But work—however seriously intended—was not to prosper that bright morning.

Miss Spence's busy pencil had been at work barely ten minutes before the telephone bell rang. Miss Spence lifted the receiver, answered, and handed it to her employer with an indescribable expression on her face.

"Miss Pryde," she breathed.

With a beam of astonished pleasure Mr. Parlbutt took over the receiver. What Miss Pryde had to say was inaudible, but she took a long time to say it, and Miss Spence sat stabbing a complicated pattern of pencil dots on the cover of her notebook for a good ten minutes before the telephone was hung up and work resumed. Halfway through the next page Mr. Parlbutt paused, and remarked in a tone so deliberately casual as to be positively portentous :

"By the way, Miss Spence, you might book a table for two at the Embassy for me to-night ? Tell 'em caviare and champagne—lobster Newburg and a bird, or something of the sort. And order some orchids, and tell 'em to send 'em round to Lady Pryde's with my card—er—to 'Nesta.' Thanks so much. Now go on . . . 'I must remind my hearers that to-day the Empire . . .' "

But the Empire fared no better than the rest of Mr. Parlbutt's work that morning. Another telephone call—another lady. A Mrs. Redmayne this time . . . Mr. Parlbutt did not seem to remember her, but his gratification was just as patent as though he had. And the end of the conversation was another evening booked, another order for orchids, two stalls at a fashionable play and a table for supper. Mrs. Redmayne was obviously one of those ladies who believe in cramming as much into a basket as it will hold.

The next interruption was Miss Twyning, begging her "darling Parlie" to come to a bottle-party and bring "lots of fizz." "Darling Parlie . . ." that much Miss Spence managed to garner via the telephone, Miss Twyning's voice being of the penetrating kind, and the hearing thereof did nothing to improve the little secretary's already somewhat sour expression. Then came a lady who refused to give her name, and was archly coquettish with Miss Spence over the telephone until she realised that she was wasting her sweetness on a mere secretary—when she became distinctly sour.

After that there was no use pretending to work, for one after another they rang up, and by the end of the morning the bewildered and somewhat exhausted—albeit gratified—Mr. Parlbutt found himself booked for five cocktail parties, three luncheons, and a charity matinee ; besides having given eight invitations to dinner, and three to a theatre, to say nothing of arranging endless minor meetings. The clock struck one, and he sat back, wiped his perspiring brow and smiled feebly at his secretary. She smiled back—but oddly. Distinctly oddly, and for an uncomfortable moment Mr. Parlbutt found himself wondering what lay behind that smile. Tha positively Monna Lisa-esque smile . . . but he had no time to ask, for she was out and away like a flash, with a brisk "Good-bye, sir. I shall be in to-morrow morning !"

But to-morrow morning resembled to-day. And so did the next day, and the next and the next . . .

Life, in a flash, became utterly transformed for Mr. Parlbutt. From living a quiet, somewhat sedate bachelor existence, going out when he himself chose, making such appointments as, after mature consideration, he had decided would be (a) enjoyable, (b) useful, (c) necessary, he found himself pitchforked into an existence in which there was no single moment that he might safely call his own.

Women ! From being the—very occasional—chaser, he became the chased. Women rang up, wrote, sent messages, called—from indecently early hours to equally indecently late ones. Miss Twyning, indeed, formed a habit of "dropping in to see 'darling Parlie'" after any and every evening engagement—and as she habitually went about with a gang of kindred souls, none of whom ever went to bed before two o'clock or later, Mr. Parlbutt now found himself awakened three and four times a week by a gay crowd of young folks who battered at the door until the indignant Byng, huddling a dressing gown over his old-fashioned nightshirt, let them in, who romped and shrieked all over his beloved rooms, thumped jazz tunes on his Bechstein, played quoits with his antique pewter plates, drank his cellar dry—and generally, after turning the place completely upside down, borrowed money from him to pay their taxis home ! At first flattered, it must be admitted that after a while Mr. Parlbutt found Miss Twyning tiresome . . .

Mrs. Redmayne adopted a different, less boisterous method. She was a siren with red hair, perfect clothes, a soulful manner, and the sort of figure women dream of possessing and never do possess. And she went to work in a more subtle way—but since she possessed a jealous husband as well as an ideal figure, Mr. Parlbutt soon began to regard her with considerable nervousness, and edge away from the telephone when she rang up. But she was unquenchable . . . though to be sure the others were one and all equally persistent in their respective ways.

Mina Waring insisted on his coming riding with her—which meant paying for all her riding expenses and coming home with a remarkably sore seat. A quiet canter four times a week in the Row Mr. Parlbutt considered excellent for the liver—but Miss Waring's idea of riding was to tear from end to end of the Park at a hand gallop. And for a gentleman of forty-eight, unused to violent exercise, this was distinctly trying !

Tama Westcott took him dancing—but though Mr. Parlbutt liked to dance well enough, as long as it were restricted to once or twice during the evening and sitting down directly you'd had enough, he did not like Tama's idea of dancing at all. She leapt from her seat directly the music started, regardless of the delicious *plat* left cooling on her plate, and dragged her partner through any and every dance, from the tango—which Mr. Parlbutt could not dance at all—to the Viennese waltz, which left him limp and perspiring, with his collar a ruin and his feet aflame. Miss Westcott, like Miss Waring, he found quite definitely trying.

Nesta Pryde insisted on his accompanying her down to Dockland and poking about among the Humble Homes where she imagined she was doing good. As an M.P., Mr. Parlbutt waxed throatily eloquent time and again anent the equality of the Great Human Family, and was (or so he thought) all for the brotherhood of man . . . but in practice he discovered that he did not like his brother man at such close quarters. Brother Man in the flesh smelt of sweat and dirt and drink ; he swore, he spat, and he was altogether rather terrifyingly rough and uncouth, nothing like as pleasant as Brother Man in theory. A sneaking admiration and respect for the way in which Nesta undoubtedly managed to get along with the Docklanders did not help Mr. Parlbutt personally towards any greater liking and understanding of them ; and after two or three such expeditions he struck. But Nesta stipulated that if he didn't come and help with the work he must at least give something towards it. Sheer vanity forbade Mr. Parlbutt ever giving a meagre subscription, and to his considerable annoyance he found himself the poorer by fifty pounds.

Then there was Elinor Maitland, the actress, who wanted a "backer," and Mr. Parlbutt found himself fighting hard against becoming the said backer—with Elinor's large dark eyes and melting voice a-tug at his soul as he fought. There was Marda Lynn, who gambled, and gaily borrowed money from him to pay her bridge debts—until he fled at the sound of her light, metallic voice. There was also Lady Prince, who had a dress shop and wanted a partner . . . In despair after a week Mr. Parlbutt gave up any attempt to struggle against the flood of women that overwhelmed him, and drifted with the tide.

The love philtre had done its work, and Lonergan and his friends were defeated and scattered to the winds. Not popular with women ? Popular was no word ! No party was complete without "Parlie." Parlie's flat became a rendezvous for all the bright young women of his acquaintance, and his private-expenditure list began expanding at a quite alarming rate. It was difficult—as Mr. Parlbutt fretfully reminded Miss Spence, when she first drew his attention to the grim total—to take women out to dinner, the theatre, concerts, the opera, to give them orchids and champagne and hot-house fruits, and to keep one's expenditure within the limits imposed by his previous almost hermit-like existence. It wasn't worth considering. Miss Spence said no more, merely looking down her nose—but despite his brave words, Mr. Parlbutt, in his secret heart, had undoubtedly begun to do a good deal of considering.

In fact, he was by this time—about a month after that initial cocktail party at Lady Dinwiddy's—considering, very seriously and with a good deal of anxiety, his future. He was a careful man with money—not mean, but certainly careful. And it was indubitable that his income would not stand indefinitely the strain of entertaining a different—and expensive—lady every night. They were so insatiable, these women ! They all seemed to know one another in the most uncanny way, and he had only to appear at, say, the Savoy with Ernestine Brigshaw for Trina Lang and Molly Burgin to ring up the next day and shriek at him that he was a mean brute, and why did he take out that little beast Ernestine ? Why didn't he take *them* out—and when was he going to do it ?

That meant one had to invite them out some other evening to pacify them, and two more expensive evenings went on the week's bill. He had tried, in desperation, inviting two girls to the same dinner, and regretted it, since they spent the entire evening glaring at each other, and picked a royal row with him next day !

Women ! From being a man who occasionally chose a woman to take out to dinner—a man who, with due deliberation, picked the most attractive, the smartest woman that he knew—Mr. Parlbutt found himself a man hunted by women. Women never left him alone. They lay in wait for him when he went out; they pursued and besieged him when he got in. If he did not ring them or write every day they rang or wrote hysterically reproachful letters ; they demanded attention all the time, expenditure right and left, flowers, parties, and even occasionally the payment of a too-pressing bill. Mrs. Redmayne it was that started this, and very angry was Miss Spence when she came to the counterfoil in her employer's cheque-book. She waited until he came in from having tea with yet another charmer, and presented the stub of his book to him without a word, one slim thumb upon the damning entry. Her small face was set in a mask of stern disapproval as inexorable as the Fates themselves . . . With a feeble wave of his hands Mr. Parlbutt sank into a chair and cast his hat aside.

"Oh, damn the woman ! Sorry, Miss Spence. Hi, Byng ! Bring me a whisky and soda—strong !" The valet's sleek head appeared at the door and Mr. Parlbutt spoke on a lower note, with a nervous glance around. "If any women call, Byng—I'm not in !"

"If that Miss Twyning calls she'll come in whatever I say—to rest, or write you a note, or 'ave a drink of something," said Byng with resignation.

(*Continued on page* 86)

MALVERN SPR
CELEBRATED
BOTTLED AT THE COLWALL SPRINGS IN THE MALVERN HILLS
SCHWEPPES MALVERN S
Natural Malvern Wat
(Still)
Schweppes

Take the waters . . . at home

Schweppes Malvern Water (Sparkling or Still) drawn from the famous Colwall Springs in the Malvern Hills, is the purest water known ; *and* it costs less than imported foreign waters.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

But I'll do my best, sir ! " He closed the door softly, and Mr. Parlbutt looked distressfully at his stern-faced secretary.

"Women—I'm sick to death of 'em, Miss Spence ! Never had any peace since I took that beastly stuff. . . . I wish I'd never seen it. I loathe dancing; I've seen every theatre and every film; I've been to night clubs till I could scream at the sight of a cabaret. I'd give *anything* for a quiet dinner here with a book ! " He looked despairingly at the cheque-book. "I—that isn't what you think, Miss Spence ? Good heavens. No ! But I can't shake her off—she's a perfect limpet."

"It's no business of mine," said Miss Spence snappishly. "But it's my business to stop your making a fool of yourself—if I can ! What's her husband going to say if he finds that cheque—and sees your signature ? "

Mr. Parlbutt clasped one hand to his forehead and groaned aloud.

"Oh, my God ! I never thought of that. Of course, of course. I ought to have given it to her in cash. Only *she* thought . . ."

"She thought," said Miss Spence severely, "that if you left it until daylight, and a pretty level-headed secretary, you mightn't do it at all ! So she wept on your neck—she was here dining last night, wasn't she—and coaxed it out of you that way ? How do you know she isn't going to let her husband find that cheque and threaten you with divorce proceedings . . . if she wants to force you into marrying her she could easily have arranged for somebody to see her leaving here. And then the fat would be in the fire with a vengeance. Did she leave very late ? "

Mr. Parlbutt groaned again.

"About two o'clock, I suppose. We went to a show, and then came back here for supper. She's quite amusing, y'know—told me a lot about her early life, then got on the pathetic side, and talked and talked—and at last I got dead tired and wanted to get rid of her, so I gave her the cheque in desperation."

His haggard eyes—the eyes of a middle-aged man who has been sitting up too late and drinking too much wine—were fixed appealingly upon her.

"Seriously—what d'you think would happen if her husband *does* find that cheque?"

"He'll think, of course, that it's for 'services rendered.' "

Mr. Parlbutt winced and flushed, but his secretary went mercilessly on.

"You've been simply *terribly* foolish, Mr. Parlbutt. Still, there's always one way to circumvent a woman."

Miss Spence sat playing meditatively with the cheque-book and staring into the fire. Her head was bent, and the firelight caught unexpected tints of gold and red in her bronze hair. For once she had laid aside her official glasses, and wore an exceedingly becoming frock of dull green serge. Looking at her as she sat there, small and dainty and all a woman, Mr. Parlbutt felt as though he had never properly looked at her before. He blinked and looked again—and in his breast something that had, up to date, lain fast asleep turned over and drew a long breath before awaking.

"You see," said Miss Spence softly. "It's like setting a thief to catch a thief. You're sick and tired of women—you're trying to manage them, and you can't. You'll only burn your fingers. Get a woman to help you ! *Women are afraid of other women* ! Get a woman to help you—it's the only way ! "

Mr. Parlbutt rose to his full height—for now that mysterious something in his breast had awakened and, stretching itself to its full height, opened its arms to the sun of love that it had never known before.

"I understand." His usually rather pompous, didactic tone was shaken and humble. "I'm not worthy of you, my dear—but for God's sake, come and look after me ! "

It was to Lady Dinwiddy's, soon afterwards, that Miss Spence—wearing a silver-fox fur and a magnificent diamond ring, both presents from her fiancé—fled to tell the glad news, while Mr. Parlbutt interviewed *The Times* anent inserting the announcement of his forthcoming wedding.

The solemn butler ushered her into the solemn entrance-hall of Dinwiddy House—still, despite the advent of time, defying the menacing picks of the housebreakers—and was about to show her into the still more solemn drawing-room, but Miss Spence, knowing her way about, turned and ran in the opposite direction—into the little morning room, now My Lady's own special and particular room, into which only the elect and specially favoured were allowed to enter . . . but it was evident from the eager "Of course ! " that followed the girl's "May I come in ? " that Pauline Spence was amongst that small and select number.

With a shrug of his fat shoulders Lamport went downstairs and, closing the door behind her, Miss Spence leant back against it and surveyed the old lady who sat eyeing her with a face of sparkling triumph. Lady Dinwiddy dropped her knitting and clasped both hands, with a chuckle of triumph that drew her face into wrinkles like those of an ancient ivory mask.

"Done it ? Oh, clever girl, clever girl ! Now come and tell me all about it."

Pulling off her hat and throwing aside the new fur with the recklessness only born of the new and delightful knowledge that any number of others can be bought if that one gets spoiled, Miss Spence dragged up a velvet "humpty " and, sinking upon it, crossed her arms upon the old lady's knee.

"It was *all* thanks to you ! " Her pretty eyes—now free of the disfiguring glasses for ever and a day—were filled with thankful tears. "I've loved him for such ages—you know I have ! And he never *would* take the smallest notice of me."

"More fool him ! " quoth Lady Dinwiddy vigorously. "He's a good fellow, is my nephew, but a fool all the same. Nobody, for instance, but a fool would have believed all the guff I poured into him about that love philtre." She chuckled. "God knows what it must have tasted like—I put in everything I could think of ! Peppermint, gin, turpentine, paregoric—the Lord knows what . . . and the *bother* I had getting my old dresser to lend me her rooms in Ethelbert Place for the afternoon, without asking questions ! "

"I wish I'd been there—you must have been *marvellous* for him not to have recognised even your voice," breathed Miss Spence, watching with fascinated gaze the play of light and shadow in the vital old face above her. Lady Dinwiddy laughed on a satisfied note, and waved a lean, wrinkled hand about her.

The walls of the little room were covered with photographs, mostly of stars of the music-hall stage, now long dead or forgotten; ladies with opulent busts and hips, wearing all manner of odd and sometimes embarrassing clothes, with feathered hats and diamond stars in high-piled hair ; men with red noses and umbrellas, with comic moustaches and comedians' wigs. An old make-up box occupied pride of place on a little table in the window, beneath a mirror with a wide ivory frame, scored with innumerable signatures. A cabinet held stacks of tattered songs ; a guitar, a harlequin's mask and hat, and a group of tall-headed canes occupied another corner. The morning-room of Dinwiddy House, to outsiders—but to those few who entered, the dressing-room of an old music-hall star. Lady Dinwiddy, once Lilly Minns, the finest principal boy of her day.

The world had almost forgotten, it was so long ago—for Lilly Minns had been buried in the person of Lady Dinwiddy, wife and now widow of one of England's premier earls, for a good forty years. But it seemed that she herself had not forgotten, nor lost touch altogether with her art. . .

"I enjoyed it ! " said Lady Dinwiddy. There was a touch of wistfulness in her tone as she looked round the little room into which so few had penetrated. "I was always good at character stuff, you know . . and I've a lot of my clothes and props left. Couldn't bear to part with 'em, somehow. They're all there still—hanging behind those curtains I had fixed up there."

Miss Spence followed the gesture towards where a frill of tulle, a tinsel ribbon, a fragment of silver fringe or satin showed beneath the dignified lengths of blue damask. The room did its best to maintain its conventional atmosphere, but without much success. The blue damask, like the window-hangings, the carpet, the furniture, was Paulton Square—but the red velvet chair and its bright-eyed old occupant, the littered table, with its rouges and creams and grease-paints, the stacked music, the masks and canes and the battalions of photographs, were Drury Lane . . . Drury Lane, of sixty years ago. Kneeling up, Miss Spence threw her arms about the still upright figure, and hugged it heartily.

"You've been too good to me ! " she murmured into the diamond-studded laces at her ladyship's neck. "I'm so happy I feel quite insane ! "

Lady Dinwiddy patted her young friend's shoulder affectionately.

"And I'll bet Oswald is too—now he's really waked up to what he ought to have realised long ago," she said severely. "I never thought I should live to see the day when I was grateful for anything that nasty little brute Lonergan wrote, but I am ! It just gave me the jumping-off place I wanted . . something to force you into the limelight against that silly, chattering crowd of society girls. In a sense I'm sorry it's over But "—the bright old face wrinkled into a grin of amusement—" for another reason I'm exceedingly glad ! I'm rich, thank goodness . . . but I shouldn't have been for very much longer if I'd had to go on paying those wretched girls a guinea every time they rang him up or went to see him. Mercenary little blighters they are too—wouldn't do it for ten bob. Guinea or nothing, it had to be—and young Pamela Twyning had the cheek to tell me *that* wasn't really high enough pay for enduring an evening of undiluted Parlie ! Poor boy, how cross he'd be if he knew—now don't you bristle up in his defence. He's happy now. He'll be quite sure, till his dying day, that he could have married a hundred lovely women, but relinquished 'em all for love of you. He'll be sure he's chock-full of S.A.—and so he's happy. And now, is it to be velvet or satin for the wedding gown ? "

END

Japan's Working Life

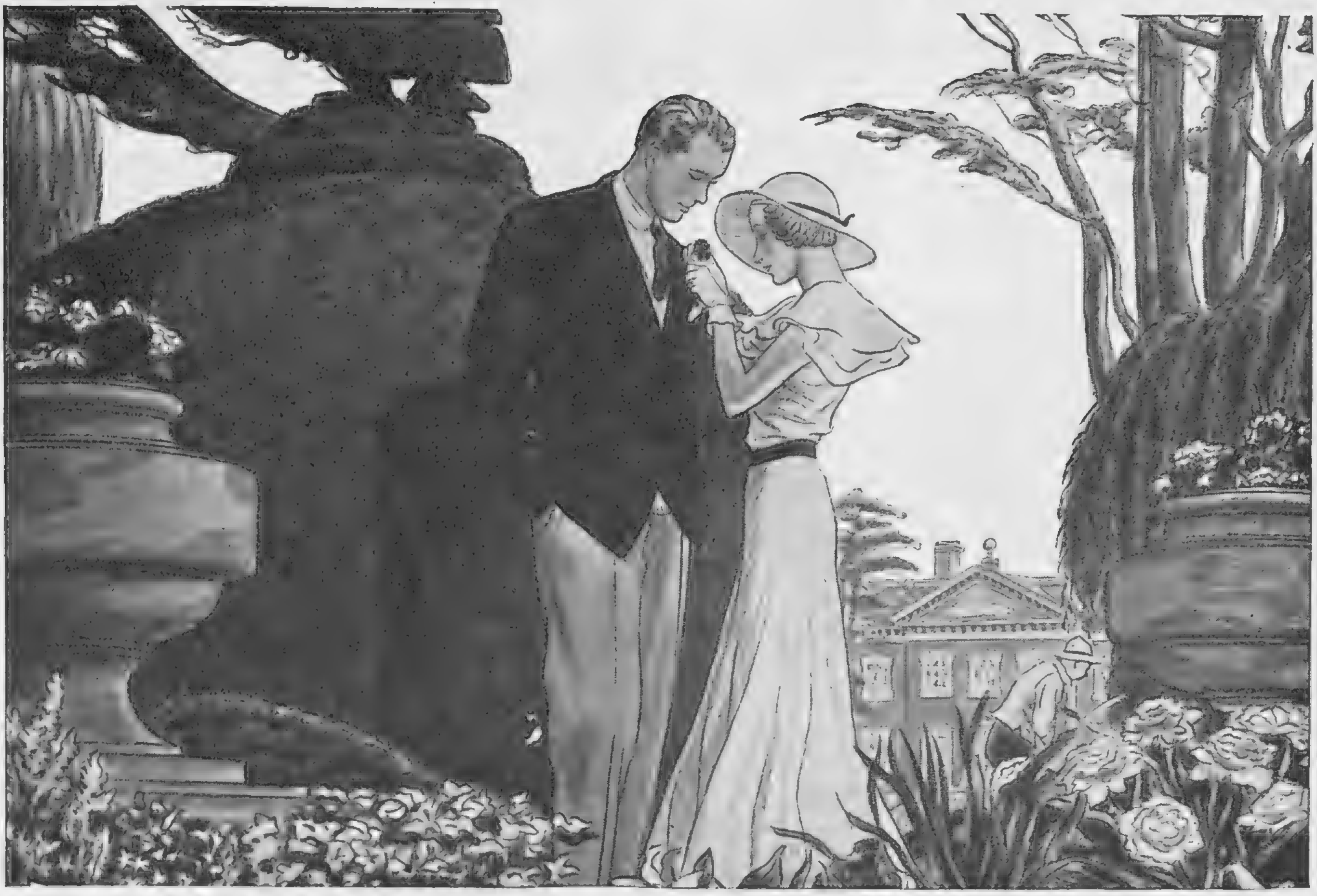
(*Continued from page 23*).

to smile as if she were at a social gathering. The smile of custom and tradition is Japan's acknowledgment that nobody has the right to cause anybody else a moment's mental discomfort. Consequently, the deepest sorrow or the most appalling disaster is recounted with an expression of amusement.

It is this stoic disregard of all personal feelings that England is fighting to-day, for Japan works as other nations play. She is a land of the most startling contrasts. In remote country districts, life is archaic. The houses are paper-walled and roofed with wooden slats. They are empty except for the coarse grass matting on the floor and the quilts which take the place of beds and are rolled out of sight in the day-time. The average labourer has a cup of weak tea, flavourless as water, before he goes out to the fields in the mornings, a mid-day meal of rice, and supper of the same cereal, with sweet cakes the size of halfpennies added on feast days. In the mountain villages there are generally hot springs or sulphur pools, where the whole population bathes together, completely naked. They emerge parboiled, and it is no unusual sight to see a family party, scarlet as prawns, cooling off as they walk back to their house, with their clothes bundled under their arms.

(*Contd. on page* 88)

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE



Summer's Lease

She who is wise in the art of living chooses for these precious moments the perfume of Yardley Lavender to grace her presence: Its coolness and exquisite fragrance enrich her charm and make memorable the long summer afternoons . . . the warm starlit nights . . .

And the same Lovable Fragrance is woven through an exquisite series of toilet luxuries . . . fine Soap, snowy English Complexion Cream, misty-fine Powder—each one of the finest quality procurable.

Sprinkler Bottles 1/3 to 10/6, and in larger sizes up to 2 guineas. Lavender Soap —'*The Luxury Soap of the World*'—2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Powder 1/9, Compacts 2/- and 3/-, Complexion Cream 2/6, Lipsticks 2/- and 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6, Talc 1/2 and 2/6, etc.

Prices do not apply to the Irish Free State.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Yardley's Old English
Lavender

YARDLEY LAVENDER

376/10x7

There is no amusement in rural Japan, unless it be connected with a religious festival. Each house has its shrine, and on certain anniversaries the families dress up in their best clothes in order to visit the spirits of their ancestors, with offerings of rice-cakes and other delicacies. The innumerable ceremonies of propitiation include the invoking of divine assistance at seed-time, when everyone goes out into the fields with paper streamers to distract the attention of evil spirits; the Hari-kuyo, when all the broken sewing needles are dedicated to Awashima-myojin, the patron god of women; the Hatsu-uma, when the red beans and fried bean curds are offered to the fox-god in the Inari temples, especially in the Izuma district, where it is generally believed that human beings turn into foxes at will and where marriage between such fox-families and ordinary people is forbidden.

September sees the festival of chrysanthemums, on the eve of which the peasants wind cotton wool or rags round the blossoms. In the early morning they remove these wrappings wet with dew, and use them to wipe their bodies from head to foot as a precaution against ill-health during the following winter. Later in the month there are moon parties. Boys and girls gather great bundles of tall, spidery grass called susuki; through which at night the moon can be favourably viewed while the guests recite their poems, and eat chestnuts, beans and potatoes. On September 28th the festival of Fuoto-sama commemorates the spirit of the *emotionless*, in whose honour ascetics walk barefooted over red-hot bricks.

From villages where labour and superstition are equally unrelenting, youth is recruited for the factories of the great industrial towns. Boys and girls go of their own free will because they've heard fabulous tales of the cities, but in the metal works and mills they are subject to a discipline as rigorous as in the army.

Japanese factories are the last word in modernity. Like the Russian commercial settlements, they are cities within themselves. For the average European, life doesn't begin until he is outside the factory gates, but the Japanese finds everything he requires in the way of entertainment, education, technical training, sport, eugenics and relaxation within the precincts where he works. Each of the big cotton mills has its own hospital, workers' club, gymnasium, tennis and baseball courts, dining and reading rooms, dormitories, shops, lecture hall, hairdressing rooms and cinema.

The factory laws have limited working hours for girls to eight and a half a day, and forbidden night work, so most of the mills are working two shifts between 5 a.m. and 11 p.m.

The average wage paid to metal workers in Tokyo last year ranged from approximately 3 yen (3s. 7½d.) per day to a fraction over 5 yen (6s. 0½d.). The lowest *weekly* wage of female cotton operatives at the same time was 4 yen 97 (approximately 5s. 10d.), but this was earned by girls of thirteen and fourteen, entirely unskilled. The best workers, operating from 20 to 30 automatic looms, of which there are said to be nearly 20,000 in Japan, as compared to Lancashire's 12,000, earn up to 8 yen 47 (approximately 10s. 7d.) a week.

The average number of looms without automatic attachment tended by a worker is given as four in Lancashire and three and a half in Japan, so it would appear that the English weaver is still ahead of the Japanese, but the latter works half an hour to an hour longer each day.

With regard to pay, it is impossible to arrive at a just comparison between the standards of the two countries, because in Japan there are so many invisible wages. For instance, the operatives in the cotton mills are housed free of charge in light, airy dormitories where, as at home, they sleep on bright-coloured quilts on the floor. They receive all their food at half the market price and they eat it at highly polished tables, some 10 in. high, in paper-walled dining rooms which are steam-heated in winter. The mill provides free hairdressing parlours, dancing and fencing lessons, free medical attention, and entertainment in the form of cinema performances on holidays and picnics to the local beauty spots.

In every big factory there is a shopping centre, gay with amusing paper goods and the latest fans, kimonos and cosmetics, where everything is priced at 10 or 20 per cent. under the current rate. In several, I've seen male workers, serious and intent in blue or white kimonos, having free lessons in wrestling, while the girls were being taught table tennis as if it were a science. For Japan takes her games as seriously as her work.

Only in the cinema, if a European film is being shown, does the audience relax into helpless giggles. For Japan does not kiss. The meeting of lips is unknown, and it is impolite even to breathe upon a neighbour. The old-fashioned still prelude their words with a hiss to frighten away evil spirits who may be listening. So when, on the screen, metal workers or cotton operatives see hero and heroine locked in a glutinous kiss, it has the same effect on them as slap-stick comedy on the American. At each embrace the audience rocks with delight.

"Oh, it is funny! How it is funny, but of course it cannot be real!" exclaimed a forewoman, with tears of merriment ruining the brilliant rose and white complexion obligatory—with plucked and pencilled eyebrows—among all self-respecting workers. It is customary to calculate Japanese wages by the depreciated value of the currency, but actually the internal purchasing power of the yen has not decreased. So the girl who earns 4 yen 97 a week can buy with it at least 10s. worth of goods and, in addition, she receives, in the way of free lodging and entertainment, and food at half-price, the same amount in indirect pay, so that the value of her work is, to her, approximately a pound a week.

Apart from wages which, owing to depreciated currency, are approximately half or, in cash, a quarter of the rates paid in England, costs of production are cheap in Japan, because, in view of the possibility of earthquakes, even the most modern buildings are constructed of the lightest possible materials, wood and various forms of paper pulp predominating. Moreover, Japanese industry has been rationalised in the most effective manner, largely by means of machinery imported from England. And Japan has mastered the psychology of the moment. The world wants to buy cheap. Few countries or classes are still interested in quality. They want quantity and they want something new, and Japan has been pre-eminently successful in supplying the demand for inexpensive novelties. Her tubular steel cars are selling in India for less than £50. Her synthetic "gold" fountain pens, complete with compasses, are retailed in London streets for sixpence apiece. Her compressed paper dolls hang on every German Christmas tree, and her soaps and powders are gaining ground in U.S.A.

Tireless as Robots, disciplined and determined as the Driver Ants which can never be deflected from their purpose, the Japanese put into loom and furrow all that determination to conquer which the Englishman reserves for a tennis ball or the coloured shirt of his latest creed. But Japan is not only a seller. During the last decade, her imports from the British Empire have exceeded her exports to it by 3,000 million yen. Her total import trade during that period amounted to 20,000 million yen, of which one-third represented purchases from countries under the Union Jack. So Japan has been one of our best customers. She has also been our loyal ally, and her co-operation, political and military, will be invaluable to England so long as we are interested in the peace of Asia and the Southern hemisphere. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the relationship which has long endured between the two great sea Powers will not be jeopardised by commercial disputes due to world depression and the different value of work in the minds of East and West.

END

This Age of Lovelies

(*Continued from page 15*)

be developed, and because masses of women had to be persuaded to accept a mode and manner which they had always supposed was either shameless or the privilege of the rich and the exalted.

To assuage the lust for gold and the appetite for alcohol, immense and hugely profitable businesses have grown up. But these businesses pale beside the enormous and ramified business which has developed around the post-war demand of hundreds of millions of women for the means and appurtenances of beauty. The "lovelies" of the modern world constitute a market which shows a greater and more rapid expansion in the last fifteen years than any other market, not excepting the automobile or film markets (but possibly excepting the market for arms and munitions of war). Its rate of growth, its size, and its prospects, can be roughly gauged by reference to the growth of advertising in this field. This advertising has outstripped automobiles, proprietary foods, and patent medicines, now runs easily first in point of volume, and is the mainstay of great publishing organisations.

Statisticians have got out approximate figures which are illuminating and instructive. Hairdressing is estimated to take in around £17,000,000 a year now. Permanent waving alone accounts for more than four millions. The value of the lipstick, creams, powder, and hair lotions (there are something like 7,000 different kinds of beauty preparations on the market at the present time) sold annually has risen to nearly £50,000,000. Our thirteen million females between the ages of 15 and 60 use 60 million lipsticks a year.

This annual bill is almost twice the annual bill for motor-car operation and maintenance (which can be counted mainly a male expenditure), and about £20,000,000 more than the national expenditure on tobacco. And it is not the whole tale by any means. Eye-brow plucking, facials, massage of all sorts, beauty treatments, mud packs, beauty surgery, perfumes, pedicures and manicures, and the rest, add millions more to the total.

These figures pale before those of America. The beauty business there was hit by the depression, but still last year the 30,000,000 American women over 21 years old spent no less than £1,000,000 a day on cosmetics alone. Permanent waves for the year cost £30,000,000, with the hair-dye bill rendered at £5,000,000 (the blonding vogue accounts for that); but greater than both of these together was the cost of cutting, trimming and keeping in trim generally—£60,000,000 in twelve months! About 20,000,000 boxes of rouge were sold over the counter and around a thousand million packages of face cream, powders, etcetera.

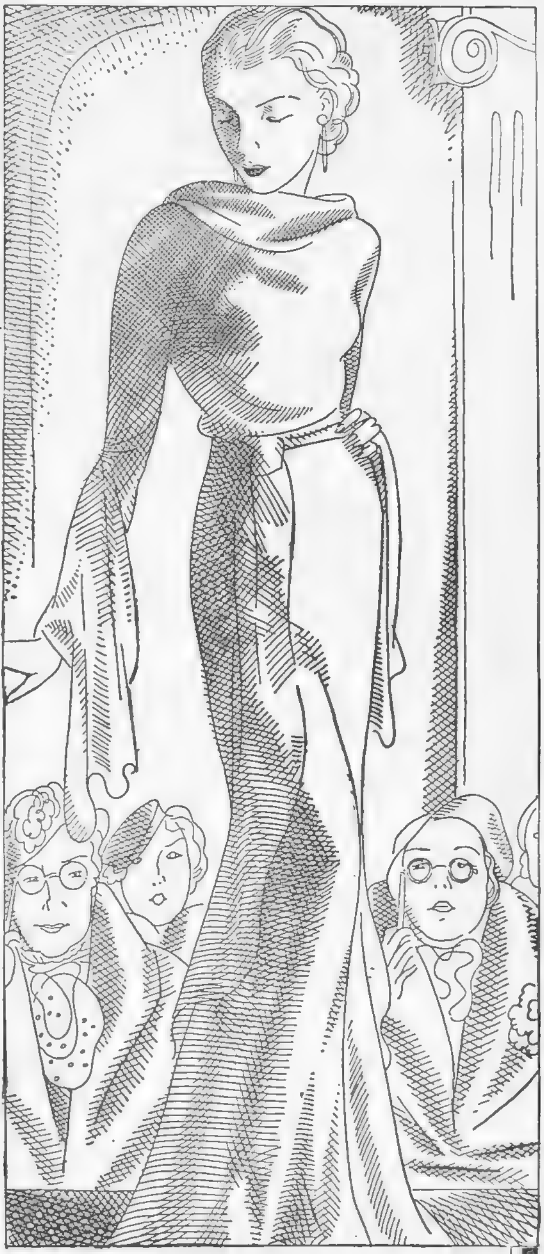
Even so, our professor's estimate of £60,000,000 spent on beauty every year in London alone looks like an over-statement. It is a question, however, where this beauty business begins and ends. If it is legitimate to include everything from cosmetics to camisoles, from lipsticks to lingerie, from peroxide to petticoats, and from stockings to scent, then sixty millions is not an over-statement; it is an under-statement.

We think of the beauty business too easily in terms of lipsticks and powder-puffs, frills and fal-lals. Consider one of its high lights: the Courtauld millions, the Courtauld factories. That gigantic workshop is working at full stretch now, and new plant is being planned. It is a £30,000,000 concern, one of the world's great industrial organisations. But wherein lie its roots? They lie in nothing more than this whole affair of woman's desire to look lovelier—at least, to the eye of contemporary man—than Nature made her.

(*Continued on page* 90)

Figures IN THE PUBLIC EYE

that keep their lines on Vita-Weat

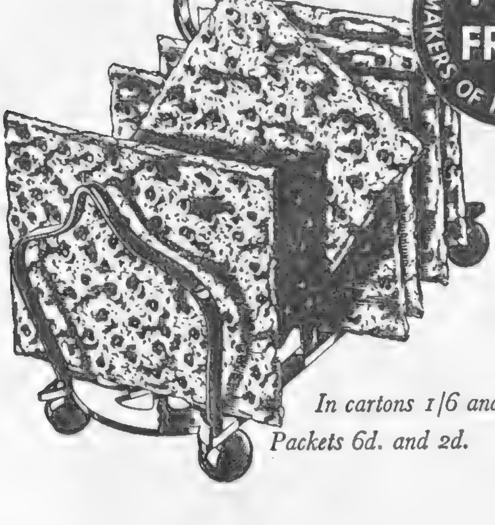


THE MANNEQUIN

The gorgeous gowns aren't made to fit the girl. *She's* made to fit the gowns! And Vita-Weat goes to her making. She eats Vita-Weat in place of ordinary bread at every meal. Vita-Weat helps her to keep her slenderness—the envy of all the women watching. Vita-Weat gives her energy for her strenuous hours of dressing and posing. For Vita-Weat contains no unconverted starch to burden the system, to hinder digestion, to form unwanted fat. Vita-Weat is *all* nourishment; all the values and the vitamins of the whole wheat grain are in it.

You too will benefit by making Vita-Weat your daily bread. Your digestion will improve, your system will run regularly and efficiently, your teeth will grow healthier, you will experience a new sense of buoyancy and of youth. And how you will love its "crunchiness" and its ripe-corn flavour!

MADE BY PEEK FREAN MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS



In cartons 1/6 and 10d.
Packets 6d. and 2d.

Vita-Weat
REGD.

The British Whole-wheat Crispbread

If women did not seek an added allure, Courtauld's would still be a little concern making crêpe for the funeral trade (it was doing just that before its heads hired research workers to solve the problem of making synthetic silk for the millions of women who dreamed of wearing silk, but had not the wherewithal to buy it).

Whole towns and whole provinces have become dependent upon the demand of women for beauty in all its aspects. The demand not only holds; it grows. Beauty factories are enjoying high prosperity and are on the increase. They are playing their part in the economic recovery of this island. Britain used to import the bulk of the beauty preparations used by her womenfolk. Now she has an excess of exports over imports. The figures I have by me shows exports in one class of preparations up to nearly 8½ million pounds, against imports of only 1¼ million pounds. We put alcohol into some beauty preparations. The authorities list these under a separate head (on the alcohol account), and the export and import round figures run out at 350,000 and 200,000 pounds respectively.

It would be hasty to look for a corresponding draught in the sales of the rival beauty factories in France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, the United States, and elsewhere, whose British market has been cut into by the domestic *entrepreneurs*, while the latter have also clearly captured a substantial slice of the world market. What is more probable is that the whole world market has expanded to take care of the increased output represented by the energetic new British effort to cater for the commercial demand for beauty.

The saturation point seems still far off. Women were never before so keen on being decorative, and decorated; and by this I do not mean merely wealthy fashionables of the high and the half-worlds: I mean womankind. Schoolgirls powder their noses, and grandmothers use lipstick, and perfectly respectable young married women, who used to think that a woman who dyed her hair must necessarily be either a member of the Fast Set or of the world's oldest profession, now go as a matter of routine to their hairdresser's, and get blonded anew.

Individual expenditures are also rising. Celebrated "lovelies" like Princess ("Finger-Nails") Mdvani, with the Woolworth millions to draw on, and Miss Doris Duke, with a vast tobacco fortune back of her, spend more on maintaining themselves as immaculate and highly decorative ladies than did the Pompadour, who had to outshine all rivals in a place like Versailles Palace, or the gay Josephine, whose expenditure on décor constantly incurred Napoleon's wrath.

Go to a rendezvous of the cosmopolitan ultra-smarts, somewhere like the Reserve at Cibour, the Chiberta golf club house at tea-time, or the summer Casino at Monte Carlo, and you will see women who, in a normal morning turn-out, plus a string of pearls perhaps, and a ring or two, a tiny jewelled watch, and a platinum monogrammed cigarette case, and a thin flat wide diamond-and-onyx bracelet or two, are worth fifty thousand pounds right as they stand. One may protest that these are luxury women, that £49,980 of that fifty thousand is not legitimately an item on the beauty bill. But the point has been the subject of learned arguments in court. There was a typical case in the King's Bench Division not long ago. The wife of a celebrated novelist was sued for £265 for dresses. The judge said half, and probably two-thirds, of the money spent by women on dress was not spent on actual physical necessities. There ensued this intriguing exchange:—

Counsel: "A woman in Mrs. X's position would not receive a friend in the same frock in which she visited that friend at her own house."

His Lordship: "Why not?"

Counsel: "She would not like it to be thought that her wardrobe was so poorly stocked that she must wear the same frock on the two occasions."

His Lordship: "Observe how all these women are caught in the net of fashion and convention, and in law the husband has to adjust himself to this new standard of fashion and etiquette which has been created apparently by dressmakers, by designers, and by society generally. I don't see why the lady should not wear the same frock on the two occasions."

I doubt whether this judge would see why a girl should want to spend money on indelible lipstick, price half a guinea; shave her eyebrows and paint on new ones, rouge her ears, mascara her eyelashes, eye-shadow her eyelids, experiment with a large range of face-powder shades ranging from *naturelle* ("pale" to you), through banana (the official name, my dear sir), to dark rosetta-bronze; do her hands with milk of almonds, a bottle of which costs as much as a licence to keep a dog for a year; indulge in green or blue eyelash cosmetic at half a guinea a box; anoint her muscles with oil at £3 for 16 ounces; rub her skin with a tonic at 75s. the bottle; bathe in water impregnated with essence which costs 42s. the jar, and then dust her body with rose-geranium talcum powder at a guinea the tin; or strip her slim white legs of hair with a depilatory which costs eight-and-six a small bottle, and smells like acid drops.

Still less is it likely that his lordship would grasp the necessity for a woman, who had not the excuse of youth and youth's natural frivolity, indulging, not only in all the beautifiers aforesaid, but also in such extravagances as special astringent lotions at 189s. the bottle, gland cream at three guineas the bottle, anti-wrinkle cream at 12s. 6d. the jar and beauty cream at a guinea the bottle, reducing soap at 4s. 6d. the cake, puffy-eye straps at 14s. 6d. and combination chin-straps at 56s., eye-bandlettes, eyebrow mucilage, skin foods, reducing lotions, pore creams, deodorants, and a few other aids to beauty (or weapons against ugliness, or camouflages of age, if you prefer).

But if one went on in this way, one would end up by seeing no reason for the existence of beauty parlours, beauticians, beauty preparations, cosmeticians, hairdressers, elastic belts, silk stockings, toenail varnish and varnishers, feathers in hats, frills on pants (feminine), high heels, gymnasiums and reducing shops (for women), fashion salons, or any of the million and one other phenomena which to-day can be, and for statistical purposes very properly are, included under the single head of "the beauty business."

What is more important, from the viewpoint of economics, finance, and on the human-story side, is that the current list of preparations of one well-known London beauty parlour contains no less than 277 separate and distinct items! A millionairess could indeed build herself a very large and lavishly equipped beauty parlour, and staff it with half a dozen hands, merely to house and operate an entire range of the aids to beauty which science and the machine have made available to modern woman.

It sounds as if one had better call this the Painted Age rather than the Age of Lovelies. But the term is inept, for the desire to beautify dates back to the cave and the tree, and cosmetics are older than the Pyramids. A green line drawn under the eye was one of the Egyptian woman's subtle beauty marks. Cleopatra probably shadowed her upper eyelids even more heavily than Mae West does hers. Chinese ladies from time immemorial have painted the face, and cultivated finger nails longer and even more gaily coloured than those of our most sensational *élégantes* display. Old India knew plastic surgery and fashionables in ancient Persia spent two-thirds of their time anointing themselves with oils, grease and pigments. Both Greece and Rome pursued beauty culture when they settled down to the fine arts of living and loafing. Lucian tells us that Roman ladies squandered fortunes on Arabian unguents, and spent hours at the baths being beautified by slaves. Athens and Rome had buildings devoted to mud or clay treatments.

But the whole business in the old world was costly and confined to the few. Moreover, the technique was crude, the cosmetics were coarse and few, the ideas were amateurish, and the taste was inferior, and the general effects could not have been comparable to those achieved to-day.

It is not simply that the female of the species is using cosmetics in larger quantities than ever before in human history. She is learning how to improve average good looks, how to develop herself up like a photographic plate under the acid, how to make herself superbly decorative, how to preserve youthful looks and line when youth is long past. All of which is due to the cult of synthetic beauty.

I gather from our great thinkers that the collapse of our civilisation is not improbable. One of the things which makes me regret this prospect is the thought that in that event the technique of the "lovelies" will be lost for possibly a thousand years.

End

Hops: The Social Climbers

(*Continued from page 29*)

plant lives only half as long as a female one, the average life of a female hop plant being about thirty years. In the old days, they used to cut up the leaves of the hops at the end of the season and use them as manure. It was found, however, that red spiders used to breed in them to the detriment of the following year's crop.

Spiders are by no means the only enemies of the hop. One of the enemies of the hop is downy mildew, to guard against which the hops have to be sprayed throughout the summer with copper sulphate, just as though they were vines. Throughout the year, what is more, the shims are hard at work. A shim is a woman who cultivates the hops and cleans the weeds from the roots. You need about a hundred of them for every two hundred and twenty-five acres.

To come down to the actual hop-pickers. Most of them arrive nowadays in lorries—perhaps half a dozen families to one lorry. The best of them have been doing it for years. Look at Sarah and Robert Bickel, from Camilla Road, Southwark Park, who have been at it for forty years. Think of Mrs. Caroline Ardley, of Princes Street, Rotherhithe, who has brought her family to Beltring Farm since 1884. Then there is Mrs. Theresa Roche, of Jamaica Road, Bermondsey, who has also been doing it since last century; and finally Mrs. Sarah O'Brien, of Nelson Street, Tidal Basin, who brings down a complete company of fifty or sixty relatives. She brings her own bin man, for her supporters need six bins. She is a huge woman with a big voice, and is undoubtedly the boss. Her company are, perhaps, the most expert pickers of all, and make at least sixty pounds during the three weeks of hop-picking.

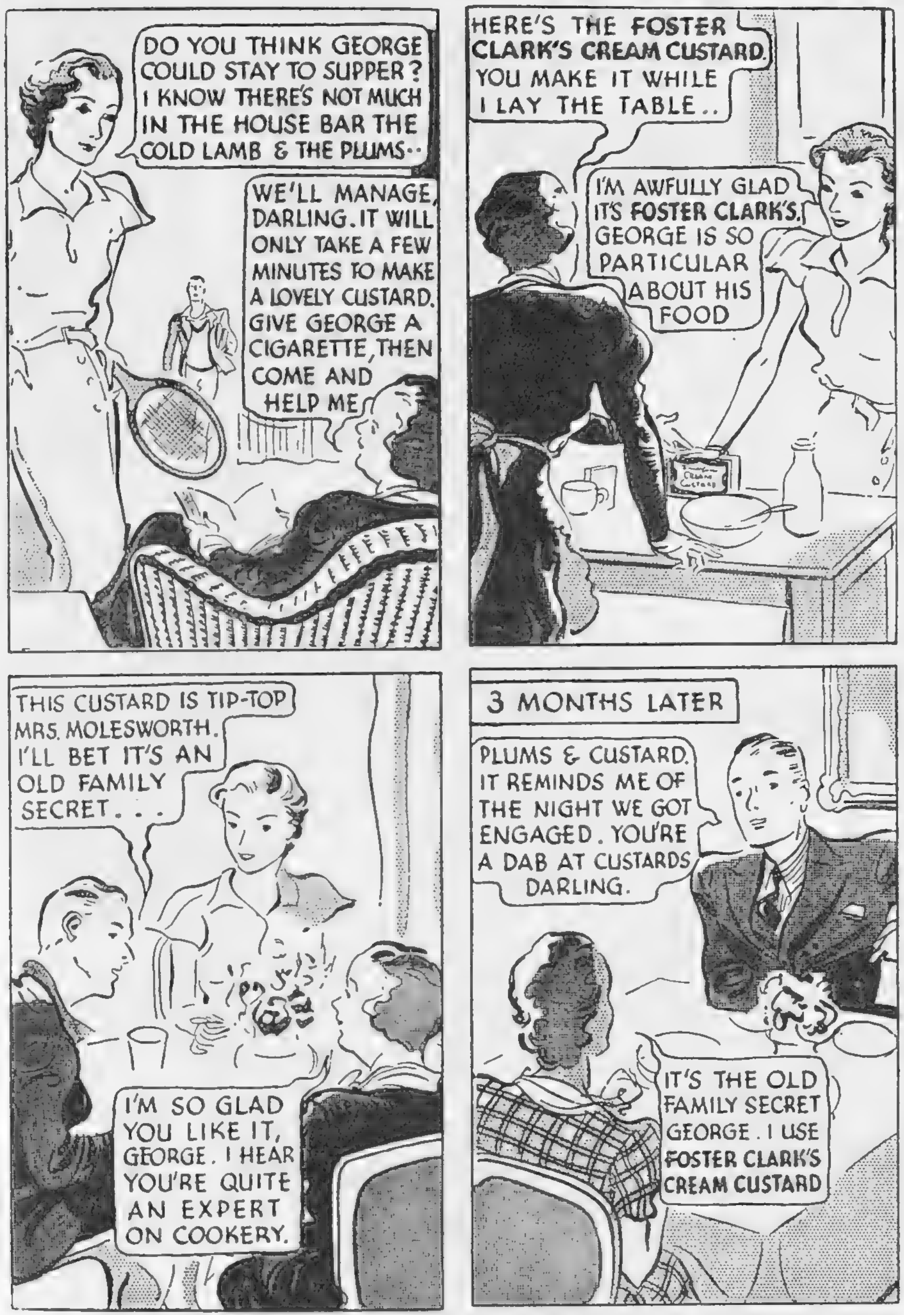
One may point out that while you or I, picking our hardest, would probably do only two bushels a day, old girls who might be our grandmothers, as far as age goes, can pick thirty or forty bushels a day without an effort. There is any amount of skill in tweaking the hops off the plants. Goodness knows, the day is long enough. The hop-pickers are called at 5.15 a.m., and start work at seven. They pick themselves silly until midday. Then, after half an hour's break, they go on again until 5 p.m. or 6 p.m.

Buildings in the form of dormitories are provided for them on all the farms, the best of which also have watchmen, scavengers, and a domestic fire brigade. They also provide the pickers with reading rooms, straw, cook-houses, a doctor, concerts, and grocery stores. Various charitable organisations provide crèches for the children, and invariably at least half a dozen babies get born during the hop-picking.

When the hops have been picked and measured, they are loaded on to wagons and removed to the kilns.

(*Continued on page 92*)

The way to a man's heart is..


DO YOU THINK GEORGE COULD STAY TO SUPPER? I KNOW THERE'S NOT MUCH IN THE HOUSE BAR THE COLD LAMB & THE PLUMS..
WE'LL MANAGE, DARLING. IT WILL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES TO MAKE A LOVELY CUSTARD. GIVE GEORGE A CIGARETTE, THEN COME AND HELP ME
HERE'S THE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD. YOU MAKE IT WHILE I LAY THE TABLE..
I'M AWFULLY GLAD IT'S FOSTER CLARK'S. GEORGE IS SO PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS FOOD
THIS CUSTARD IS TIP-TOP MRS. MOLESWORTH. I'LL BET IT'S AN OLD FAMILY SECRET...
I'M SO GLAD YOU LIKE IT, GEORGE. I HEAR YOU'RE QUITE AN EXPERT ON COOKERY.
3 MONTHS LATER
PLUMS & CUSTARD. IT REMINDS ME OF THE NIGHT WE GOT ENGAGED. YOU'RE A DAB AT CUSTARDS DARLING.
IT'S THE OLD FAMILY SECRET GEORGE. I USE FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD

C 82

WHERE WOULD the plumpest plums, the goodliest greengages be without their creamy complement—Foster Clark's Custard. It brings out their flavour. It mellows their acidity. To their health-value, it adds food-value, the *nourishment* that growing children need. *Four-fifths* of Custard is milk, the finest natural food. Don't spoil the milk by using an inferior custard. The famous Foster Clark flavour is the flavour of real Vanilla beans, Messina lemons or Valencia almonds. Serve custard, plenty of custard—and be sure you serve Foster Clark's.

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And while you are qualifying for it—to begin, say, at age 60—there's full protection for your family; £4,500, plus accumulated profits, will be paid to them in the event of your death. Should death be the result of an accident £9,000, plus the profits, will be paid.

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Every year you will save a very substantial amount of Income Tax—a big consideration in itself.

This can all be accomplished by means of a plan devised by the Sun Life of Canada—*the Great Annuity Company* with Government-supervised assets exceeding £125,000,000.

It is a wonderful plan and can be obtained for any amount. It brings independence within the reach of tens of thousands of men and women who, otherwise, would be compelled to go on working till the end of their days.

In addition to the foregoing Plan this great Company is responsible for protecting thousands of men and women under its Group Assurance and Pension Policies, and it also specialises in Children's Education.

Why not allow the Company to give you, without any obligation whatsoever, exact figures suitable to your own requirements?

THIS ENQUIRY FORM SENT NOW WILL BRING YOU DETAILED PARTICULARS

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Please send me—without obligation on my part—full particulars of your Pension-Protection Plan.

Name ....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address ....

Occupation

Exact date of Birth

Brit. & Eve, Sept., 1934

Here they are dried for nine hours in hot air, after which they are taken off to cool and then pressed, and packed in what are known as "pockets." These are huge sacks containing one and a half hundredweight of dried hops. The pockets are then taken away to the hop factors in London and sold on the market.

The quality of the hops can vary as much as the quality of the pickers. Many more pickers apply for jobs than can be accommodated. Each picker has a reference number and some remark to the effect that either she is good, rough, or inclined to intoxication. The best hop-pickers are the London Irish. Many of them come from families of dock labourers. Usually the pickers are women, while the men are in charge of the bins, unless they come down for the week-end to do their turn. In the past few years, the standard of pickers has risen very considerably. The old days when the pickers used to drink too much, eat too much, fight too much, and generally behave in a rowdy manner, are over. They are nowadays clean, respectable, and well dressed. Most of them are fast asleep by half-past nine at night. And no wonder.

This elevation in the conduct of the hop-pickers seems to synchronise with the social elevation of beer. It was not so long ago that Kipling or somebody referred to "beery privates." It is a fact that there are at least two men I know who served as troopers in the Horse Guards and who recall the day when they used to pay a shilling a gallon (and no heel taps) for their beer. To-day, the brewers are being rewarded for their efforts in making beer a clearer and more champagne-like liquid. Lager beer has led the way in all the smart restaurants and hotels, the proprietors of which regret, however, that there is far less profit to be made out of this admirable beverage than there is out of wines, which are sold at double the purchase price. Draught beer and bottled beer are following closely behind in popularity. I have seen draught beer ordered and drunk at such notable resorts as the Embassy Club and the Savoy Hotel. Women in particular seem to be drinking bottled beer—women who five years ago would have thought of it in terms of tripe, or some other vulgar, however wholesome, form of sustenance.

Yes, just as mussels have ascended the social scale from the pier at Southend to the menu of the Ritz (of course, under a French name), so beer has suddenly gone aristocratic. Perhaps women's fashions and the 1934 silhouette have helped its rise. The fact remains that just as in Germany, where at any castle which you are visiting a bottle of beer is put down in front of every guest automatically, whether male or female, with the first course, so in England the Upper Ten Thousand are drinking it quite openly. Most of the men, of course, have known what a good drink beer is, as a result of the war. The others who were too young for that have acquired the taste at Oxford or Cambridge.

Primarily, however, I think that the social rise of beer is due, as I say, to the success attending the brewers' determination to make beer look cool and brilliant and champagne-like. Without the hop fields of Kent, they would never have succeeded.

END

Old Tales Retold: Beatrice Cenci

(*Continued from page* 49)

been done so imperfectly and so incompletely that suspicion was soon aroused in the minds of the onlookers. The room, the bed, the balcony, presented such an unconvincing aspect, that in a few days suspicion had grown to accusation.

They soon realised how great an error they had made in summoning so many people to the scene of the crime. Olimpio immediately became the master, letting only those whom he chose enter to see the ladies. Filled with terror lest Cenci's wounds might awaken more suspicions, he descended to the church where the body had been taken, and began to bully the priests into hurrying up the last offices, so that the body might be buried.

He was so much beside himself that his every word only served to strengthen the doubts of the simple but right-minded villagers.

The arrival of Giacomo, Cesare, and Bernardo Cenci, feigning filial sorrow, did not produce the desired effect on public opinion.

The morning of the thirteenth saw the exodus of the Cenci and their retinue from the castle.

The rumour that Francesco Cenci had been assassinated made its way to Rome, and became so widespread that the courts could hardly fail to heed it. An official investigation was begun, but proceeded very languidly. The culprits were examined in their own houses and at their own leisure.

The version of the fall from the balcony was within an ace of acceptance The wounds inflicted with the hammer passed as having been caused by striking the rocks. Altogether the outlook was very hopeful for the Cenci and their accomplices, but Catalano, who had been left behind, suddenly fled.

That was the beginning of the end.

The hue and cry became general, and on December 4th the tribunal of the Abruzzo region received from Naples the order for the inquisitor, Carlo Tirone, to go to the village of La Petrella to secure the delinquents, accomplices, and instigators of the crime.

The very name of Carlo Tirone was sufficient to arouse terror. He soon took charge of La Petrella and got to work with vigour and rapidity.

Meanwhile public attention in Rome was diverted towards an unexpected cataclysm...

Rome was flooded! ... Within a few days 1,500 victims were floating in the streets. Rome had turned to Venice in a night.

The reports of Tirone's inquiries soon showed the gravity and the magnitude of the case. Catalano was arrested and, with the help of the rack, all information was obtained from him up to the last detail.

The number of culprits, direct and indirect, grew day by day. The intricacy of the case boded months of study. The entire Cenci family was imprisoned, and when His Holiness Clement VIII exercised a personal supervision the culprits almost abandoned hope.

He issued the licence to use torture on the nobles, as was customary with the commonfolk.

This means soon proved the weakness of this perverted family, of which Beatrice alone stood erect, facing any storm, for the sake of saving herself and the others. The rest of them turned like rats, throwing on each other the responsibility for their joint crime.

But Beatrice...

When the rope dislocated her beautiful arms, her attitude remained unchanged.

But her own people betrayed her by their opposition to the attitude that cost her so dear.

There was nothing to be done. She consented to confess. A chair was brought. The rope was loosened. Beatrice, still quivering in agony, made her (voluntary) statement.

Her indomitable spirit had not left her. With accurate lucidity she discussed every circumstance, rectified errors in the evidence with the alertness of an experienced counsellor, mentioned the unsuccessful steps repeatedly taken according to the correct procedure in the hope of legal protection.

The authentic record says that this confession was all given *before* her arms were reset. In spite of all this, the investigation was not considered complete, as the actual perpetrator of the murder, Olimpio, had succeeded in escaping.

MONSIGNOR GUERRA, acting beneath the surface, strove to improve the case of the Cenci. (*Continued on page* 94)

JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD
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LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG'**— *"why be vague?"*

REALLY BEGIN TO BE "LOOKS" CONSCIOUS?

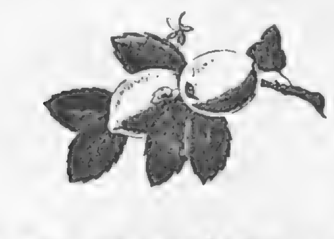
Some, of course, would say "from the cradle," but everyone would agree that round and about seventeen a clear skin and bright eyes *should* be the natural possession of every girl.

In 1934 it is difficult. Modern diet puts a far heavier strain on the body and town life is inclined to curtail regular exercise.

Perhaps you don't eat enough fresh vegetables or fruit because there are so many other things to eat? Perhaps you don't walk enough because it's far easier and quicker to ride, and the result is that impurities accumulate in the blood and a corrective becomes necessary. Rose's Lime Juice is pure fruit juice containing natural alkaline salts. A daily drink of Lime Juice restores the alkaline content of the blood and helps to keep the complexion fresh and the skin clear.

Rose's Lime Juice is a delightful pure fruit drink highly beneficial to children and adults.

"To-morrow" is a useful little book which we will have great pleasure in sending you on request.



ROSE'S LIME JUICE

PURE FRUIT JUICE, FROM ALL GROCERS 2/- A BOTTLE

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He distrusted Olimpio and, as a brilliant jurist, he knew that Marzio Catalano's confession alone would not constitute a definite evidence, but with the corroboration of the other accomplice, Olimpio, it certainly would.

He was also faithful to the principle that the only man who is not dangerous is a dead man.

What the skill of Tirone had not been able to achieve, where the Roman police had failed, Guerra was successful. He discovered where Olimpio was. He sent an emissary with " a very simple instruction."

A few days later the Avvisi (a sort of newspaper published in Rome periodically) announced that Olimpio had been found assassinated at Santa Susanna.

New volumes were added to the already gigantic record of the case. Fresh patrols of human bloodhounds were let loose in search of the new assassin.

He was found, arrested, and examined. His confession, of course, implicated Monsignor Guerra. But the new murder did not deprive the inquiring authorities of Olimpio's confession, because in his flight the unwise man had told everything to his brother, a friar, who was put on the rack, and who told all he knew.

Naturally, as the evidences were accumulated against the Cenci, more and more details of the monstrosities of Francesco came to light. These could not fail to incline the public opinion towards a sense of pity for Beatrice and her brother, Bernardo.

Nevertheless even the right of defence was disputed by Clement VIII. "Have they given any right of defence to their father?" he asked with far from Papal grim humour.

In the past, huge sums of money had gone from the coffers of Francesco Cenci to the "state"—i.e., to the Vatican. Clement VIII had found any pretext to bleed the wealthy Cenci, even opposing the legitimacy of his father's possessions, and eventually he consented to share the ill-gotten money with Francesco, and so the matter was settled.

A formidable defence was organised by a flock of advocates led by the famous jurist Farinaccio, but the Holy Father chose the simplest way out. He refused to listen to them; he allowed only Farinaccio to speak.

His plea was chiefly based on an argument worthy of the dialectic of Socrates and the ingenuity of Machiavelli. It can be summed up in the following words:

The term parricide meant the killing of one's father. Could anyone apply the sacred name of father to a person who, instead of feeling the tender, immaculate affection that Nature demands towards one's children, feels the bestial desire of a satyr, and who enforces his criminal will with every form of material and moral violence?

Who dares bestow the name of father on a man who has spontaneously and deliberately relinquished even any desire—for his right he had forgone by his own actions—to hold it?

Let us accept his own choice and deprive him of that title. Once done, the word parricide has no place in the indictment, and the crime, *ipso facto*, falls into an entirely different category.

The evidence of incest was based on the statements of Lucrezia, Gerolama, and Calidonia, but the supreme judge, Moscati, was not satisfied with the witnesses who had been only outside the bedroom: he wanted witnesses from inside the room.

Farinaccio was compelled to halt in his impassioned address. He became again the lawyer, respectfully submitting that the circumstances of the case could arise only in the absence of witnesses. Though he felt at the point raised against him that Beatrice and her relations were inevitably slipping out of his hands, he nevertheless insisted that the briefs—vetoed as speeches—should be read by His Holiness before pronouncing the verdict.

While the index of Fate oscillated between life and death, another bombshell exploded, burying the house of Cenci in the havoc that it wrought.

Somewhere near Rome a young man killed his mother. Although totally irrelevant to the case of the Cenci, the Pope—in his limitless mercy—decided to make an example and immolate the Cenci family.

On September 10th the sentence, signed naturally by Moscati, was brought to the prison and read to the prisoners.

It contained no word of commiseration for the condemned, no word even of reprobation for Francesco Cenci.

Francesco, through his family's guilt, was a "most wretched father" and a "most unhappy husband," but apparently sons incur no taint from such a father, nor wife from such a husband.

Their punishment was necessary, but that they might not boast of the monstrous crime they had committed, and that their end might serve as a terrible example to any who might have a mind to perpetrate similar crimes:

> Giacomo Cenci was to be carried through Rome on a cart as far as the place of punishment; his flesh was then to be torn with red-hot pincers. On coming to the block, the executioner would hit him on the head with a mallet until he should die and his soul be separated from the body; he should then be cut in pieces and these pieces hung on hooks.
>
> In the case of Beatrice and Lucrezia, their heads should be struck from their shoulders.
>
> Finally, Bernardo's life should be spared
>
> *But he, too, was to be transported on the cart to the same place. He was to be present at the execution of his stepmother, his sister, and his brother.*
>
> He was then to be returned to prison, was to remain confined for a year in close custody, or was to be sent to some other place at the pleasure of the Pope, and then was to be sent to row in the galleys forever

GIACOMO, Bernardo, Beatrice, and Lucrezia were furthermore condemned to the confiscation of all their property.

The whole was to pass to the Civil Government—and to the Apostolic Camera.

History has seldom recorded anything more atrocious than the actual execution of this sentence.

Fourteen-year-old Bernardo, compelled to witness a horror that lasted for hours, was brought back to prison.

Even the friar—of the Order of St. John the Beheaded—who had held the Host before the dying eyes of Beatrice, crept, slinking, back to his cell.

All through the day and part of the night the bodies lay patent in the public gaze.

And all Rome organised processions to lay the flowers of shame-faced admiration on the mutilated remains of Beatrice.

Clement VIII had proved over and over again his criminal ineptitude in defending this family while there was still time. He had openly accepted bribes and sold the law. Now he had employed all the rigours of this law and all the iniquitous means in his power to administer it.

Vox populi did not hesitate to assert that this family had been practically destroyed *pecuniæ causa*—to glut still further the Papal coffers. Still more scandalous was the fact that a large part of the confiscated money went to swell the overflowing treasure of his nephew Giovan Francesco Aldobrandini, while the orphans of Giacomo and other relatives of the Cenci family remained penniless.

This was not the only episode of cruelty registered in the history of this Pope. A monk, one Giordano Bruno—a man who as mystic and philosopher, Master of the Occult, should have been a glory of the Church and whose name is now a stick wherewith to wound her—burned alive by his orders, at a different time and for different reasons, endorses the real nature of this Vicar of God upon Earth.

The splendour of the three crowns of Clement VIII will remain forever obscured by three mortal sins—each sin a crown—of infamy: his insatiable greed for money, the burning of Giordano Bruno, and the killing of Beatrice Cenci.

The Romance of Petrol

(*Continued from page* 81)

ings, to realise why this is so. If you take a good crude oil and distil it, and refine it, and blend it, and re-refine it—if you do all this to the *n*th degree, by means of ultra-modern and highly efficient plant—you are likely, at the end of it all, to have a motor-fuel of more than ordinary merit.

In addition to the familiar High Test petrol, there is also an immense production of Pratts Ethyl, a petrol which has, within a few years, attained a very wide popularity among discerning motorists. Pratts Petrol, with Ethyl fluid added, is rightly famed for its effect in reducing "pinking." It is particularly valuable for high-compression engines of the sporting type, or for any engine which, for any reason, displays a tendency to "knock" or "pink" when accelerated from low speeds.

It is amusing to remember with what apprehension Ethyl was regarded when first introduced, and to observe how generally its virtues are appreciated now. Like all the Pratts fuels, it is blended and tested at Fawley to the highest possible degree of excellence. The great refinery is not miscalled. It specialises in refinement—in accurate and painstaking production of motor spirits designed to get the last ounce of power, and the ultimate gradation of smoothness, out of the engine of the modern car.

Your Home and Your Temperament

(*Continued from page* 67)

spells cheer, but on analysing her cheerfulness one comes to the conclusion that it is forced.

Just as her room is forced to attract, so she is forced by reason of her boredom—for she *is* bored—to pretend the cheer she does not always feel.

Her streamline furniture, her steelishly cold chairs, and her dull oak do not mix with the old things she picked up when she had the antique craze and now cannot throw away.

The practical woman, the good housekeeper and mother, usually brings into her home an atmosphere of quiet and practicability.

She knows where everything is, she knows exactly what will remove the stain from the furniture, the fabrics, and even the highly polished piano.

It does not matter very much when one is tired that her chintz or cretonnes are the exact opposite of what you would have chosen; it does not matter that she had an abundance of flowers in different vases of coloured glass, where you would have chosen white or one paler colour; nothing matters except that she places by your side a cocktail, some cigarettes and begins her conversation with "And now tell me all about yourself, my dear . . . ."

Books

(*Continued from page* 39)

cross her threshold. What a woman! One is tempted to remark that she ought to have been born an Empress, until one reflects that it is easier to be born an Empress than to make yourself one. For most of our knowledge of her, we are indebted to the good little doctor. But there is plenty of room for a new, and more precise, Life. Miss Haslip's volume makes excellent reading, and is in all respects welcome.

Biography mildly tainted with propaganda is to be found in *These Men Were Masons*, "a series of Biographies of Masonic significance," by Hubert S. Banner (Chapman and Hall, 6s.). Here are short lives of ten eminent men who were Masons in their day—Hogarth, Benjamin Franklin, Mozart, Burns, Washington, Stamford Raffles, Goethe, Scott, Kitchener, and the late King Edward. The book is intended for a special public, and is not to be judged, therefore, by purely literary standards. Within its limits, it should make appeal, for it is written earnestly and concisely.

Lady Hamilton—National Gallery, London

EYES SAY MORE THAN WORDS

Many men believe that a woman's eyes express her soul. Indeed, many a woman's power lies in the magnetism of her lovely eyes.

Elizabeth Bock, the famous and oldest authority on beauty was the first to devote especial care to the eyes. Her many years of study and experience enable her to help you choose and apply the correct means of preserving and cultivating the beauty of your eyes. It is never too late to begin, for Beauty has no age limit. But it is well to remember that prevention is easier than to remove the tell-tale marks of neglect. Beautiful and healthy eyes need constant care.

If you live in London, you can always receive personal advice and individual attention at Elizabeth Bock's London salon, 30, Old Bond Street. If you do not live in London, please write to her for personal advice as to how you can heighten and preserve the beauty of your eyes. You will be astounded at the success that a short course of treatment will bring you. You will understand why the most beautiful and soignée women have entrusted themselves for years to the care of Elizabeth Bock.

Eye Cream

A Paste for relaxed eyelids and lines round the eyes. It nourishes the delicate tissues, restores their smoothness and removes ugly sagging under the eyes. Pat in gently with the fingertips and leave on overnight. 6/-.

Eye Lotion

For tired eyes. Pour a little of the lotion into a small eye-cup, dilute with water, and bathe the eyes morning and evening, especially after motoring, travelling, or any special strain on the eyes. Puffiness and crow's feet will disappear; the eyes will be clear and bright again. 4/6 and 8/-.

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Makes eyes sparkle, clears the vision. May be used daily. Excellent remedy for eye shadows. Of vegetable origin. 7/-.

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Firms and strengthens muscles and skin around the eyes. 8/-.

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Prevents tiredness of the eyes, shadows and dark rings. 6/6 and 11/6.

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Tints eyebrows and lashes perfectly. The colour remains fast. Blonde, brown and black. Nothing so enhances the beauty of the eyes and face as tinting the lashes with Nero. 7/-.

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The Crippled Ship

(*Continued from page 37*)

raw. He didn't like the mate, and told him so. There were words for a time, for the mate was as tired and worn and raw-nerved as Joe; but they were mate and engineer afloat and not ashore, and they didn't fight. Joe was the only one aboard who could run what was left of a once-new engine, and the mate was the only one who could navigate.

The wind was still hard and dead east, and the *Alice May* lay on the port tack, which was closest to her course. With the little sail she had and that so far forward she carried a bad lee helm, and was going to looard in the heavy seas like a crab. Sometimes her lee helm was so bad she fell off, and sheets had to be eased till she got enough way to steer up on the wind again. The mate decided to carry on like that till midday, and then risk some more sail on that one remaining mast, unless Joe got the engine going.

Joe did his best, and worked all the morning on the magneto, but got no spark. He had a sneaking suspicion that its best chance of throwing a spark had been before he started to meddle with it, but he did not admit it to anybody else. He didn't know much about magnetos, and now discovered that he knew less than ever.

At noon the mate got tired of the leeward drift and shook the reefs out of the foresail. With stays from the fallen spars he had extra-rigged the mast, but he stood for awhile watching it anxiously as it whipped in the wind to the strain of the sail and the roll of the vessel. It was an immense strain when the schooner came rolling that sail back against the wind. She lacked sufficient canvas to check her windward roll.

She steered a little better, but was not weathering; she wouldn't lie close to the wind, and went to looard about as fast as she went ahead.

She sailed that day and through the night like that, and the engine did not go. The easterly still held, and the ship sailed into another night. The wind shifted to the north-east, and came harder. The mate, though dubious of both, had been of the opinion the sail would blow out before the mast went; but he was wrong. The foremast went with the shift of the wind, and they were totally dismasted.

But they saved the splintered spar, and got it laid out along the deck and lashed there. When the sea was smooth again, the mate said, he might jury-rig a sail, but it wouldn't be enough to sail with except in a fair wind. If they had the engine going and were lucky enough to strike a few calm days, they might finish the voyage where they had intended. The mate went to tell Joe so.

He found Joe had most of the floor boards up in the engine room, and with bare arms black with grease was prising more loose.

"What's the matter, Joe?" the mate said. "You gone crazy?"

"No," Joe said. "I lost the little make-and-break arm out of the magneto. I shouldn't have such a trouble to find it, but the bilge is full up of grease and muck."

The mate looked at the magneto with its missing part. "Just a little gadget like that, and the whole works hold up. I reckon many things go wrong before a ship gets lost, and we're getting 'em all."

"Are we going to be lost?" Joe asked.

"I reckon the schooner'll float, but where she'll drift to I can't say. The tides and winds are contrary this time of the year."

"I'll have to get the engine going," Joe said.

The mate called down a couple of the crew, and a careful search was made of the bilge. It was a long job, but the mate meant to be thorough about it. The bilge water was taken out first, and as there was no engine to pump it, this had to be done with the hand pumps. When the water was out, the grease was scooped by the handful into buckets and each handful was examined. The grease was then thrown overboard. The mate realised afterwards that this was a mistake, because the missing part must have escaped notice in the grease. A day was spent searching the bilge. Every inch of it was examined with flash lamps. Even the bilge pumps were dismantled to see if it had been sucked in there.

"Well, we'll go over the bilge again," the mate said, but not with much hope.

THAT night distress rockets were sent up. Nobody answered them. By morning the easterly had dropped, but a long swell lasted all that day. In the afternoon of the next day the sea was calm enough for the mate to start jury-rigging the splintered foremast. By midnight the mast was stepped; by dawn it was rigged and the repaired foresail bent on.

The first wind that came was a south-westerly. The mate thought it would last for two or three days, and turned the vessel to run with it. He could get her no other way, in any case. The wind was a good hard blow, and he thought that even if it would not get him to Port Phillip, he would be nearer the sea lanes and the chance of a tow.

But the south-westerly did not last. A two-day calm followed it, and the wind came then from the north-east. There was no port down wind now, so he let the vessel lie hove to. Even hove to, she drifted down wind badly, and she was hove to for three days.

Then there was a long calm, with light northerly airs. Freshening northerlies followed, veering to the north-east. The mate could not remember as many northerlies and north-easterlies as obtained that year. He thought he might make Hobart, but there was a risk in getting too far away from the more frequently used routes. Still, if the northerlies held, he could get nowhere else, and the vessel was drifting that way anyhow. He turned and ran south.

He wanted a westerly or north-westerly change to fetch the south coast of Tasmania, and he didn't get it. The coast was just over the horizon at one time, but he couldn't bring his ship up to it. She drifted away into the landless seas to the south.

"There's nothing between us and the icebergs," the cook said to Joe one day.

"No," Joe said. "Already it feels like it."

The cook kept a fire burning in the galley because of the cold. He was using broken spars for firewood now. Rations were shortened, and unless it rained they would soon be short of water. They were eleven weeks out from Spencer's Gulf and nine weeks overdue at their port.

All the rockets had been used. They could not have helped them here anyhow. There was no shipping here. Their only hope lay in a southerly blow. They still got northerlies and north-westerlies when there was any wind at all.

They drifted farther south into colder weather, and there was a difficulty about firewood. Joe's clothes had so much salt in them from the spray that any dampness in the air made them damp, and there were heavy dews or frosts at night, and what little sun there was hardly had time to dry anything. Joe sat and shivered in the galley, and then took an axe and said to the cook: "I'll get some wood."

He cut into the bulwarks. The mate looked at him for a little time, and said:

"You better leave what them fallen masts have left. It's all right to take a bit for cookin' purposes."

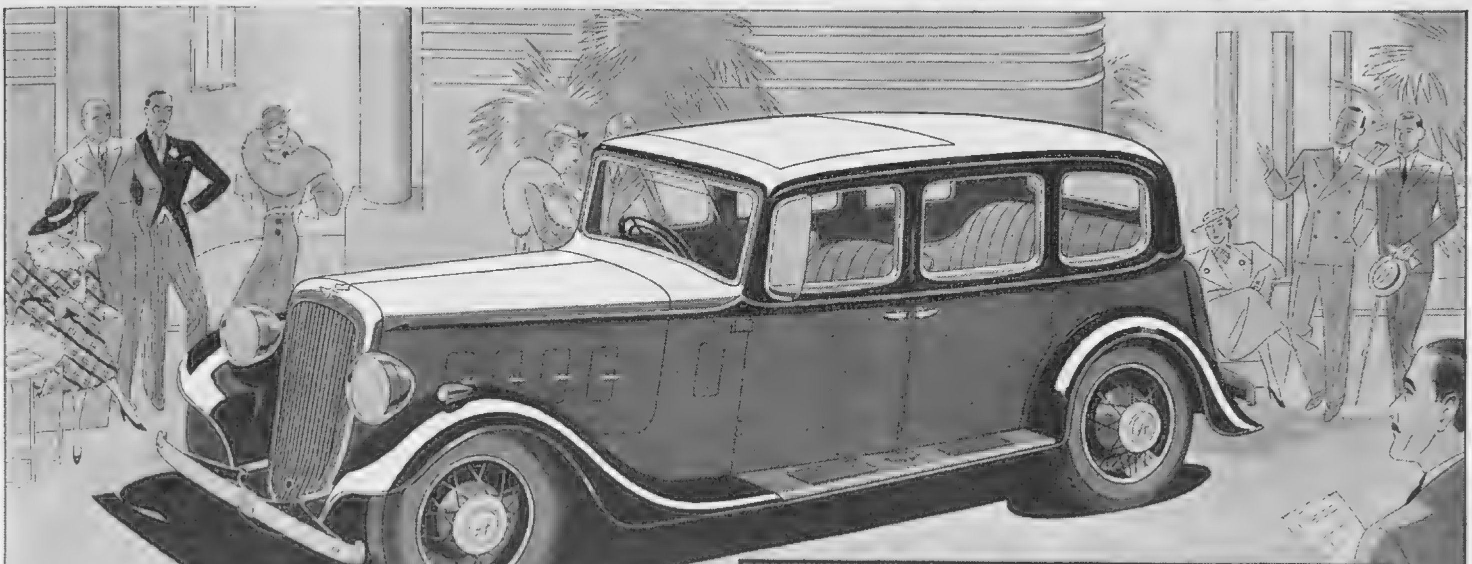
"I feel like getting warm sometimes," Joe said, and went on chopping.

He piled up a good supply of firewood and made several trips to the galley with it. Then he went in there and got warm and felt better.

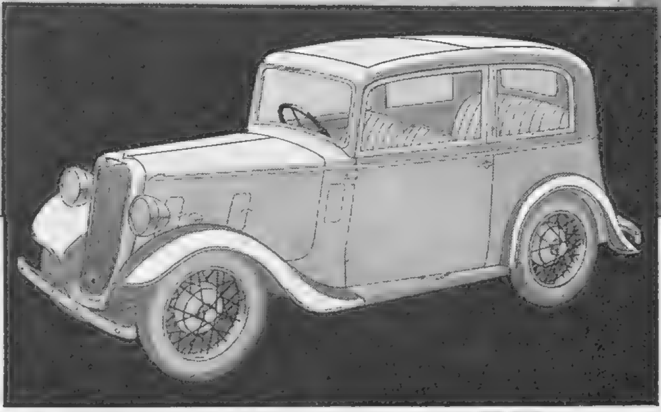
But he was sick at heart and afraid. He didn't know others felt as badly as he. He looked on them all as hardened shellbacks who were used to perilous voyages. He thought he was alone in his

(*Continued on page 98*)

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR



The Sixteen York Saloon



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Ruby Saloon	£120
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Opal Two-seater	£100

The TEN-FOUR (*9.9 h.p., 4-cyl.*)	
Lichfield Saloon ...	£172-10s.
Lichfield Fixed Head Saloon	£158
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Open Road Tourer ...	£152
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The LIGHT TWELVE-FOUR (*11.9 h.p., 4-cyl.*)	
Ascot Saloon	£218
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The TWELVE (*12.8 h.p., 4-cyl.*)	
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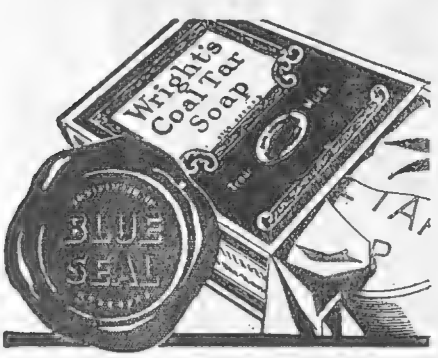

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WRIGHT'S
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blue funk as they drifted farther and farther out of the sea routes, dismasted and helpless; so he did not talk about his fears. Yet there was one thing that, as the days passed, became fixed in his mind like an obsession.

This was the wheat in the holds.

"Maybe the next storm that comes will start leaks and the wheat will get wet and bust her sides out," he said to the mate. "While it is calm the holds should be opened and the wheat shovelled out."

"If we jettisoned it," the mate said, "we'd ride light and go to looard worse than ever, and drift faster south in a northerly. I'm hanging on to that cargo as long as I can."

"Well, you should take out some of it," Joe said persuasively, "so that if it should get wet and swell, it should have room to swell upways instead of sideways."

But the mate only shrugged. Joe went back to the fire in the galley.

"Anyway," the cook said, "when the grub gives out we can eat the wheat. We could live p'raps for eight or nine years on all that wheat."

"Who should want to?" Joe said

"Not me," the cook agreed. "I wish you could get that engine going."

"How should I be able," Joe said, "when one of the most important parts of the magneto has been thrown overboard with a bucket of bilge muck?"

A light rain started, and it rained for three days, so they did not have any immediate worries about fresh water. They caught plenty in parts of torn sails and drained it into tanks. But there was no wind with the rain—or not enough for the *Alice May* to sail anywhere.

After the rain there was a still day, and then a westerly wind. The mate thought he might sail for New Zealand, which was down wind, but he would be a long time getting there and the wind wouldn't last long enough. He tried to get a lead out of the wind to the northward, and got some distance before the wind blew out, but some distance eastward as well. Then there was no more wind, and the damp, still days returned.

Joe was still cutting up bulwarks for firewood. The wood was pine and burnt rapidly. The bulwarks were gradually disappearing from the vessel and going out the galley chimney.

The crew became apathetic. Joe continued to spend most of his time in the galley and cutting up bulwarks, but now and then he would go and have a look at the engine and wonder how he could get it to go. It only needed a spark, and everything would be right; but he didn't know how to make a spark with the incomplete magneto.

Joe occupied his predecessor's berth, and there was a locker there that he had looked into once or twice, but had not used. It was about the only place he had not thoroughly searched for spare parts, because he thought it unlikely any would be there. But he looked now, and found a box with an old carburetter and an odd magneto in it.

His first impulse was to yell the glad news to everyone aboard, but his next was to remain silent. He was not sure about the magneto. He took it to the engine room and tested it, and found his suspicions were justified. There was no spark. But, anyway, it was a magneto. He now had two magnetos, and out of the two he should be able to make one that was some use.

He took the magnetos and tools to the galley, and in front of the stove he sat down and went to work. Nobody interrupted him. He snarled at anybody who came near. He wanted to be left alone. So they left him alone all that day and all that night. The cook chopped the bulwarks now and kept him warm.

In the morning, pale and heavy-eyed, Joe came out of the galley and went to the engine room. There was a long period of cranking; then a few barks and coughs; finally the familiar chugs and slaps and rattles that had ceased that night long since in an easterly blow.

There still remained the problem of the iron rod jammed in the intake pipe, but Joe had the help of the crew now and a still ship and the rod was got out at last. A lot of water came into the engine room during the process, but this time Joe was ready for it, and had disconnected the magneto and carburetter and put them out of harm's way. Now he fixed them back on the engine, still glistening from its dousing of water. But the engine dried with its own heat as Joe started it and opened the throttle wide.

He went on deck. There was a man at the wheel again. The mate came out of the chart room.

"I reckon we can make it," he said, "if we don't get too many head winds."

"Yes," Joe said. He went back and sat down by his engine. He didn't need the galley fire now. The engine kept him warm.

It seemed to Joe that a year had passed when he stood in his cousin's office again. Sol Aronberg eyed him dubiously.

"So now you want a bonus," he said. "You want that I should say you are not only free from debt, but that I should pay you a bonus. And yet the vessel drifted everywhere without the engine running and turned up at the wrong port, where I had to pay repair bills and am put to a lot of expense because she got so far off her course and——"

"Well, I can tell you this," Joe interrupted; "if it had not been for me getting that engine to go at last, you would not have seen the schooner again at any port—she would have gone on drifting down to the South Pole."

"It was you that saved her at the last by getting the engine going maybe," Sol Aronberg admitted reluctantly. "Tell me everything again from the beginning. I am interested in knowing what happened about everything after you left Spencer's Gulf."

Joe told him everything, and Sol Aronberg listened in silence.

"And I think I should get a bonus," Joe finished, "because not only did I save the ship, but the cargo too. The wheat would have been jettisoned to make the ship lighter and so it wouldn't swell and burst the seams open."

"But you stopped them doing that, Joe?"

"I was the owner's cousin," Joe said. "They looked at me and they didn't throw the wheat over."

"And you say the weather was very cold down in those seas," Sol Aronberg said after a moment, "and you should have to make yourself warm by cutting all the bulwarks up for firewood?"

"Not all, but a lot of the bulwarks," Joe said. "It was the only way we could keep warm . . . Are you going to give me that bonus?"

"So you cut up these bulwarks—which I believe is an important part of the ship—to keep yourself warm?" Sol Aronberg insisted.

"Yes, but they're not a very important part of the ship," Joe said hastily. "When do I get the bonus, and how much is it, Solly?"

"I will think it over," Sol Aronberg said after a pause, "and you can go to the accountant in the afternoon and get what I have decided to make the bonus. It might be ten pounds."

Joe came back in the afternoon and asked the accountant if he had a cheque for him. The accountant had, and also a receipt which he asked him to sign. It was for ten pounds, but the cheque was for ten shillings.

"There's been a mistake," Joe said.

"No, look at the accompanying statement," the accountant told him. And Joe looked at it.

"Ten pounds, less nine pounds ten shillings *for firewood*," he read aloud. Then he was silent for some time.

He said at last: "I want to see Mr. Aronberg right away."

"He is out at present."

"Well," Joe said, "Solly is very wise . . ."

End

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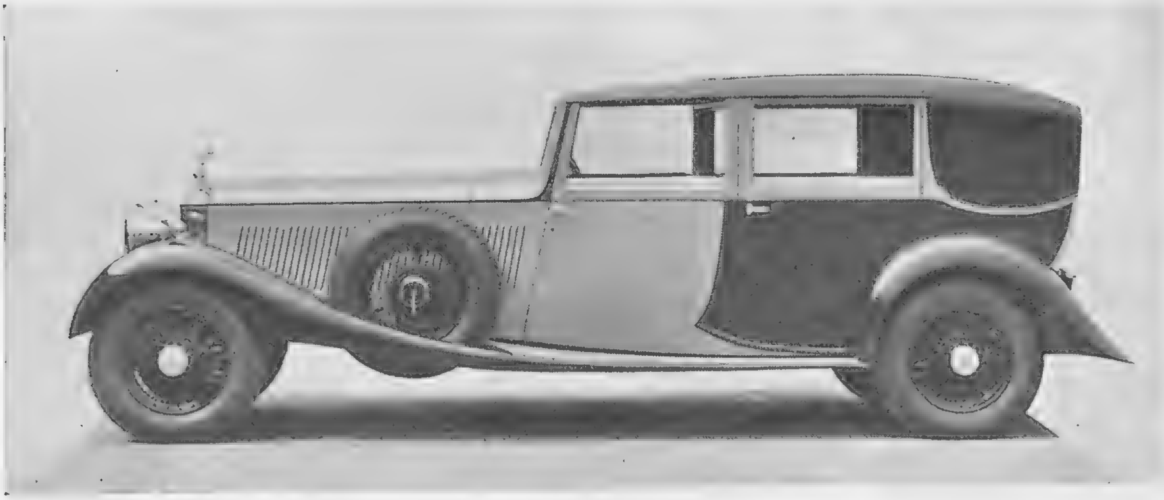

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Travel Boy

(Continued from page 31)

right across these plains. Those were the days of the pioneers, brave women and strong men. . . .

"You see that label from Portland, Oregon? You can get one of those, now, if you go for two or three days in a train. But once people like us, but stronger and braver, perhaps took months and months to cross. They went in waggons. Even the Mississippi seemed crowded to them. They had to push on, to find a wider open space. All the way they fought Indians.

"Hundreds died in the snow and in the floods. On, on, on. . . . "

And, pointing to label after label, the Small Town Boy talked, with a touch of poetry every now and then, quoting from the books he had studied in the long winter evenings.

Nevada and the silver mines. . . . Colorado and the copper finds. . . . California and the Gold Rush of '49. . . . Texas and its bad men. . . . He captured a little of all their thrills.

"How you must have travelled!" said the girl.

"Travelling is easy now," replied the youth. "You just get on a train and it takes you. Then, you had to fight and endure and struggle. They sowed. We only reap. I sometimes wonder what there is to discover now. It all seems done. Now we only roll by looking out of windows.

"Think of Edison, now. There's a Columbus, Ohio, label on that trunk. Edison was born not very far from there—at Milan. He was only a newsboy on a railroad, you know. But think of his inventions! Over a thousand patents! That's one of his lamps that's lighting us. On this train, I expect, they're using twenty of his devices.

"Then there's his friend, Henry Ford. 'Detroit, Michigan!' See the label? He's made that city world-famous. Twenty million Fords! Fancy the old ox-waggons toiling slowly to Portland, Oregon, and now look at all the Fords rolling by! Then, think of Luther Burbank. Fancy inventing new fruits? Why, it must make you feel like God!"

And the look in the eyes of the Small Town Boy was the one that came into the eyes of Columbus when he started out into the unknown.

"How beautifully you talk," said the girl. "Why, it sounds like poetry."

Well, why shouldn't it have been? Biographers whose names all reading people knew had written it all in books. Historians had dug it all from the past and caused it to live again. Yes, and poets had made it rhyme and scan and sing.

The Small Town Boy had read the meaning of the labels in a hundred volumes since first he pasted up his trunk and varnished it and hid it away from prying eyes.

And now some gramophone needle was going round and round in his brain, transforming the record of a thousand evening studies into spoken words. . . .

For three days he talked on. And Young America moved on across prairies again . . . and the explorers started afresh upon their pilgrimage across the torrents and the snows . . . and the Masters of History stirred restlessly in their long, long sleep. . . .

Three days in a train! Why, it seemed like only three hours.

Time passes quickly when, in your youth, you talk and talk—and someone listens.

CHICAGO towered above them sometimes, its skyscrapers almost piercing the clouds; sometimes, they looked down on the skyscrapers. For there were the trips by air, a dash across all the wonders of the World's Fair in an aeroplane—five dollars for the trip—and in an airship which, advertising a make of tyres, charged you three dollars for a journey high above the Fair which stretched for over three miles along Lake Michigan's southern shore.

And, every now and then, while they walked or rode in a Grey-hound motorbus—for the World's Fair had its own omnibuses inside it, so far-spread were its confines—the Small Town Boy told of the beginnings of Chicago, a century before, of Fort Dearborn and the fights with the Indians, of how Abraham Lincoln was nominated as Presidential candidate in Chicago in the wigwam, of how Woodrow Wilson had once said, "At least, when they chose Lincoln, one good thing came out of Chicago," of the millions of animals slain in the stockyards every year, yes, and how the notorious Al Capone had once lived in a skyscraper there before he found he had added up his income-tax figures a little carelessly. . . .

They stayed in the largest hotel in the world—"If you slept in a different room every night," said the Small Town Boy, "it would take you over eight years to sleep in the lot"—they saw the smallest Bible in the world and the largest fountain in the world—"They use 68,000 gallons of water a minute, enough to supply a large town," he told her—and they wondered and wondered and stared and walked on. And, soon, they were holding hands.

At night they saw the fireworks. In the day they saw the Mexicans and the Indians and the Japanese, toured among the exhibits from the different States. He slowed down the girl's footsteps when they passed round the copy of Lincoln's birthplace of logs—and he hurried her by "Neptune's Beauties" outside which a barker was pointing to a naked girl publicly displayed for all to see, a promise, or a threat, of the still more vivid nudities inside.

They ate hot dogs and they sucked ice creams. And they revelled in America.

And he seemed to know it all. . . .

THEN came the shock. . . .

"Hullo, boy," said a voice. "Got my labels still?" It came like a crash upon a dream. . . .

"Got my labels still?" the voice repeated.

Small Town Boy turned round. Suddenly it was all right. The girl was a yard or two behind him.

"For heaven's sake don't speak to me," he urged, hoarsely, afraid. . . .

"I've got some new ones now," went on the voice. "European ones. Ten for a quarter. 'Savoy Hotel, London,' 'Hotel Crillon, Paris,' 'Adlon Hotel, Berlin.' Ten for a quarter! They'll make a real traveller of you. I'm in the Paris show. You'll find my stand at the back."

The Small Town Boy flew. He clutched the girl's arm and dragged her away.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "What did that man say?"

"He insulted me," he told her. "Come away. You meet all sorts of toughs at a World's Fair."

And, as he went, he thought back shamefully to the night, a few years back, when, at a booth at the County Fair, he had taken out from his pocket half a dollar, fingered it nervously for a minute, and then bought Adventure.

"Twenty tickets for half a dollar!" A voice had tempted. "Luggage tickets from all over America. Be a great traveller for half a dollar! Carry the world around with you on your trunk."

And he thought back to the buying of a trunk and the sticking on of the labels . . . and then the hours of study in the Library learning about places, digging up the past, committing a thousand facts to memory, mastering "conversation." . . .

"If only she knew," he thought. . . . "I'm a fake. I'm a poor country clown. Why, mercy, what would she say if she knew this was my first trip?"

And he sought, with her, coolness from his shameful blushes in a sundae, nuts and all. . . .

THE great shock came next day.

"We must see Paris," she said, suddenly. "They say it's like the real thing."

(Continued on page 102)

MINTY CLUB CHAIR

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According to length of seat.

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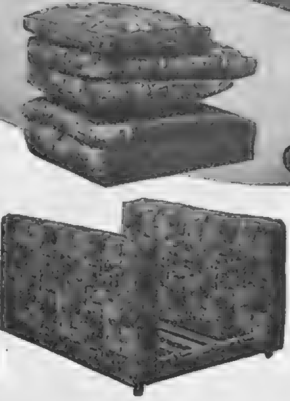

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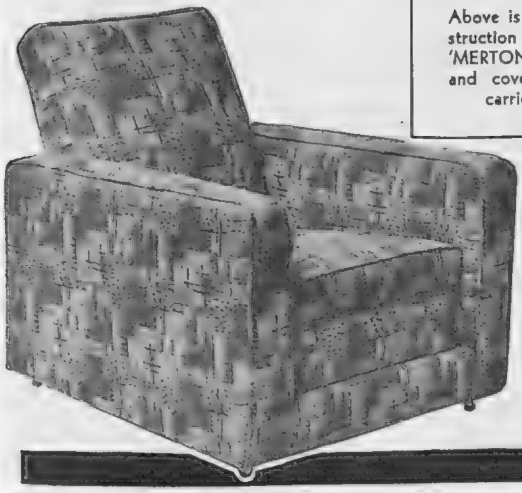

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Scientific Discovery

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The skin, like the rest of our body, is subject to constant change. After blossoming and maturing in the earlier years the skin falls a victim to age. It becomes dry and discoloured, small wrinkles appear, especially in the form of dreaded crow's-feet near the eyes. Slowly they grow in depth and increase in numbers and produce the appearance of "old age." Science has now made it possible to prevent and remove all these undesirable changes.

After many years of research the famous skin specialist, Dr. J. F. Kapp, M.D. (Leipzig), discovered the way to combat these most conspicuous symptoms of age. He realised that if any improvement and cure were to be found for the ageing of the skin the remedy must be introduced by internal administration to the deeper layers of the skin, where the process of ageing takes place, to revitalise the tired tissues. He evolved a preparation which exerts a remarkable action on the human skin—it rejuvenates it—rebuilds it from within in the same manner as Nature does constantly from infancy until this natural process slows up. Wrinkles gradually disappear, the skin becomes smooth and clear and regains its youthful beauty and the whole system is toned up. The preparation is now known by the name of "W-5" Brand Tablets.

A most interesting and beautifully illustrated book explains this important discovery and tells you everything about the skin and its rejuvenation by "W-5" Br. Tabs. **This book should be in the hands of every reader.** A copy will be sent gratis and post free if you will apply for Book No. 9 to Gelty Distributing Co., 162, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

He gasped. That man was there! The tickets. . . .

"No, no!" he urged, so loudly that she wondered. . . . "It's a dirty show," he added, hurriedly. "Don't you remember the naked dance they had to stop? They ran the girl in."

"Yes, but that's all closed down now," she replied. "They wouldn't allow it if it were not respectable. . . ."

She reminded him of "Paris," every now and then.

At last, they had to go. There was no way out.

He felt as white as an iceberg one minute. In the next, he burned like fire. That label man. . . .

"Come and have lunch in Montmartre," he said. He had a plan to eat—and then get out again, to ask the man to close up his stall, to promise him anything, to rush off away, to jump in the lagoon, to. . . .

Then, suddenly, he saw, in the distance, a girl standing outside a booth. "The Slave Market," it said, in large red letters. The girl was nude to the waist. And there were other girls, their hands pretending to cover naked breasts.

His touch guided his companion along that way.

He was blushing already, distant though was the sight.

"Come and see the real Paris," shouted a barker. "Come and be shocked. Girl slaves being sold to the highest bidder! You came here to be shocked. You won't go away with a blush left to blush with! Twenty-five cents only. The real Paris for a quarter."

They were alongside, now. Suddenly the girl saw! She became one large Shame.

"Take me away," she pleaded. "Take me away! I mustn't look. . . . Don't you look either. . . ."

"I told you it was a dirty show in here," he replied.

And, as he guided her away into the crowd outside, he heard, coming from a booth only a few yards away, a voice saying, "Labels! Ten for a quarter! Be a great traveller for twenty-five cents!"

But she did not hear. Her thoughts were buried in her blushes.

THEY were in the train again, homebound. . . .

"Oh, look at your trunk!" she said. "You've taken off all the labels!"

Yes, his trunk was almost bare. On it was merely the sign, "Hotel Stevens, Chicago."

"I've started afresh," explained the Small Town Boy. "You see, I do not seem to have been anywhere till I went with you. I never saw anything till we met. I just want that one label—Chicago. That's good enough for me. It means you, you see—your blonde hair, your eyes . . . ."

She snuggled up to him.

"How wonderful you are," she said.

She stared out of the window for a while. Then he began again.

"I think I guessed right about those labels," she went on. . . . "But then, you know, my hair isn't really blonde."

He did not mind.

"You could not buy the colour in your eyes," he said. . . .

END

Prelude to Beauty

A Quartette arranged by Sadko

JUST as cleanliness is the most important factor in bodily health so it is absolutely vital to the health of the skin. Clogged pores cannot breathe freely and therefore cannot perform their proper function of throwing off impurities and acids which are secreted in the underlying tissues of the skin.

Bearing this fact in mind the author of the Sadko beauty treatment has evolved four essential lotions which perform all that is necessary for the health and beauty of the skin, and which, being in liquid form, cannot clog the pores, and interfere with their natural function.

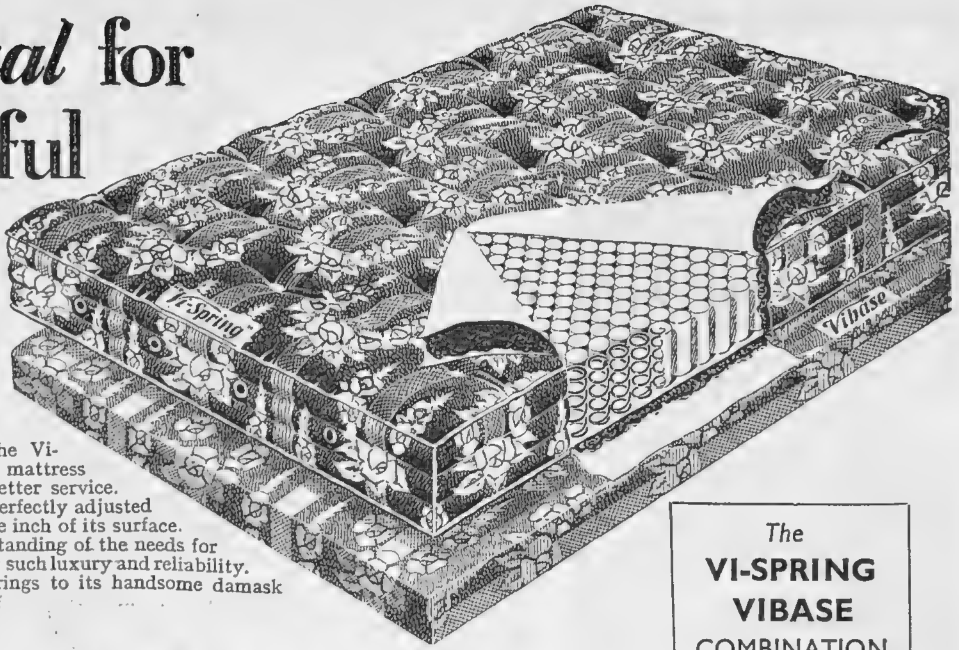
Plastea, the purifying lotion, is the first of the quartette. It cleanses the skin of all particles of dust and dirt and removes blackheads and other secretions which are at the root of most skin defects. It is excellent for greasy skins, refining their texture and therefore lessening the tendency to greasiness and open pores.

Next comes Satanit, an astringent cleansing lotion—once more the importance of cleanliness is emphasised. This has a most stimulating effect on the circulation and is excellent for relaxed muscles.

Thirdly there is Sadko skin food for nourishing and rejuvenating the skin, and lastly Lait de Beauté, a foundation for powder which gives a smooth satiny surface and is the ideal base for the final application of powder.

These are the four necessities of the Sadko method of beauty culture, but there are in addition many other preparations, each of which can be relied upon to perform its special function for individual needs.

Specially finely sifted complexion powder in eight shades, Sadko wax for dealing with superfluous hair, water-proof liquid rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow, nail enamel—in fact every essential of the toilet table—may be found in the Sadko range, and a most helpful booklet about liquid beauty culture is offered free of charge.



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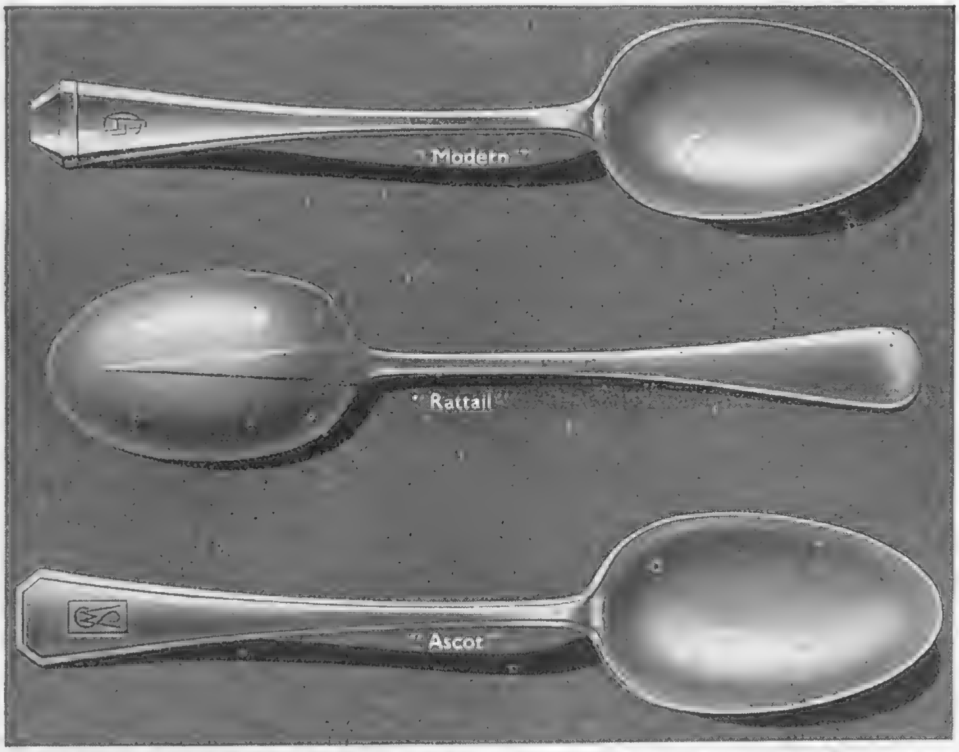

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Evidence in Camera

(*Continued from page* 43)

her white face drawn and the dark eyes gleaming with horror. The District Officer could see the lines ringing them. Her slim body in the satin frock, one hand outstretched holding a cocktail, seemed tense with tragedy.

"Sorry, Sheila," said Max Murren, with a shrug of his shoulders. He took her possessively and led her to a chair. "Drink up, my dear. You'll feel better after it." Then he came back to the District Officer. "It gets each one of us like that every time we talk of it."

Marchmont eyed them narrowly. Julius Saxiss and Joe were bending over the white-faced girl, consoling her. She was dabbing at her eyes with an absurdly small handkerchief. And Max Murren was obviously trying to control the emotion in his voice. He, too, was affected.

"But they're acting, film acting, every damned one of them," was the savage thought that twanged his mind.

"Let's go into the theatre," babbled the voice of Julius Saxiss. In a moment he had recovered his geniality. "Nothing like a picture for taking you out of yourself. What d'you say, Joe?"

"Sure!"

"Well, this way, gentlemen. Bring your drinks and cigars."

A little procession moved out of the Wardour Street office, along the corridor, and entered a room with some twenty seats, and a quarter-size screen facing them. It gleamed cosily with electric light. A square hole in the back wall revealed the shirt-sleeved man with his projector.

"Make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen," said the film manager.

Marchmont slid into a chair next to Max Murren. The "intrepid hunter" was dribbling cigar smoke appreciatively from that cruel mouth.

"I think you said that Tom Clifford's death was a great loss to your expedition, Murren," murmured the District Officer.

"It was, a very great loss."

"And yet, in your report to the authorities at Nairobi," went on the District Officer quietly, "you mentioned no other loss."

The monocle swivelled towards him.

"No other loss! Well, there wasn't. Losing one man like Tom Clifford was enough."

"But didn't you lose a camera, an expensive film camera—something like one I saw in Wardour Street to-day, priced at two thousand pounds?"

The man in the pepper suit hesitated. He gazed in irritated fashion at Julius Saxiss, who seemed to be having a heated argument with the shirt-sleeved projector man.

"I really can't remember," he replied testily.

"But surely you must remember a two thousand pound camera," persisted Marchmont.

"I can't, I tell you," his gruff voice shouted. "And what does it matter, anyhow?"

"Nothing," nodded the District Officer. "But I heard a curious story told by natives as I came near the district where the unfortunate accident happened. I was told that natives were worshipping a new god, or ju-ju, in the jungle, a god that gleamed strangely and straddled three legs in the long grass."

"Pah! These native legends."

"But this was true. When I reached the district I made it my business to seek out the gleaming ju-ju, the god that straddled on three legs. And I found it. And d'you know what it was? A camera, a movie-camera, hidden in the bush. A strange object to the natives. Naturally they had prostrated themselves and worshipped it. At night, they danced around it."

"It might have been left there by any film expedition," growled Max Murren. "Heaven knows, Africa is overrun with movie-cameras to-day."

"But not this district," insisted Marchmont. "And I could tell that this movie-camera was only three weeks abandoned. The natives confirmed it. Moreover, I was able to prove that it was the movie-camera used by Tom Clifford when——"

"I must ask for silence, gentlemen," broke in Julius Saxiss. "We're going to show the picture now. O.K. Joe?"

"O.K. boss."

The frock-coated man flicked off the lights. The room, the little group of men and the girl with the white, haunted face were blotted out by darkness.

A beam of light split the darkness. It was reflected by the screen. A flickering of shadows, and then, in bold, gleaming letters

WILD PARADE
A Jungle Adventure in company
with the intrepid hunter
MAX MURREN.

"Got your name big there, Max," chuckled the voice of Julius Saxiss in the darkness.

Then came a winding caption:

In the cruel, sinister jungle of Africa stalk beasts of prey hungry for flesh, thirsting for blood. "Kill or be killed" is the law of the jungle. No mercy is given: none is asked. Into this continent of murder, where death lurks in the long grass, trekked the safari of a man seeking high adventure with all the enthusiasm of youth

MAX MURREN.

"I like that, boss," grunted Joe.

"You ought to. You wrote it," was the reply.

Silence followed as the captions dissolved into a distant view of a safari winding towards the camera. Natives carried baggage on their heads, donkeys plodded patiently, and with the air of a Stanley in search of Livingstone, Max Murren headed the cavalcade.

He strode towards the camera. A close-up revealed him, sun-helmet shading the face. A sweating black with the air of a whipped dog waited his commands.

"How much further to the land of the lion?" came the raucous voice of Max Murren from his shadow-self.

"Twenty long miles, *bwana*. And there is danger in every mile. *Bwana*, must we go on?"

"We must go on," was the stern reply.

The native cringed out of the picture. Max Murren was left, his eyes narrowed towards that horizon of high adventure. He raised a hand and pointed. Obediently the cavalcade straggled past, slightly out of focus. That commanding figure dominated all.

"Good opening, Max," grunted Julius Saxiss.

Again the picture dissolved and the little group of men and one girl in the darkness saw the camp being prepared, defences erected against marauding beasts, close-ups of natives preparing the evening meal and then the sunset.

"Got that shot at dawn!" said Max Murren, with an uneasy laugh.

Soon *Wild Parade* was in full spate. A native spear hunt for lions was shown in detail. The lithe, black bodies poised tense amidst the long grass brought a queer feeling of nostalgia for Africa to the District Officer sitting there in the darkness of a projection room in Wardour Street.

Then, into the shadow screen, came Sheila Lane, beautiful and supremely confident. The slim legs were emphasised by the shorts that she wore. A tarai hat was curved to reveal the beauty of her face and the luminous eyes.

"You look adorable, Sheila," murmured Max Murren in the darkness.

There was a little more confidence in his tone, but yet there came no answer from the girl in her seat. Instead, the raucous, megaphonic voice

(*Continued on page* 106)

VELVET

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. . . by Debenhams

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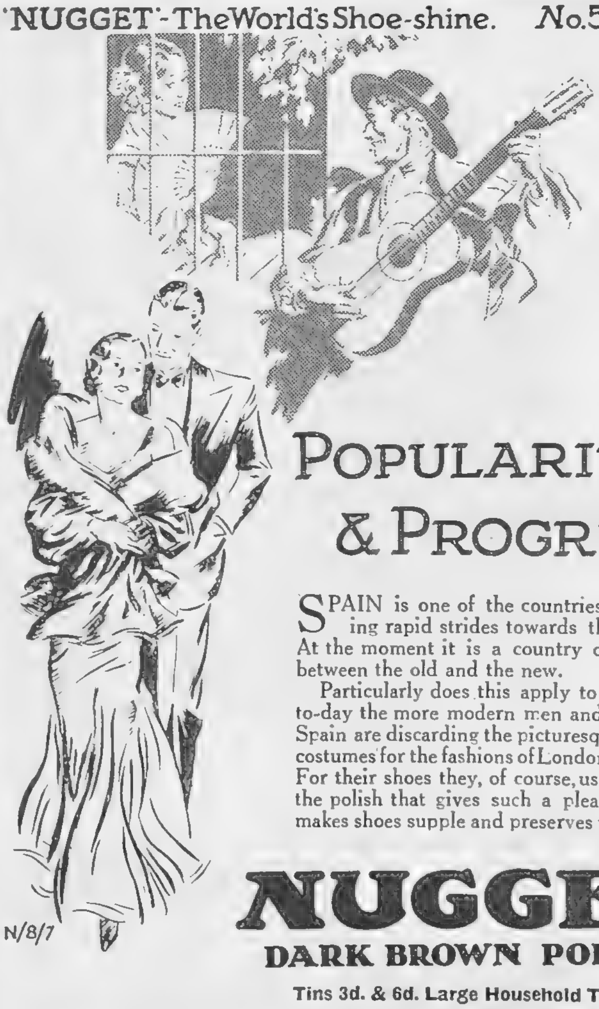

POPULARITY & PROGRESS

SPAIN is one of the countries now making rapid strides towards the modern. At the moment it is a country of contrasts between the old and the new.

Particularly does this apply to dress, and to-day the more modern men and women of Spain are discarding the picturesque national costumes for the fashions of London and Paris. For their shoes they, of course, use 'Nugget,' the polish that gives such a pleasing shine, makes shoes supple and preserves the leather.

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of Max Murren was again dominating from the screen.

From the African bush he bellowed to the world the desperate adventure he was undertaking. They were going to face the wildest of beasts, with cameras only in their hands. The beautiful Sheila was revealed as a Society girl, tired of the dismal luxury round of gilded cities.

"I want the wind and the rain of Africa to wash me clean," she cooed to Max Murren outside a tent. "I want the sun to burn out the sins of the city from my soul. I want to forget the night-clubs, limousines, dance-halls, and the pawing of fat hands beneath the electric lights."

"Africa is a stern taskmaster," said Max Murren with an aloof air.

"I am not afraid," replied Sheila Lane.

They clasped hands.

The picture began to reel through adventures such as even six years in the bush had failed to come the way of Captain Marchmont. A herd of wild elephants were seen lumbering across a swamp, Max Murren in grim pursuit. A rhinoceros charged him; he escaped. He dragged Sheila Lane away from horrible death as a black mamba coiled about a tree beneath which she had been sitting with a naïve innocence. His rifle leaped to his shoulder and spat death at a lion that was clawing the ground desperately preparing to leap.

"I'll bet Tom Clifford got that beast," murmured Captain Marchmont aloud.

"Our shots were simultaneous," admitted Max Murren.

"But doesn't Tom come into the picture at all ?"

"Wait, please !"

It was almost a snarl. The District Officer leaned comfortably back in his seat. Over his shoulder he was aware that the two friends were seated immediately behind.

". . . And now I want to introduce to you a very gallant gentleman." The voice of Max Murren was again calling the cinema world. "One of Africa's greatest hunters and a real white man—Tom Clifford."

A rather sheepish figure, rifle dangling carelessly beneath his arm, shambled before the camera. A young, good-looking man obviously hating this particular part of his paid job. A brief nod and he was ambling away again from the camera. Despite the humiliation of the moment, it was undeniably Tom Clifford. The District Officer shivered at the uncanny realism of this walking ghost.

Not for a moment, however, had the megaphone voice of Max Murren ceased its panegyric.

". . . But Tom Clifford knew the law, the remorseless law of the jungle : 'Kill or be killed.' Always there was death lurking in the high grass. Came one morning when he set off alone to seek the wild beast in its lair. We never saw him alive again. The beast killed him. His mangled body was found twenty-four hours later. He had died, fighting alone in the jungle . . ."

A low moan came from the seat where Sheila Lane was sitting in the darkness. The District Officer half rose. Then he heard the voice of Joe, the Assistant Manager.

"Drink this, honey."

"I'm all right now, Joe, really."

"Drink it, I tell you."

The film rioted into new scenes. The fierce fight to the death between the rhinoceros and the lion was shown to the accompaniment of snarls and roars.

"Took me a couple of days at the Zoo to fix up the sound track for that section," grumbled Joe.

"Good work, Joe," commented Julius Saxiss.

Then, reaching a crescendo, a bush fire was shown with herds of animals rushing pell-mell towards a river. Zebras, buck, giraffe, gazelles, elephant, rhino, wild cat—a whole menagerie in a wild *sauve qui peut*. It raised the little audience to enthusiasm, all except the District Officer, who murmured in the "intrepid hunter's" ear :

"That bush fire you started for your damned picture, Murren, left nearly a thousand natives on the verge of starvation. I had to deal with them on my trek."

"Pah ! They were well paid."

"Even Africans can't eat beads," was the reply.

And so the film flickered towards the end. Once again the head and shoulders and voice of Max Murren were dominating the screen.

". . . So, with sad hearts, we broke camp that day. The great adventure was at an end. We had lost one of our brave companions. I let my eyes slant in the direction of that jungle where the law is 'Kill . . .' "

Like a cracked record the voice broke. But the film flickered anew. It changed with a startling suddenness to a clearing in the bush. A figure with a rifle dangling carelessly beneath his arm was ambling across the clearing with his back to the camera. There was no mistaking that figure. It was Tom Clifford.

Now that the raucous voice was still and only the whirr . . . whirr . . . whirr . . . of the projector could be heard, this silent film had an uncanny, ghost-like quality. Marchmont heard a gasp of surprise at his elbow. For the rest, this sudden change into silence had frozen them all into tense attitudes.

The figure on the screen stopped. It seemed to be listening. The man's head jerked back. He swung round. He was visible in profile. It was Tom Clifford. A look of surprise was in his eyes. And then, with startling suddenness, he crumpled up, pitched forward, the rifle sliding from his arm.

A second later and another figure stepped on the screen. No mistaking the familiar appearance. Max Murren. And he held a rifle in his hand which he had just fired. The camera caught a gloating satisfaction as he gazed upon the prone body of the murdered man and——

"A curse upon him !" shrieked Max Murren from his seat. "He deserved to die. Daring to make love to Sheila. I'm glad I killed him. Yes, I'm glad I—— "

"The lights. D'you hear, Joe ?—the lights."

"O.K. boss."

Already the film had flickered to a dead end. And as the lights came on a strange scene was revealed in the projection room. The two friends of the District Officer were leaning over Max Murren and had securely handcuffed him. The "intrepid hunter" was snarling and struggling like one of the netted beasts in his own film.

"What does all this mean, Captain Marchmont ?" asked Julius Saxiss, alarm upon his fat face. "I asked you to vouch for your friends."

"And I said I would," nodded the District Officer. "They're from Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard !"

"And I arrest you, Max Murren, for the wilful murder of Tom Clifford," said one of the two. "It is my duty to inform you that . . ."

"Look after the girl," broke in Marchmont. "She's fainted."

THEY were back again in the film manager's office in Wardour Street.

"It was that three-legged ju-ju in the bush that really solved the crime," said Captain Marchmont. "I shall never forget its uncanny appearance, standing there in the tall grass, hidden by a clump of trees, and a group of half-naked savages mumbo-jumboing around it. It had stood there for three weeks and not one native had even dared touch it.

"I was nearly bashed to death by knobkerries when I went up to examine it. But those natives know me as the District Officer, and although they howled their protests, I opened the shining cabinet. I discovered a roll of film inside. This I carefully removed with its covering, packed it inside a tin trunk, and trekked to Nairobi with it. There I had it developed.

(*Continued on page* 108)

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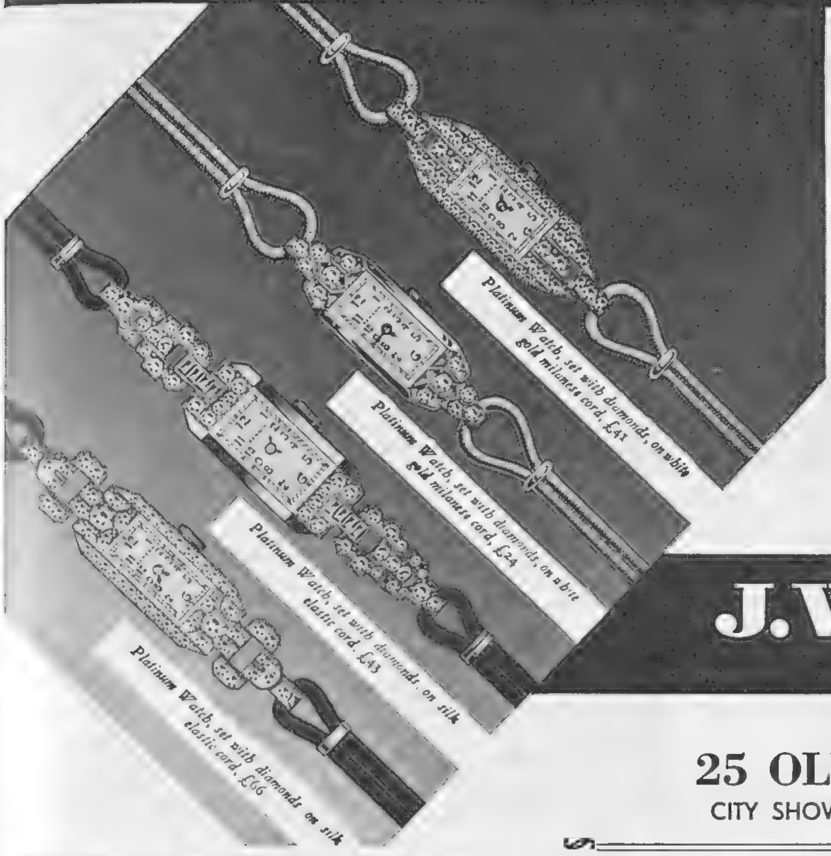

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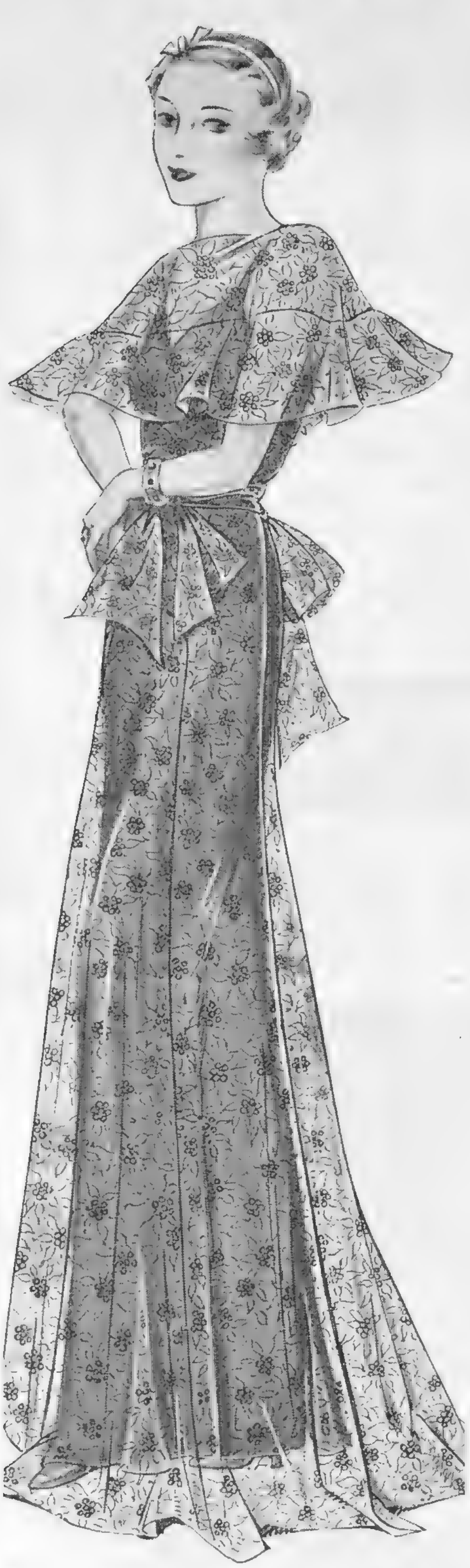

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"For the most part, the reel was unexposed. But one small section had registered that scene which you saw this afternoon on the screen in your own projector room. I knew it told its own story, but in itself it wasn't evidence enough. I had to get a confession by surprise from Max Murren himself. That I arranged by bribing your projector man Baker—I hope you'll forgive him, Mr. Saxiss, but I more or less ordered him to fit that silent stretch of film into Murren's talkie version of *Wild Parade*—and also bringing two detectives from Scotland Yard to see the private view and, incidentally, catch any confession that might be blurted into the darkness."

"It's all very bewildering," moaned Julius Saxiss. "I don't know whether this is going to ruin me or make my fortune. What d'you say, Joe?"

That frock-coated individual suddenly became loquacious.

"What I can't understand," he said, "is how that picture of the murder came to be taken."

The District Officer smiled.

"That was due to an ingenious contrivance which Tom Clifford had made entirely his own. Only a man who had hunted big-game with a camera could have thought of it. The camera was wound up to work automatically. From the camera there led a wire through the bush towards a trap area which, if trodden upon, would immediately start the camera working. Tom Clifford intended it for a beast. What he did not realise was that the murderer, Max Murren, who was stalking him with a rifle, would set the camera in motion as he knelt down in the trap area and fired as Tom Clifford turned."

"But why this murder in the bush?" asked the film manager.

"I think I can explain that," said Sheila Lane, slowly. She had been sitting in the office, white and shaken by the experience of the projection room. Her eyes still gleamed with the horror of that silent film.

"Tom had fallen in love with me. I liked him. Perhaps I liked him too much. I must have shown it, for Max Murren soon found it out. That man has an eye like a camera. Nothing can be concealed from him."

She shivered, but went on.

"Max had already decided that I was to marry him when we got back to Europe. He told me that the divorce from his third wife would soon be through. He behaved like a beast to me in the jungle. One night Tom found the man trying to force his way into my tent. There were no half measures about Tom. He took Max Murren aside, gave him a thorough hiding, and then sent him to his tent. It was early the next morning that Tom put his head into Max's tent and shouted that he was going into the bush to get some photographs."

Marchmont nodded.

"And a few minutes later Max followed with a rifle, stalking his enemy, determined on revenge," he added. "Oh, he was clever. None of the natives had witnessed that thrashing in the night. Tom was big enough to realise that it would do the discipline of the natives no good to know that two white men had quarrelled. And so, when Tom did not reappear, none of the natives suspected.

"Murren crawled after his man and shot him in the foul fashion that the automatic camera revealed. Max then cleared back to the camp gambling upon the surety that some wild beast would come along and feed on the corpse. He gave the beasts twenty-four hours, and then set out with his search party. They found the body partly devoured. Any trace of a bullet wound was lost. And the body was already a skeleton when I reached the scene three weeks later. He buried it deep."

"And the movie-camera?" asked Joe.

"Had been so cunningly hidden by Tom Clifford that Max Murren never saw it. I'm inclined to believe that he even forgot all about it until the trek towards the coast had started. Then it was too late to go back. Even so, it never entered his head that the movie-camera would contain such damning evidence as would prove him a murderer."

"D'you mean to tell me that movie-camera is still there in the wilds, used as a ju-ju by those natives?" asked Julius Saxiss.

"It certainly is," nodded Captain Marchmont, with a smile.

"Well, there's an angle for publicity, Joe. We can do something with that."

"Sure!"

"And now, don't tell me, Captain Marchmont, that I've got to throw this picture *Wild Parade* on the scrapheap."

There was a pathetic helplessness about the film manager.

"I don't see why it couldn't be released, after the trial for murder of Max Murren, and, of course, without the silent version," ventured the District Officer.

A scream of joy came from the fat face.

"A fortune, Joe."

"Sure!"

They shook hands hysterically with each other. They hardly noticed that Captain Marchmont was helping Sheila Lane out of her chair and walking with her to the door.

"I think lots of tea in some bright restaurant in Piccadilly will do you a world of good," he murmured solicitously.

"You're very good," she said, a little shyly through her tears. "Didn't I hear that you were going back to Africa in a few days?"

"Do you know," he whispered, "I rather think I'm going to stay a long time in London. And now, tell me, do you intend to make more films?"

She shivered and clutched his arm tightly.

"Never again."

END

Endeavour

(*Continued from page 17*)

been disgraced in the original race round the Isle of Wight and that she was still able, at 19 years of age, to defeat the best we could send across the Atlantic.

This, then, is a brief survey of the conditions under which we lost the cup and of the craft which won it. Let us take a look at the yachts which we have sent over since to bring it back and those which have prevented us from doing so. We speak to-day with some surprise that our new challenger is to be built of steel. There is nothing new in this. *Mischief*, the yacht selected to meet the second Canadian challenger, *Atalanta*, in 1881, was iron; Lieut. Henn's *Galatea* was built of steel five years later, in 1886, and in the following year America chose a steel vessel, the *Volunteer*, to meet the wood-built *Thistle* sent over by a Scottish syndicate, the latter vessel being afterwards bought by the German Emperor and renamed *Comet*.

Lord Dunraven's two *Valkyries* were composite built, being wood planked on steel frames, and *Vigilant*, the American defender, which beat *Valkyrie II*, was the first of the series of bronze-hulled yachts which the Americans have retained ever since. As for our later challengers, we have made constant changes in their hull materials in an endeavour to find the ideal.

The first *Shamrock* in 1899 was built of bronze and aluminium, while the second, two years later, was of a new alloy which was never tried again. *Shamrock III* was built of nickel steel, which shared a like fate, and for the next two Sir Thomas returned to composite build.

If *Velsheda* and her remarkable performance last year can be taken as a guide, steel might well prove to be the most satisfactory material with which to build a challenger which must cross the Atlantic to meet her opponent, now that we have learnt the value of a glass-like surface and the means of producing it.

(*Continued on page 110*)

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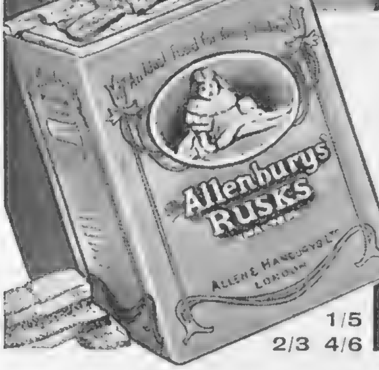

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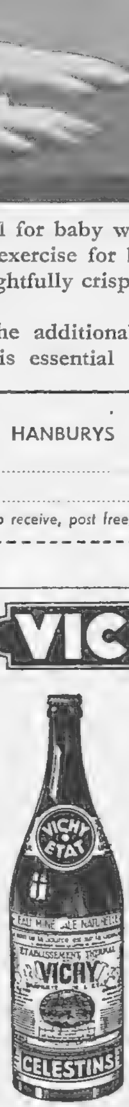

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Since 1870, the date of our first challenge with Mr. James Ashbury's *Cambria*, and including that vessel but not the fourteen American yachts which set out to beat her, our efforts to regain the *America's* Cup and the Americans' determination to keep it have resulted in the building of no less than 43 first-class racing yachts, of which twelve have been British, two Canadian and 29 American. As *Enterprise* alone was said to have cost over £150,000 before ever she left Herreshoff's yard, some idea of the immense sum which has been spent on this huge fleet can be surmised. When to this is added the wages, the insurance, the cost of sailing or towing the challengers to America and back again, the repairs and replacements, and the hundred and one incidental expenses which must be incurred in even ordinary yacht racing in home waters, the total sum expended by the two countries over this £100 cup must easily exceed £6,000,000.

When the owners of the *America* presented the cup to the New York Yacht Club in 1857 "as a perpetual challenge cup, open to competition by any organised yacht club of any foreign country," they could hardly have foreseen that it would come to be regarded as the most coveted trophy in international yacht racing or that it would remain undisturbed for 83 years in the headquarters of the New York Yacht Club.

The cup was presented, and accepted, with a short, simple Deed of Gift which was thought at the time to cover all the essential points concerning challenges and the conditions under which races were to be held, but as time went on the terms were found to be inadequate and in need of definition.

After Mr. Ashbury was set to race against 14 American yachts—the Americans considering that they were entitled to reproduce as closely as possible the conditions under which they had won the cup in the first place—he appealed against this in making his second challenge and, upon the matter being referred to Mr. Schuyler, the only surviving member of the syndicate, he upheld the appeal.

Since that date we have only been asked to meet one vessel at a time, and only once, in 1887, has the defending yacht been changed during the series. In that year the match was decided on the winner of four out of seven races, and *Columbia* was the first defender. She won the first two races, and while leading in the third her steering gear gave out, causing her to give up. *Sappho* was then substituted for the rest of the series and won the next two races by approximately half an hour each.

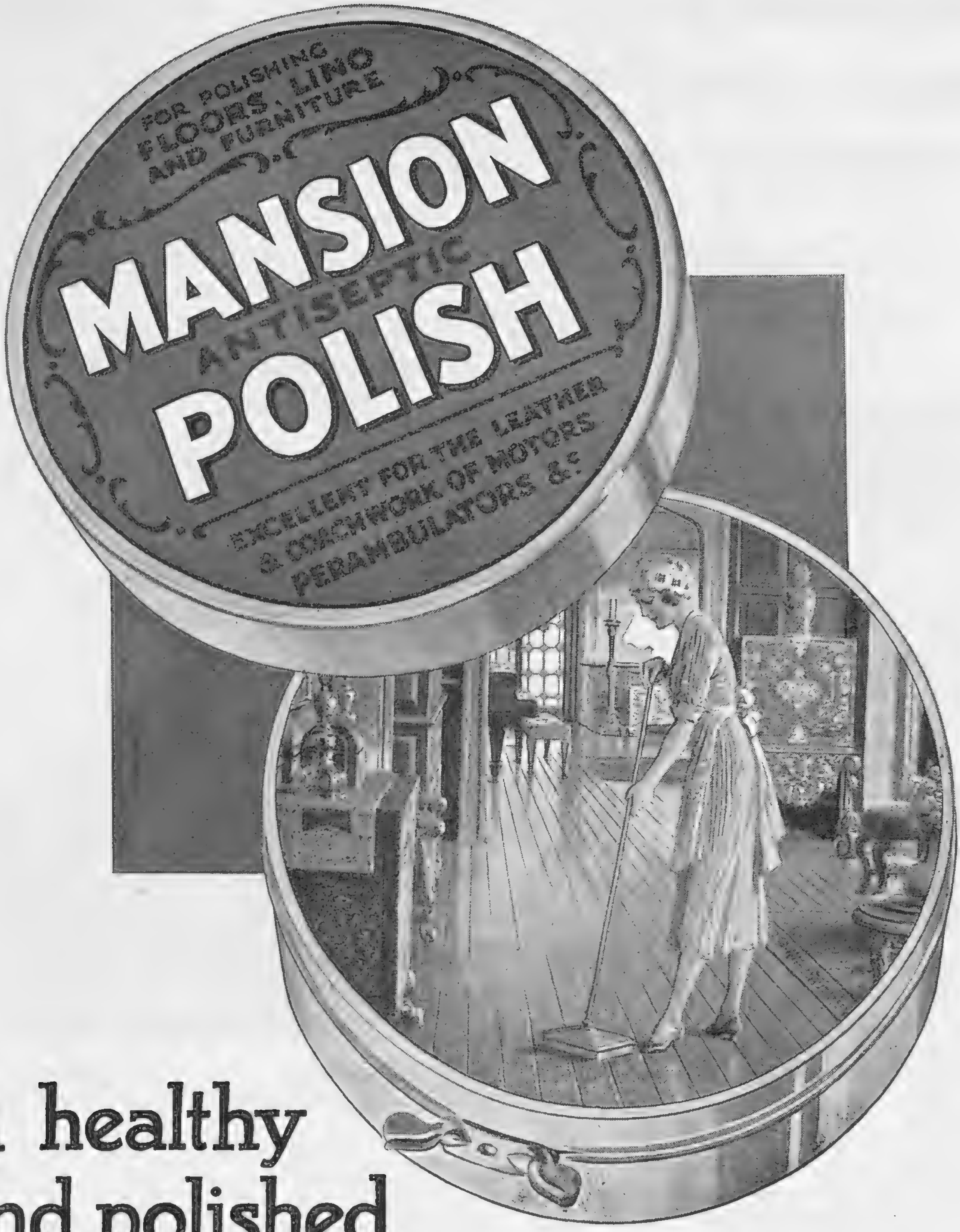
Some resentment was felt both by the Americans and ourselves over the two Ashbury challenges, and it was fourteen years before another challenge was sent from this side. In the meantime, however, Canada had made two attempts for what had become known as the *America's* Cup, the first being with the *Countess of Dufferin* in 1876 and the second with the *Atalanta* in 1881. To meet the *Countess*, the Americans chose *Madeleine*, and the series was reduced to the best of three, at which number it remained until after the *Thistle* challenge in 1887, when the number of races was increased to the best of five.

Beken

"SHAMROCK I," Sir Thomas Lipton's first challenger for the "America's" Cup, which was badly beaten by "Columbia" in 1899. She was the first and only challenger to be built of bronze and aluminium

ALL the races from that year onwards were decided on the winner of three out of five events until Sir Thomas Lipton's last challenge with *Shamrock V* in 1930, when, by mutual consent, it was increased to the former number, the best 4 of 7.

Madeleine disposed of the *Countess* with ease, and *Mischief* did the same with *Atalanta*, beating her by 28 and 39 minutes in the two deciding races, and, as the latter vessel had been towed, with a heavy list to reduce her draft, through the Canadian and American canals to New York, Mr. Schuyler was asked to accept the cup (*Continued on page* 112)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back and return it with a fresh Deed of Gift to render this impossible in future races.

This was done, and the new Deed of Gift of 1882 laid down, amongst other conditions, that the "vessels intending to compete for this Cup must proceed under sail on their own bottom to the port where the contest is to take place" and restricted the holders to the use of only one yacht throughout the series of races constituting the contest.

The condition about sailing to the port where the race was to be held washed out for all time any idea of Canada competing with a vessel from the Great Lakes, where most of her yachting takes place, and the other prohibited the use of a second vessel when a mishap occurs to the first, such as had been done in meeting *Livonia* in 1871.

A third and last Deed of Gift was drawn up by Mr. Schuyler in October, 1887, to clarify and define points which had arisen in the meantime, and as he died a few years later this Deed will stand as long as the contests continue.

In the meantime three British yachts had crossed the Atlantic, their owners and crews full of high hopes of bringing back the elusive piece of silver. The first of the three was Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta*, which was narrowly beaten by *Puritan* in 1885 after Sir Richard had declined to avail himself of a sail over after being fouled on the starting line. The second was the *Galatea*, belonging to a retired naval officer—Lieut. W. Henn; she fared the same fate against *Mayflower* in 1886, and then came the Scottish syndicate boat *Thistle*, which in 1887 met defeat at the hands of the *Volunteer*. This was the only occasion on which three contests were held in three consecutive years, and the Americans must have welcomed the four years' rest which ensued before Lord Dunraven issued his first challenge in 1893.

The first of Lord Dunraven's challenges was made with the Watson-designed *Valkyrie II*, and it is of interest to note that H.M. yacht *Britannia* was launched in the same year, designed by the same naval architect and built by the same firm—D. and W. Henderson, of Partick. It is also of interest to remember that *Vigilant*, which destroyed any hopes Lord Dunraven may have had for *Valkyrie II*, was soundly beaten by *Britannia* when she visited these waters. Two years later a second try was made by Lord Dunraven with *Valkyrie III*, from the same builders and designer, and on this occasion the unfortunate business occurred which was to leave bitter feelings on both sides of the Atlantic and induce many people to consider the contests at an end.

This time *Defender* was chosen by the Americans to act up to her name, and, although there was said to be little to choose between the speeds of the two yachts, she beat the British yacht in the first race by no less than 8 m. 49 s. corrected time. At the start of the second race in a light breeze, *Valkyrie III* fouled *Defender*, carrying away her topmast stay, but Captain Sycamore, judging the fouling to have been *Defender's* fault, continued the race, as did the American yacht.

On finishing—47 seconds ahead of *Defender*—*Valkyrie III* found she had been disqualified and the race awarded to *Defender*. Lord Dunraven, it is said, was furious and refused to consider the offer of Mr. Iselin, the head of the syndicate which owned *Defender*, to re-sail the race. As the match was to be decided on the winner of three out of five races there was still, people thought, a chance, and the two yachts met at the line amid the utmost tension for the third race on October 12th. On the starting gun being fired, both yachts made for the line, *Defender* with all possible canvas set and *Valkyrie III* with only her main sails, and as soon as the latter had crossed she immediately turned back to her anchorage, leaving the American to sail over.

It was then learned that Lord Dunraven had made a strong protest on two points—the interference to which he said his yacht had been subjected by excursion steamers full of sightseers and the alteration in *Defender's* trim after being measured.

In the following December he went to New York to attend the inquiry instituted by the New York Yacht Club, at which it was decided that his complaint was not substantiated, and his name was removed from the list of honorary members of the club. Another four years elapsed, during which the heat engendered (*Continued on page* 114)

Beken

"VALKYRIE III," Lord Dunraven's second challenger, which was beaten by "Defender" in 1895. "Valkyrie III" was first across the finishing line in the second race, but was disqualified for fouling "Defender" at the start

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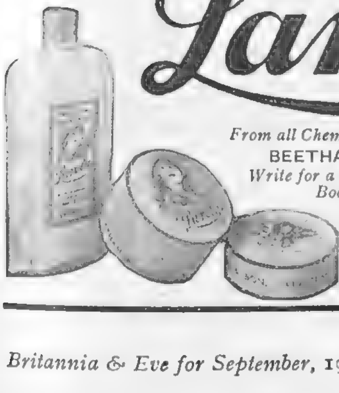

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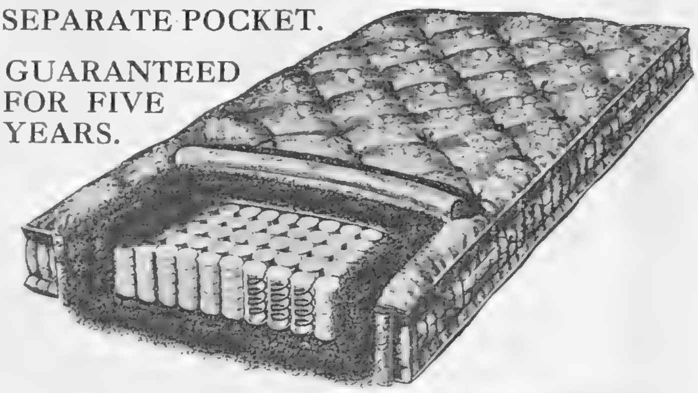

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both in this country and America over the *Valkyrie III* affair cooled off, but the atmosphere was still far from clear when Sir Thomas Lipton breezed into the contest with *Shamrock* in 1899.

This, the first of the green cutters, was designed by Wm. Fife, jnr., and built by Thornycrofts on the Tyne. She was met by the famous *Columbia*, which, like *Defender* before her, was owned by a wealthy syndicate headed by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and managed by Mr. C. O. Iselin. Also, like *Defender*, she was designed and built by Nat Herreshoff at Bristol, Rhode Island, and she was skippered by the well-known Charlie Barr, who was afterwards responsible for scuttling the hopes of two more *Shamrocks*.

Against such a wealth of cash and talent the dice was loaded against the British boat before ever she left home waters, convoyed by the steam yacht *Erin* and under the command of Captain Hogarth. *Columbia* won the first race by 10 minutes; during the second, *Shamrock* lost her topmast and gave up, and *Columbia* won the third and deciding race by 6½ minutes.

IN 1901 Sir Thomas sent over *Shamrock II*, a Watson-designed yacht built of a new alloy called immadium. Before leaving this country the new yacht was tried out against both *Britannia* and the old *Shamrock*, and it was during a race against the latter craft in the Solent on May 22nd with H.M. King Edward on board that the new yacht lost her mast, necessitating the postponement of the race for a month.

Shamrock II was towed across, by permission of the New York Yacht Club, and sailed against the same *Columbia* which had defeated her sister two years before. Barr was still in command, but the American yacht was now owned entirely by the Morgan family. The British vessel was commanded by Captain Sycamore, assisted by Captain Wringe.

For the first time since 1851—just 50 years almost to the day since the *America* had shown us the way round the Isle of Wight—a British challenger made a real race of it and came within small limits of regaining the Cup. It was also the first and only time that a yacht had represented either country for a second time as *Columbia* was doing. It is true she won the three deciding races, but by such small and dwindling margins as 1 m. 20 s., 3 m. 35 s. and a mere 41 seconds.

The third *Shamrock* was designed by Wm. Fife, jnr., Wm. Denny again being the builder. She made her attempt in 1903 under the command of Captain Wringe, but was defeated by Captain Barr in *Reliance*. The American yacht was owned by the Rockefeller-Vanderbilt syndicate and designed and built by Herreshoff, who by this time was firmly established as the foremost designer and builder of racing yachts in the United States.

Reliance won the first race by 7 minutes, the second by only 1 m. 19 s., and a fog coming up during the third, *Shamrock* was unable to find the finishing line.

We now come to our " nearest yet," when, in 1920, Mr. (now Sir) William Burton actually steered *Shamrock IV* across the finishing line a winner of a race, the first we had ever won when both boats finished, and the first time both challenger and defender had been steered by Corinthians.

Shamrock IV was actually on her way across the Atlantic in tow of *Erin* when war was declared in 1914 and she and *Resolute*—the American defender—were laid up in America until 1920, when the match took place. For the new challenger Sir Thomas at last came south, the vessel being both designed and built by Mr. Chas. Nicholson at Gosport.

Shamrock I was towed over again early in the year to act as a " trial horse " and Mr. Nicholson went over shortly before the races were due to start to give Mr. Burton the benefit of his expert knowledge. In the first race on July 15th, after some fine exhibitions of helmsmanship on both sides and when *Resolute* was slightly in the lead, her main halliards carried away causing her to give up. First race to *Shamrock IV*.

THE second race took place on July 20th, and on this occasion the British challenger beat the American fairly and squarely by 2 m. 26 s. corrected time, the first—and the last—time such an unexpected event has happened. First *two* races to England.

When the two competitors met at the starting line two days later for what might prove the last race and the return of the Cup to England, the world's cables were kept clear while Britishers and Americans in every land eagerly awaited the result. Alas! we had shot our bolt; *Resolute* won the third race by 7 m. 1 s., the fourth by 9 m. 58 s., making the series all square, but she went on to win the last and deciding race by the large margin of 19 m. 45 s.

The result of this, his fourth attempt, to compete with millionaire syndicates "across the pond" was a bitter disappointment to Sir Thomas Lipton, and it was not until ten years later that he brought himself to making his fifth and last challenge. Mr. C. E. Nicholson was again entrusted with the design and building, and the Americans built no fewer than four yachts—*Whirlwind, Weetamoe, Enterprise,* and *Yankee*—from which to pick a defender.

Enterprise was chosen to meet *Shamrock V*. She was owned by a syndicate headed by Mr. Harold Vanderbilt, who also took charge of her tuning up and sailed her throughout her trials and during the series. The number of races was, by mutual consent, increased to the best of seven.

Both challenger and defender were Bermuda rigged. Both were canvassed, as many of their predecessors had been before them, by the same firm of sailmakers—Ratsey and Lapthorn, of Cowes and New York. In fact the very sail cloth itself with which the sails for both yachts were made came from the same factory at Crewkerne. And still we failed dismally.

On board *Shamrock V* were her skipper Ed. Heard, Mr. Charles Nicholson her designer, and Col. Duncan Neill, Sir Thomas's yachting representative and adviser (Sir Thomas Lipton himself, although one of the keenest yacht owners, never professed to understand anything about the art of racing).

On board *Enterprise* with her queer boom, her aluminium mast (which weighed a ton lighter than *Shamrock's*) and her below-deck winches for handling sheets, halliards, etc., was Mr. Harold Vanderbilt and his crew of amateurs and professionals, which he had drilled and continued to drill until they worked with the same precision as the very winches they handled.

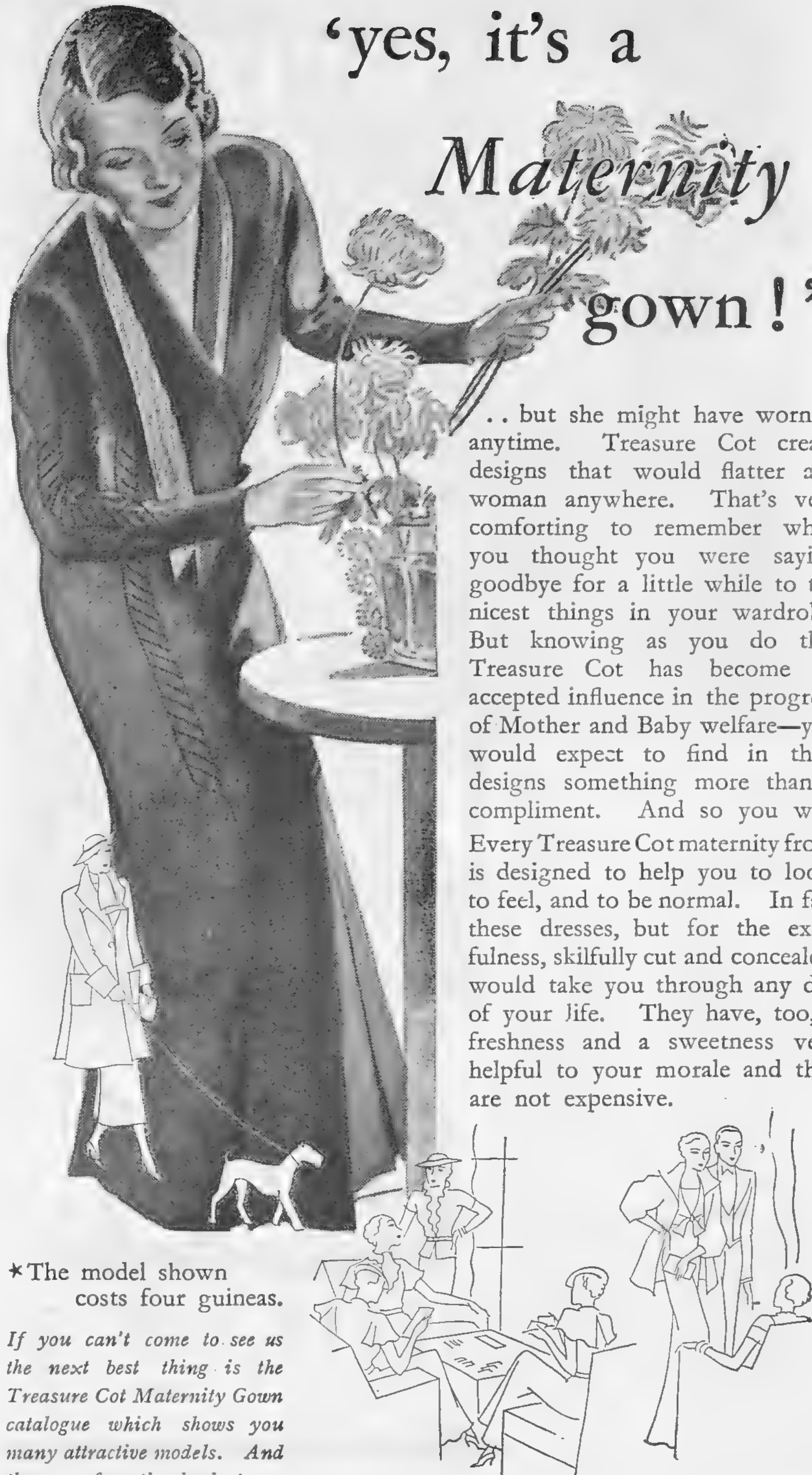
EYEWITNESSES have stated that we were outsailed by Mr. Vanderbilt and his crew and not by *Enterprise* and her gadgets. She won the first race by 2 m. 52 s.; the second by 9 m. 34 s.; on the final run of the third *Shamrock V's* mainsail halliards carried away (as *Resolute's* had done 10 years before), leaving *Enterprise* to sail over; and on the fourth and final race *Enterprise* won by superior seamanship by 5 m. 44 s.

And now our hopes rise high once more, centred as they are in Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's new steel cutter *Endeavour*. Once more Mr. Nicholson had the task of designing her and his Gosport branch built her. Mr. Sopwith is well known both as a yachtsman and a successful designer of aircraft. He has not been content to have his yachts sailed for him by professional skippers; on the contrary, having worked his way up from the 12-metre class *Mouette* to the J's with *Shamrock V*, he is very much the master of his own ship.

In this respect at least we shall meet the American defender *Rainbow* or whichever yacht is chosen by the New York Yacht Club to defend the Cup next September on more equal terms.

If *Rainbow* is chosen Mr. Sopwith will find himself up

(*Continued on page* 116)



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against Mr. Harold Vanderbilt with many years of Cup defence experience and all the cunning seamanship with which such contests must endow those taking part in them.

The Americans may have still more unpleasant surprises in store for us than they had last time, but it is a safe bet that this time they will not catch either Mr. Sopwith or Mr. Nicholson unprepared.

Looking back over the 83 years which have elapsed since *America* came over and started all this excitement, it is strange to reflect that while she was in mid-Atlantic a baby boy was born at Cowes who was destined to play a prominent part in the keen contests which were to result from her visit to these waters. The child's name was Thomas White Ratsey, whose grandfather founded the firm of sailmakers which made the sails for Nelson's *Victory* and most of the other ships in his squadron.

For many years the sails for both the British challengers and the American defenders have been made by this famous firm, at their Cowes and New York branches, and only four years ago, at the age of 79, Mr. Ratsey sailed his cutter *Dolly Vardon* in one of the boisterous Channel races organised by the Royal Ocean Racing Club. On this occasion it was said that the cutter and her mainsail were only a few years junior to the veteran owner whose great ambition it is to see the return of the Cup which left this country so soon after his arrival.

END

Murder in Moscow

(*Continued from page* 13)

perhaps you can help me. Come at once to my office."

"I DON'T blame the Gaypayoo," she began. "They are more conscientious than you foreigners believe, and their case looked strong enough. Everything seemed to tally save the girl and her character, and that meant little to them. But I eliminated her, and Charles Stewart was the only line. A most interesting inquiry, building up step by step.

"I began by asking for reports about him from all sources. There aren't so many foreigners in Moscow, and . . . you know . . . there is a sort of check on their movements.

"The first thing I got was that one of our Soviet architects had been to see him and afterwards had said he was puzzled . . . he admired American architects greatly, but Stewart didn't seem to know what he was talking about; our comrade didn't understand it at all.

"That didn't mean much, but it was a start.

"Then came a report from our customs people at the frontier. Stewart had a round case for his plans, such as architects carry, about two and a half feet long and two inches in diameter, for their plans and papers. He had no permit to take it out, and when they told him a permit was necessary he said he didn't know that; but it didn't matter—he would leave it there and arrange things with our Embassy in Berlin, so they could send it after him.

"Nothing unusual in that, but when they examined the case they found that instead of opening in the middle it unscrewed at one end, and that it was not leather or papier-maché, but a metal tube wrapped around with a lot of straps! And there was something strange about the plans themselves; they were blue-prints of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, which didn't seem to have much to do with anything we need here.

"Then I talked to the porter at the Savoy and he said there was nothing unusual about Stewart, but remembered, when I pressed him, that there had been one small incident. Some comrade had been talking to the porter when Stewart was getting the key of his room, and when he went upstairs this comrade had said, 'Who is that? He looks exactly like the young Count Festalfy, who was one of the White leaders in Budapest when they smashed our revolution in '18.' The porter said, 'Oh, no, he's an American architect named Stewart,' and the comrade said, 'Well, that shows how people look alike. I was in Budapest those days and those Whites nearly shot me; I'd have sworn it was one of the Festalfys.

"Now that was interesting and I began to feel my case was taking shape.

"Finally I tackled the guide who interpreted for Stewart.

"I took her through his whole trip, day by day, and all at once she told me what I needed.

"They had been out one afternoon at the Park of Culture and Rest, with another visitor, an Englishman, and at the handball court they found some youngsters who were playing a new game, which had been introduced by two Frenchmen of a workers' delegation from the South of France. They had a funny sort of basket shovel strapped on to their wrists, and with this they caught and threw a ball against the wall. 'Pelota Basque' the Frenchmen called it, and they left two basket shovels in the Park of Culture and Rest, with instructions how to play the game. But it seemed very difficult.

"The Englishman tried it, and he was worse than the Russians, while Stewart watched.

"Then suddenly he said, 'It's easy enough. Give it to me; I'll show you,' and he strapped the basket on his arm and began to throw the ball in the most wonderful way.

"'Like this,' he said, 'you must do it,' and threw it backhand with a downward sweep. 'It's easy enough,' he said; 'put some chalk on the ball and I'll show you.' So they chalked the ball and he went far back, about forty yards from the wall, and said, 'Watch, I'll throw it the first time and that will be the centre of my circle, and then I'll make a ring round it.'

"And he went on throwing until there was a ring of chalk marks round the first one, almost a perfect circle, hardly one shot an inch away from where he aimed.

"So there I had my case complete. . . . A Hungarian nobleman, and a pelota champion who could aim to an inch at forty yards, and a metal tube with which such a champion could sling a knife with equal accuracy. A complete case . . . but guesswork as far as the Gaypayoo is concerned, and this is where you can help me.

"There are plenty of Hungarian nobles, and without a doubt most of them have hated Shultz. There are also plenty of pelota players who can aim accurately at forty yards, and without a doubt most of them never heard of Shultz.

"What I want now is a Hungarian noble who is also a champion pelota player, and that combination must be unusual."

"All right," I said. "I'll cable our Budapest correspondent."

The next morning I got an answer: "Count Imry Festalfy reached semifinal amateur pelota championship Biarritz last summer just returned Budapest from hunting trip abroad address Hotel Dunapalata."

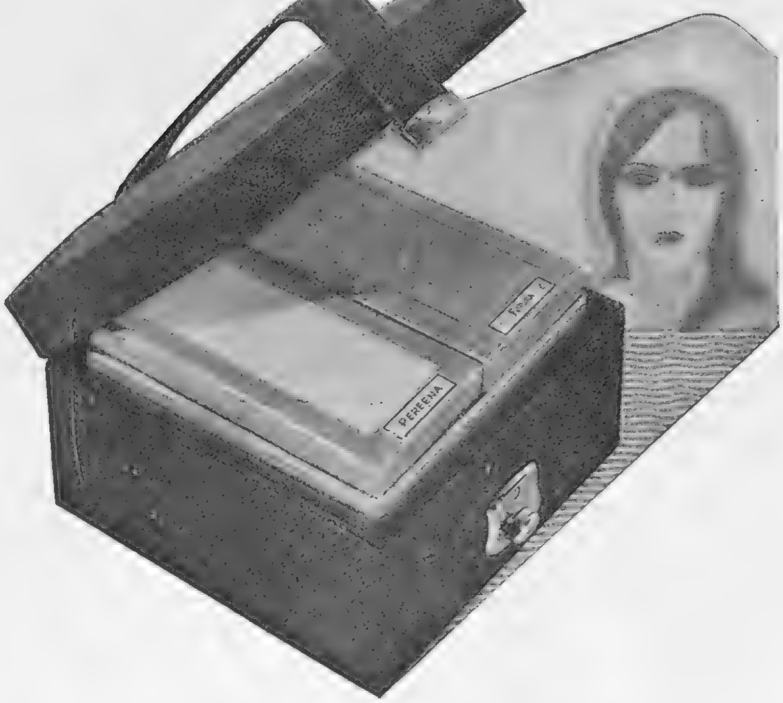
"Good enough for us," said Hilda Petrovna, "but is it good enough for the Gaypayoo? Send another message to Festalfy as follows: 'Former Countess Irina Lenskaya, whose father shot by Shultz in Crimea, involved by circumstantial evidence your killing Shultz from Hotel Savoy with thrown knife. To save her life will you cable admission your act.'"

"Do you think he'll answer?" I asked, "and can you hold up her execution?"

"Why not?" she said. "He doesn't risk anything; it's a political crime, and we have no relations with Hungary. Galkin will give me a day or two's grace on the case I present, but add to your telegram 'Immediate reply essential.'"

I KNOW Hilda Petrovna rather well by now. But that was the only time I have seen her nervous. She rang me up half a dozen times the next day. Then about four o'clock I got the reply: "Shultz murdered my father and brother. I avenged them and his other victims by knife slung from window Hotel Savoy where I lived under alias Charles Stewart. No one helped me. How did you know . . . Imry Festalfy."

Hilda Petrovna said Galkin wasn't pleased, but the Lenskaya girl was released.



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The Winter Garden at Droitwich. (Inset) An interior of the Winter Garden where concerts and dances are frequently held

Photo Manasse

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Facilities for sport and pleasure at Droitwich are provided in abundance. The buildings themselves contain a magnificent winter garden, in which dances are very frequently held, and the services of a brilliant orchestra, which frequently broadcasts, as well as a first-class dance band, are a feature which in all probability is not to be matched in any other British spa.

One thing which Droitwich Spa definitely avoids is dullness of any sort or kind. It brings firstly to sufferers with severe forms of rheumatism hope, which is very shortly turned into fulfilment, and having recovered from this crippling ailment visitors to Droitwich find that they can then enjoy themselves to the top of their bent.

Tests of Taste

(*Continued from page* 51)

GROUP I (PICTURES).

OF the two pictures, the attractive portrait has the more enduring appeal. It has a more emphatic design, more unity and more harmony of line. Age has nothing to do with these qualities. Familiarity has neither staled nor enhanced its charm. The modern example, excellent though it is, reflects in its restlessness and somewhat haphazard arrangement the spirit of the age and the present-day love of bright colour. But could you live with it as long? The eye in time grows tired of fussiness and we long to put something straight. The palm must go to the more orderly picture.

GROUP II (SILVER).

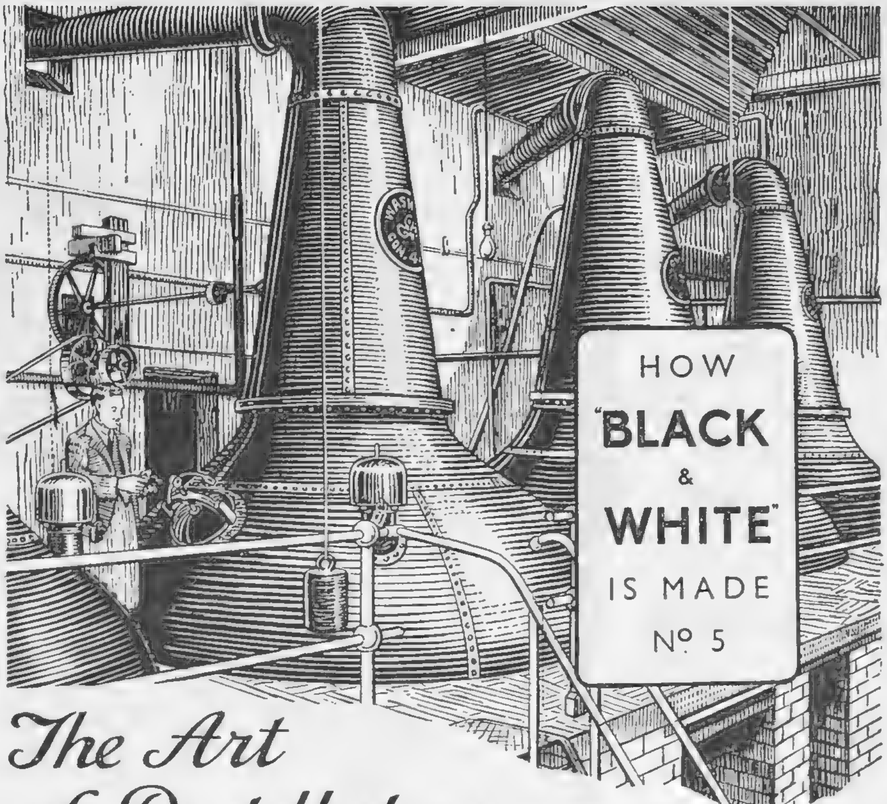
In designing objects of everyday utility, fitness for its function must be the first consideration. In both these groups of modern silver the designer has borne this in mind. In the lower group the facetting of the otherwise excellently planned objects and their hexagonal bases seem unnecessarily to break up a fine reflecting surface. The tray, to be in harmony, rightly follows similar lines. Yet, on the whole, we prefer this group to the rather more fantastic forms displayed in the upper one. There is little to choose between them.

GROUP III (PORCELAIN).

Few, we think, would hesitate to choose the delightful little mermaid as a companion were we allowed to make one of these objects our own. The two *Craquelé* vases are wholly charming, yet we feel that a greater artistry has been called upon in the conception and making of the captivating little porcelain figure which makes so warm an appeal to the imagination. This is a piece that would grow in the affections of its fortunate possessor. Though this is our preference, nothing in the matter of taste is lacking in the two admirably designed vases, whether it be grace of form or beauty of surface.

GROUP IV (FURNITURE).

To be modern does not necessarily connote the possession of good taste. Fashion is at once too freakish and too fickle to be relied upon, yet it may hit upon something that will achieve this desideratum and endure. In furniture the unit of design is the shape and movement of the human figure. Both the furnishing schemes shown fulfil the requirements of comfort and adaptability and the colour arrangements have been well thought out. Here the more modern of the two schemes would seem to be the better, though some exception may be taken to the pattern of the rug. There are comfort and stability in both the chair and settee. Good taste, though it may seem an arbitrary and purely personal expression of opinion, is the logical application of the laws that govern design.



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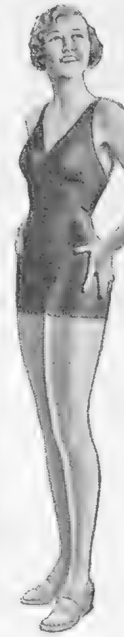

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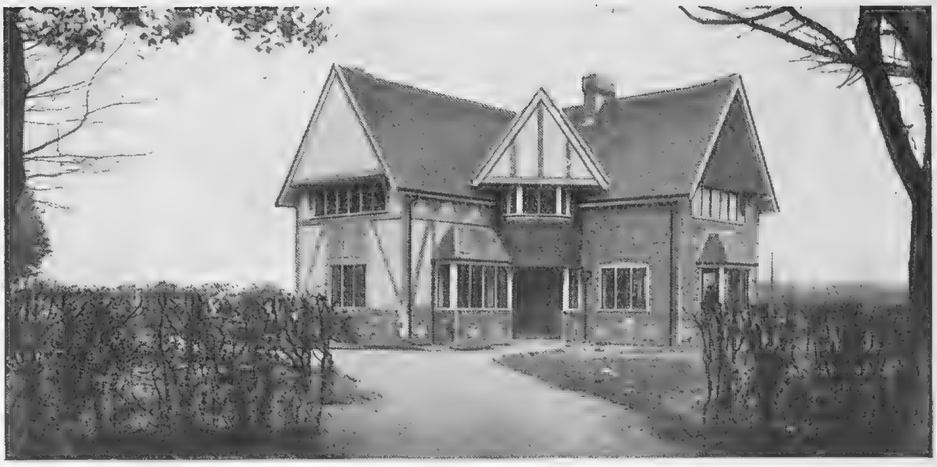


A charming type of family house on the Craigweil Estate

South for Sunshine

THE next time you get into a mood of impatience with your particular suburb, or when your carefully selected neighbourhood shows off its most unlikeable qualities under your impatient nose, just buy yourself a time-table.

Then, get out a map of England and spend a soothing half-hour investigating the districts in which you could spend an enchanted existence and still be in the office by ten.

By the time you have lived in imaginary splendour at every point of the compass within fifty miles radius of the Metropolis you will return to reality, and your own neighbourhood, quite refreshed and astounded at the possibilities.

Honestly, it's as easy to travel to Town from the coast nowadays as to reach there from the outlying suburbs. This goes particularly for the South Coast.

If you know the soft, undulating loveliness of the South Downs you know that the South Coast is the fulfilment of nearly every requirement in residential perfection.

Perfect rural quiet, dignified building development, prosperous and efficient towns and train services that make light of travelling to Town.

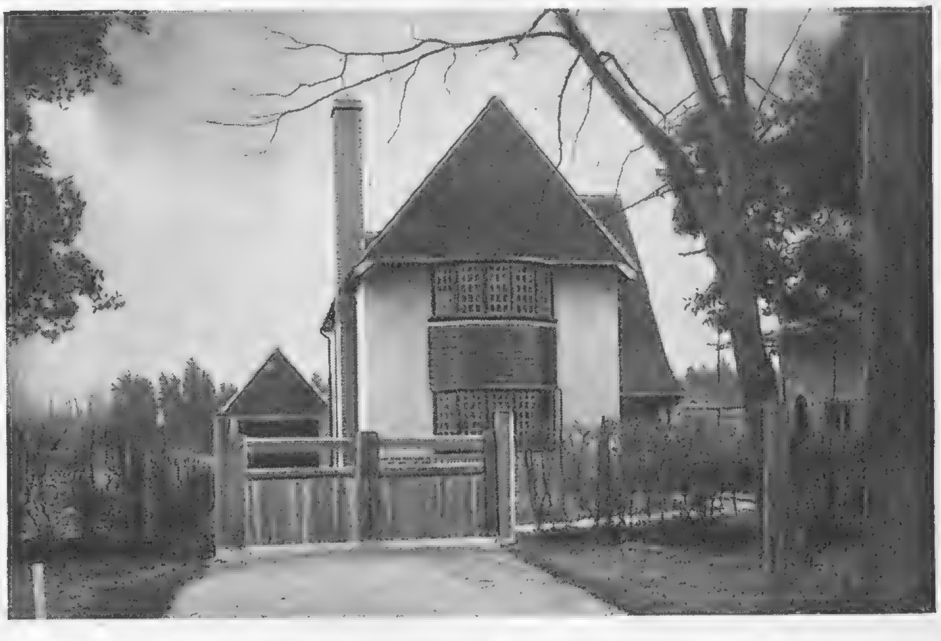
They are developing an estate outside Bognor now, on the land of the famous Craigweil House, and how anyone could hope to live in better circumstances than these, goodness knows.

The term "building estate" has come to be associated with such unpleasant things that it seems hardly fair to refer to Craigweil in this way. All the natural beauties of the lovely old estate have been preserved. Wherever possible, the builders have left trees and shrubs intact so that the outlook is well wooded and free from the bleak newness that makes the average estate so aggressive. The ground has a gentle slope towards the sea; nearly all the houses having a south aspect. Where the sites do not actually have frontages to the sea, the lay-out provides that as many as possible of them shall have a sea view.

The prevailing wind is south-west, against which a belt of trees forms an effective screen. There are miles of superb sands below the private foreshore—an ideal bathing place for children. An 18-hole golf course is near by at Bognor Regis and within easy reach also of Craigweil are the Goodwood, Littlehampton and West Sussex links.

The distance by road to London is sixty-six miles, three parts of which is through the most delightful country. No through traffic is permitted on the estate itself and every other care has been taken to preserve the amenities of quiet and dignity. Gas and electric light services are laid on, also main water and drainage.

The houses at Craigweil are mainly detached. There are various types ranging from £1,220 to £2,775. A freehold house at £1,550 contains three bedrooms, two sitting-rooms and a modern fitted kitchen and bathroom. All the houses are architect designed and the best materials and soundest form of construction have been employed.



One of the most popular types of "Craigweil" houses

How advertising protects the public

◆

WHY DOES A manufacturer decide to brand his products with a distinguishing name, and to advertise and sell them under that name?

He does so because he has unlimited confidence in his own goods. With his eyes open he is making it easy for any dissatisfied purchaser to avoid buying his particular make of article a second time; and it is on "repeat orders" that profits are made.

That is why branded advertised goods are good honest goods and good honest value. It would be sheer commercial insanity to brand and advertise articles that nobody would buy twice.

There's *safety* in a brand name.

MAN OF 61 ENDS LIFETIME OF STOMACH PAIN

Just imagine suffering from stomach trouble for a whole lifetime and eating little but milk, taking all sorts of medicines but getting no permanent relief and then being completely cured, once and for all, by one bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Yet read the plain unaltered words of Mr. Robert ——— of Drumeldrie ———. Here is his letter.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Britannia & Eve

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Address ....
Date..............................1934

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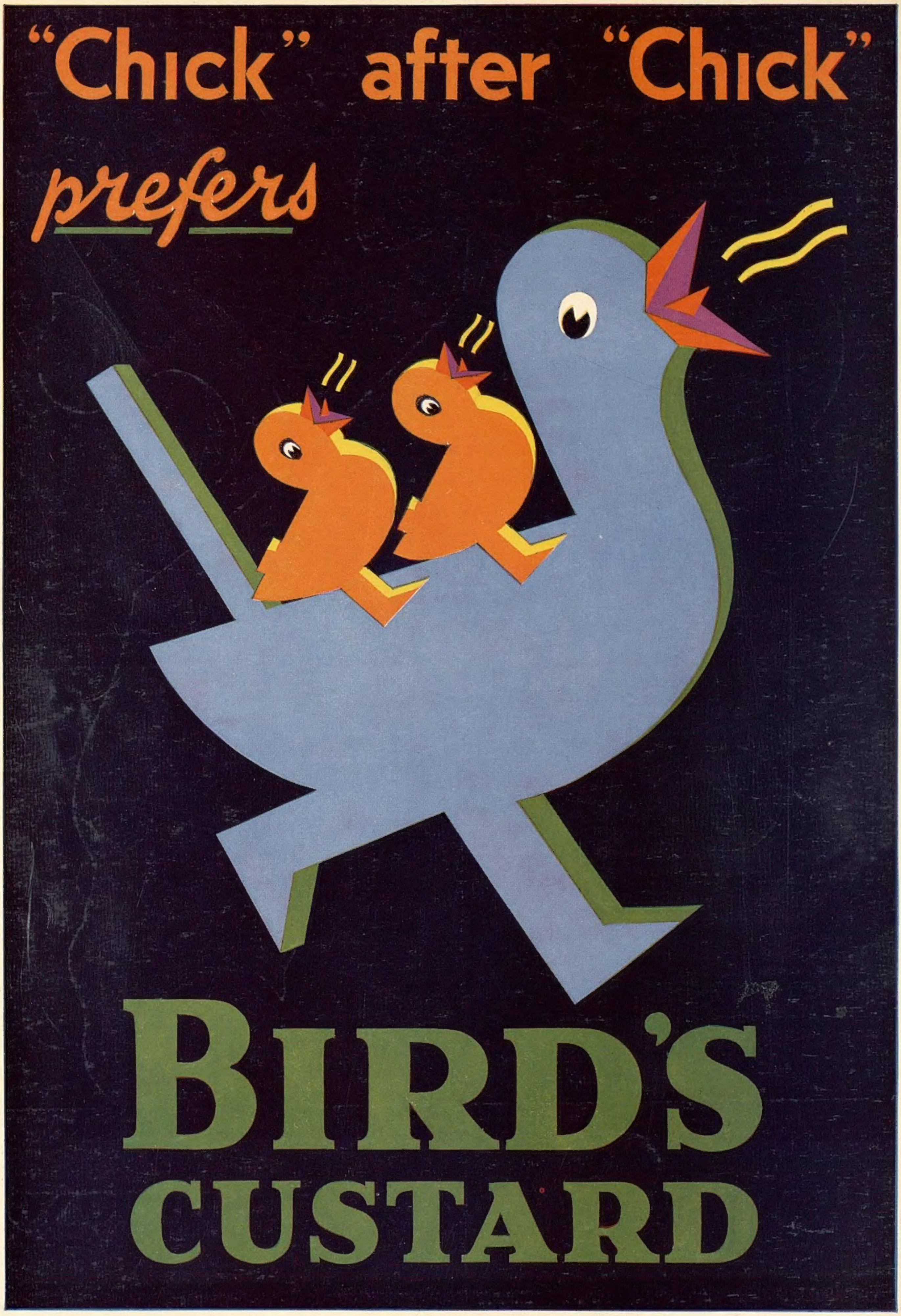
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